BACK TO COLLEGE ISSUE
SEPTEMBER, 1964
PRICE 75¢

Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



"It isn't my fault my grades slipped. My roommate tried to commit suicide and I used up all my energy trying to help him gain a better mental attitude, Sir."



"It isn't that I can't do the work. I don't see so well and in all my lectures they seated me towards the back of the room, so I missed everything."



"I had Mononucleosis."



"I thought I was pregnant."



"The reason I neglected my studies, Sir, was because I was busy working with my Dad on his plans to build a new gymnasium for the College."



"Wasn't that Miss Helston of the Accounting Dept. I saw you with in the motel outside of town last weekend, Sir?"

GEORGE LOIS CARL FISCHER

For more advice on how to survive college, see page 102

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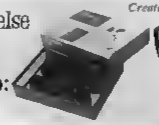
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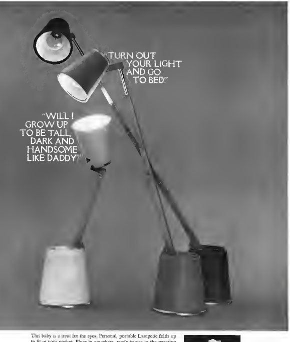
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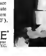
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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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PUBLISHER'S PAGE

How to be happy though compulsive

In this age of heightened stresses and tensions people seem to be more concerned than ever before with attempts to adjust themselves to their situations and surroundings, which is why the psychiatrists across the land are doing a land-office business.

A generation ago, all we heard about was complexes. This person had an inferiority complex; that one had an Oedipus complex; etc., etc., to utter confusion. Then suddenly all those complexes must have cleared up or maybe just yielded to something more interesting; because lately you never seem to hear about them. But lately you do hear an awful lot about compulsions. This one's a compulsive drinker; that one's a compulsive eater. (They seem to think it's *ginndular*, my dear. Nuts, answered a lady we know. I say it's *greedular*.) But anyway, there seem to be more of these compulsions than there ever were of those complexes. There are compulsive gamblers and compulsive golfers, compulsive motorists and compulsive mountain climbers. Maybe *they* started the whole thing with that murky mystique of "because it's there." Of course it's there. If it weren't there isn't a damn thing you could do about it, is there?

These compulsions are all somehow reminiscent of an Oscar Wilde character who could resist everything but temptation and oddly enough, the compulsions and the temptations always seem to come out evenly matched.

So what to do about it, if you've got one, aside from dividing your time between it and the analyst's couch? Should you fight it and make your life miserable as well as everyone else around you? Not at all. The thing to do about it is to relax and enjoy it and the easiest way to do that no matter what your particular form of compulsion is is simply to find out about another one that's worse than yours. That shouldn't be hard. There are so many it should be easy to find one. Say you are just for instance, a compulsive golfer. Are friends and associates not to invade the bosom of your family worried about the extent that you seem to be in the grip of a mere game? Elementary. Just drop the slightest hint that you have begun suspecting yourself of a so-far suppressed tendency toward this other compulsion: Kleptomania, for instance. That's a compulsion too—compulsive stealing. It could get you and them into so much more trouble than you're ever likely to encounter on a golf course, should it ever get out of hand that it's enough to make them worry. The point is: they're very likely to start worrying. Is the right direction—worrying about whether you're getting to enough golf?

A man with the right attitude toward his compulsion is Irving S. Slomka. He has expressed it, we think, very well:

THE COMPULSIVE GOLFER

There's no doubt that we golfers are
a dedicated lot
The way we pursue that pellet and
give it all we've got
In winter and in summer and through
the spring and fall
We're out there on the golf course
doing things to that ball

Now when we're all our daily chores,
we're all gentle as can be
Why do we change and act so strange
the moment we reach the tee?

There's only that little white ball
sitting there quietly—
What's this mania that comes over us
and will not let us be?
For no money do we see it there,
We're no longer able to forbear,
We twist and jerk, we go berserk,
we're quite a sight to see

We swipe at it and swipe at it, we hit
the air with sound,
We crack it and we hack it and we
dig holes in the ground
We belt it and we welt it, we give it
blow on blow,
We jar it and we scar it no mercy do
we show
We smite it and we fight it as we
swing with all our might,
But we're rarely down the fairway
we hit to left or right

We top it and we pop it and sometimes we chop it,
We spank it and we bank it and, boy, do we shank it,
We grate and grow irate we peak and then shriek
We lift our head and wish we were dead,
But we're back week after week,

For we're the army of weekend golfers,
And we're crazy about the game
But what we do to a golf ball
to almost a cotionet shame
But we're out there in the broiling
sun,
Or while the raindrops fall
There are none braver, we never
waver
As we massacre that ball

Lots of us belong to golf clubs
And we come in all shapes and sizes
And you can bet that dry or wet
We love to win those prizes
And when we miss putts it tears our
guts,
But we've no one but ourselves to
blame
For we call it "Play" as day after
day
We devote ourselves to this—Come!

But what does it matter that we
hook or slice,
As we forget or ignore the good pro's
advice,
Don't we shoot a helluva game over
bourbon and ice?

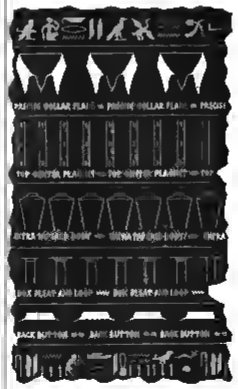
As a poet he knows, as well as you that he will never don the mantle that has slipped from the shoulders of the late Robert Frost.

But as a golfer, he's obviously found the way to be happy, however compulsive.

It is a cinch that, given equal time and thought, you could give your own problem so equally neat solving, whatever it may be.—A. G.


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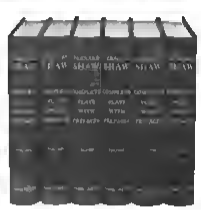

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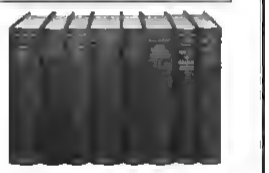

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

April cool

Gregory Corso's *Notes from the Other Side of April* (July, 1964) is the best thing my subscription has brought me.

Please stay on for/with the Course (or)...

KEN BILL

Las Vegas, N.M.

Goldilocks

We have long been admirers of Irwin Shaw's short stories and were happy to see his latest, *Goldilocks at Grancsida*, in your July, 1964 issue. But reading it has caused us many a sleepless night because we just cannot reasonably or logically figure out its last paragraph. We have read and reread it every line leading up to it. But we always come to the same impossible conclusion: the blond man (Borden Stones) referred to in the final paragraph cannot be the once-black moustached husband (William Bryent) the heroine shared that desert dinner and wine with.

We are left with three possibilities: 1) the typesetter omitted a very vital paragraph that would have preceded and shed light on those last three lines, 2) Mr. Shaw was indulging in some fancy leg pulling, 3) the "monster" in the pretty new dress was actually the blond Mr. Borden Stones.

As you can see, we are in dire need of help!

JEAN AND MATT CHIMSKY

Cincinnati, Ohio

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In the last sentences Mrs. Bryant's thoughts are of Stones, Goldilocks," and she associates his rain-damp hair at graveside with the glimpse she had of him, hair wet from the shower, leaving his friend's apartment years ago.*

Unmanned wave

Malcolm Muggeridge in his column on books in the July issue, reveals an interesting scale of values as when he is exercised to the tune of almost two pages of type by the Claude Eatherly exposé while Mitlere and especially Hochhuth's plays rate a few skimpy lines each.

In the case of *The Deputy*, Muggeridge addresses himself not to the playwright's arrangement of the Vatican, but rather to a fancied self-righteousness on the part of the author. Granting Muggeridge this point (though I did not receive the



same feeling upon reading the play), does he mean to say then that the author's case is without value and thus beneath comment? Or is Muggeridge letting us know he has nothing more to say about Hochhuth's theme and its handling in the play? Instead of critical responsibility, Muggeridge has given us a wave of his magisterial hand. How charming. And how inadequate.

JACK PITMAN

New York, N.Y.

Con cave

Actually *The New Sentimentality* (July, 1964) is the old old sentimentality. It dates back to the time when



man lived in caves and his jaw hung out two inches.

WILLIAM WENDT

Marshfield, Wis.

Mr. President, without tears

May I express my gratitude ... to you for your June issue's cover and for your "statement of intent" on the Publisher's Page of that issue ... and to Tom Wicker for the sensitivity and perception with which he treated his subject matter (*Kennedy Without Tears*).

The monuments being erected to John F. Kennedy's memory seem to indicate a desire to deify him, this intention, however sincere, seems to me to be woefully misdirected. The qualities for which he was loved and admired were characteristics of a man, not of a saint; it is for his humanity for his deep involvement in a dynamic world, and his personal commitment to the ideals and the realities of that world that he should and must be remembered.

I do not imagine that I am alone in this sentiment; certainly there are many others who hold these, or similar, beliefs. Thank you for having the courage to speak out and ask that the tributes to John Fitzgerald Kennedy's memory be commensurate with the man who lived.

JEANNE SHERMAN

Flushing, N.Y.

* * *

No, your June cover is not an attempt to make the late President out a crybaby. No, your cover is not a picture of Mr. Kennedy wiping away his own tear. Yes, your cover is a cheap display of bad taste. But then you're hoodly the first to debase his memory and surely you can derive a slick consolation from that.

DAVID LOPEZ

Bronx, N.Y.

* * *

Just when the hoksters were beginning to clay with Kennedy memorabilia Tom Wicker seared through the myth and touched the man.

Thank you for clearing the air.

ANDREW A. SMITH

Williamstown, Mass.

* *

Oh, the joy I knew on slipping the plain brown wrapper from your June product. The cryptic Kennedy cover and the article's gravid title held such promise, a promise reinforced by your explanation/defense of the cover (which I had cleverly interpreted already). That a leading magazine should present a penetrating review of a popular president only six months after his assassination,



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seemed such a happy comment on our national vanity and maturity

I hoped for a brilliant analysis of JFK's triumphs and failures or a portrait in at least three dimensions Walter Lippmann or William Buckley, Jr.—it didn't matter much. Did Kennedy do anything or did he just hold great promise? Where would his programs have led—boom, war peace . . . ? Or were his programs paper tigers? I wanted a clear voice to open the debate. You give us

'Sometimes it seemed, he even thought of politics, the Presidency itself as a sporting proposition Kennedy never tired of exhorting college students to prepare themselves for the public service, but he was seldom stuffy about it. He did not propose to adopt 'from the Belgian constitution a provision giving three votes instead of one to college graduates—at least not until more Democrats go to college' "

Just what in hell was that item about: Kennedy's sporting blood his personnel recruiting program, or his "almost merdant" humor? I wanted a voice and you give us a mumble

And then to finish with a blind lead ' great personage,' indeed. Obviously there's so much thing as a "Tom Wicker, ' but I'm having trouble deciding whether the writer was Dorothy Kilgallen or Earl Wilson

Damn fine cover though

DAVE PHILLIPS

Sacramento, Calif

• • •

Don't apologize for your Kennedy, your Sonny Liston or your noble servants Never has a magazine used its front cover so intelligently and effectively Your poignant collages and photographs serve as invitations to the most literate magazine published today That intelligence and assertiveness are unspeakable

EDDIE SMITH

Beaumont, Tex

• • •

Thank you for Tom Wicker's article and for saving the man from the embarrassing legend, for allowing his sense of humor to transcend the nauseating sentimentality and for giving those of us who respected him for much of what he stood for confirmation of the belief that underneath the gushing eulogies there is a rational basis for that respect.

KATHARINE ANDREWS

Los Angeles Calif

• • •

Today, six months after the assassination of President Kennedy I discovered the June copy of Esquire on the newsstand, saddening and antique in the bad taste of the 'clever' cover I understand that you must sell your magazine to as many as possible, using any element of shock value that your collective talent can muster, but I cannot comprehend a magazine of your integrity 'using" the image of a much-loved President, only six months dead Will it attract new subscribers? Will it cause comment and controversy? No It will only deepen the wound of grief felt by a nation. You are six months too late. At that time, the cover could have been enlarged to billboard size and posted throughout the South Only then it would have been in utmost sincerity, "Kennedy, *With* Tears."

GARY P. WEBER

Bend, Ore.

EDITOR'S NOTE *Both our cover and Mr Wicker's article have occasioned more and more varied, response than any subject in recent years We wish to take this occasion to thank those Esquire readers who took the time and trouble to give us their opinions*

Author's note

A number of readers now have identified the inscription President Kennedy had placed on David Powers mug as being from Aubrey Menen's version of *The Ramayana* I was unfamiliar with the lines when I wrote about this incident (*Kennedy Without Tears*) and a diligent search had failed to produce a source for them

This search included questions put to most of Mr Kennedy's close associates The only one who remembered anything about it was General Chester V Clifton his military aide, who actually attended to having the lines inscribed on the cup

General Clifton clearly recalled Mr Kennedy writing down the lines without refer-



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ence to any book and without hesitation. He agreed it was entirely possible that Mr. Kennedy had originated them, which was what I suggested.

I am rather disappointed that he didn't, but Gammel Chiffon's recollection establishes that the President knew them by heart. So I think that the main point of my story, which was that the lines had considerable meaning for him, is not diminished.

TOM WICKER

Washington, D.C.

Three cheers for Uncle Sam

Oops—just a second, please, while I wipe away another tear resulting from excessive laughter.

Assistant Editor John Berendt's *Memoirs of a Six Months Trauma* as carried in your June issue has floored me.

I've laughed myself sick, engaged in a bit of nostalgia, and emerged with a tremendous respect for John's ability to absorb and relay the basic (no pun) facts about military life.

As one of the old but unrecognized G.I.'s of World War II vintage I have to admit the Army hasn't changed a bit, according to Mr. Berendt's version.

And as a too-often rebellious G.I. who degenerated into a journalist, I am compelled to endure the way he made his points.

On only one point can I take issue, and that concerns what in the long ago days we used to refer to as Camp Folk and South Camp in particular.

The blunt manner spanned the "empty pinon pockets" bare with the watery beer and concentrated on female talent possessed of (a) housing, (b) a bottle, (c) a willing attitude, (d) a desire to do them bit for the country.

Mr. Berendt's military education obviously was almost complete. But then maybe the (a) (b) (c) (d) guile of 1943 vintage had left that area before he came onto the scene, so we'll excuse him this time.

He values the six months he spent in the Army. Like many many more I had seven times that period, seven times as many headaches, heartaches and inspections, and seven times as much fun as John had. So I guess I have to value my own service period seven times as much as he does.

And please relay my thanks to Mr. Berendt for the superb manner in which he described my own experiences, my own feelings—and those of some twelve million others who stood inspection more than twenty years ago.

DON MILLER

Wallington, Ohio

* * *

What has happened to the quality of your articles?

It is unconceivable that Esquire paid for the subject outside, but then again Mr. Bennett sorely needs the money to pay for the many crying towels he was forced to purchase.

Poor dear Mr. Berendt has written a self-righteous and self-pitying sickening account of his personal problems.

NORMAN SAFRIN

Brooklyn, N.Y.

* * *

Congratulations to John Berendt, whose recent *Memoirs of a Six Months Trauma* so eloquently describes the unnecessary indignities to which the young draftee is subjected from the time he begins his military career until he is discharged from active duty.

Although the accomplishments of the U.S. Army in the past make us all proud, the fact remains that the plight of the enlisted man is very real.

I'm sure Berendt was as disappointed as many other young Americans when he faced the old Army paradox of being a defendant of the dignity of man and suddenly realized his own had been taken away.

DON PAYNE

Jupiter, Fla.

Congressional record

In *The Second Washington* by Jerome H. Doolittle in May, the author says, "To pick one example from hundreds, an indulgent Congress has exempted from real-estate taxes the headquarters of the National Rifle Association on grounds that it is an educational and/or philanthropic organization."

I do not know why Mr. Doolittle picked the National Rifle Association from the hundreds that he had in mind. However, the quoted statement could not be more incorrect.

The NRA is a membership organization of individuals who are interested in the shooting sports. Its headquarters is a modest building in Washington, D.C., which houses a small museum, a library, and the offices of the staff members who administer the various activities of the Association.

The NRA has never sought tax exemption for its headquarters, and has always paid taxes on it.

JAMES B. TRAFICANT, JR.

Sheriff

Mahoning County

Youngstown, Ohio

* * *

Mr. Doolittle's statement is correct. The NRA has been exempt from real-estate taxes on its headquarters since 1926. Its tax-exempt status was reaffirmed by the Internal Revenue Service in 1968.

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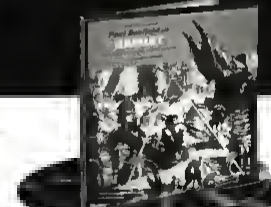
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FRANK C. DANIEL
Secretary
National Rifle Association of America

MR. DOOLITTLE'S NOTE: *I am wrong and Mr. Daniel has my apologies. The National Rifle Association pays real-estate taxes like anyone else. The Association also pays city sales tax and city income tax. But finance officials say it is exempt from personal property taxes.*

Fumble in left field

Where Karl Meyer chose to put any single publication or reporter in The Washington Press Establishment in Esquire's April issue is, of course, a matter of opinion. But I am sorry to see that his opinions changed between the moments he ranked "leftist" labor reporter Richard Preston and "eight-wing" Dickson J. Preston of Scripps-Howard. For they are the same man.

WILLIAM OLCOTT
New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Meyer comments that Richard Preston is doubtless a second cousin to George Spelvin. He should have been listed in both spots on the chart as Dickson J. Preston. As for his appearance on both sides, readers may note that a number of Establishment members appear in more than one position, since, as is indicated in the article, the left-right axis is highly approximate.*

Boys and Girls together

We know it's not polite to send an unsigned letter. But none of us—we are eleven—quite has the courage to put down her signature. Yet we think you ought to have the benefit of our opinions, which have been discussed and discussed among us, during the whole last school term. The subject: American men.

We are so fed up and we wish you would say something about this to your advertisers with the photographs of men that appear in advertising and particularly in your magazine. Nothing but fatuous-looking creeps, self-satisfied jerks and homely "typical" Americans. Can't you import some good-looking men from Italy?

We have come to the conclusion that American men over twenty-five ought better not be photographed. They are not pretty. They have no charm. And they are notorious for their lack of sex appeal. We think that of all the countrymen on earth the American male who talks so much about sex appeal has the least of it himself. So keep him out of advertising pictures, *please!*

Why the American male should be so unattractive we can't guess. Except perhaps that with so much mixing of nationalities, he's become a rather mongrel-looking creature. He hasn't a bit of "genre"; his weinhiel jackets make him look like an unmade bed; he doesn't know how to stand, sit, walk—he's utterly and completely self-conscious. The ugly American is also a literal deception.

And he *knows* it. Just let a really good-looking young man come into a group. We are amused when we hear the acid comments of the members of his own sex. Everyone of us, on dates, has tried out praise of a really handsome man, like Paul Newman, just to hear what happens—and we've compared notes. The "consensus" has been amusing—and we've learned which sex really produces the *cats*.

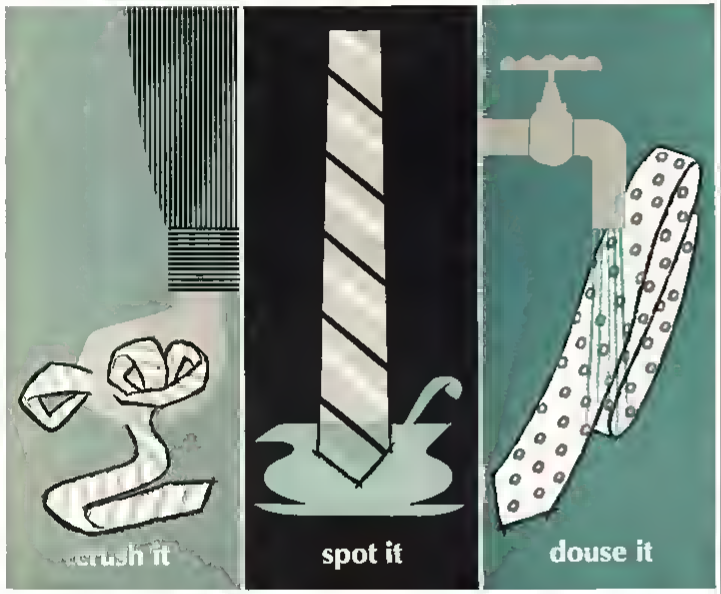
Do the advertisers use those ugly-looking male models because they know how jealous of a man's good looks other men are? Girls aren't "catty" to the same degree at all. They really admire outstandingly attractive members of their own sex.

But whatever it is—the coldness and jealousy of the American male—or the dearth of attractive American males out of their twenties, please! let's have fewer of these ugly looking creeps in the advertisements.

SIGNED FOR THE ELEVEN
AT SARAH LAWRENCE
Bronxville, N.Y.

Oh, Sister!

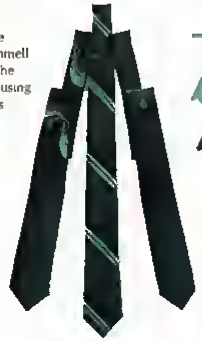
We have no doubt that you have been flooded with mail



**Mr. Wonderful wash 'n wear...
the tie that comes smilin' through**

Indestructible, practically. These handsome looking Mr. Wonderful styles by Beau Brummell Credit Creslan luxury acrylic filament. It's the fiber that can take crushing, spotting or dousing ... and come up smilin'. 2.50 at fine stores.

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Creslan® American Cyanamid Company



New Honeywell Electronic Air Cleaner removes up to 95% of airborne dust and pollen

Out comes clean air to fill your home ... to help free your wife from daily dusting and cut your cleaning bills. The Honeywell "whole-house" Electronic Air Cleaner fits in the return air duct of any forced air heating—cooling system, removing up to 95%* of the pollen and other particles passing through it.

Air in your home contains millions of impurities. You only see the larger particles of dust that settle on table tops and shelves. It's a time-consuming ... sometimes even a daily dusting job to get rid of them. But that's only half the story. The smaller invisible particles—over 90% of the total—the pollen, soot, smoke, cooking grease, bacteria and industrial wastes do most of the *real* damage.

They may cause discomfort, soil furniture and draperies, put a dingy haze on windows and mirrors, and leave white areas or "ghosts" lurking behind pictures. The Honeywell Electronic Air Cleaner is highly efficient when it comes to catching these smaller particles—the ones that can pass right through ordinary filters.

You'll notice the difference! Your family will enjoy the comfort of purer air. Mirrors, windows, walls and furnishings will stay and look cleaner. You'll save money on cleaning bills. Of course, your wife won't throw away her dust cloth—no air cleaner can remove particles that settle *before* they enter the system. But her dusting time will be reduced. And the money you save can pay for your air cleaner.

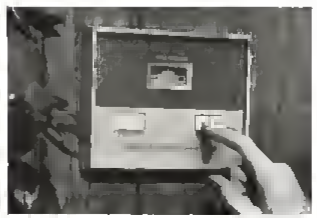
Get the benefits of the same filtering system used extensively in hospitals. On a 3-year FHA loan, it can cost as little as $14.38 a month, installed in your present home. In a new home it may be included in the mortgage for under $2.00 per month.

If you don't have a forced air system or are renting a home, the Honeywell Portable Electronic Air Cleaner could be your answer. Ideal for your office—or conference room, too.

Do yourself and your wife a favor. Just mail the coupon for information on Honeywell's whole-house or room-portable Electronic Air Cleaners.

*As measured by the National Bureau of Standards Dust Spot Method.

Honeywell



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Take 10 seconds to fill out this coupon. Get all the facts on residential electronic air cleaning.

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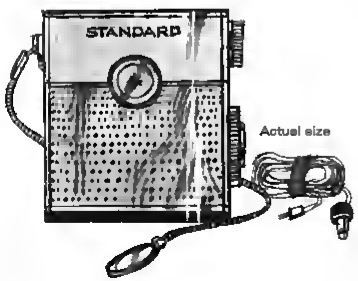
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Neiman-Marcus



from Mount Holyoke girls on your Seven Sisters article (*Where the Girls Are* June 1964), but we feel that there is one point on which they may be too modest to comment themselves, that is, that rather timid and mousy portrayal of the Mount Holyoke girl in the photograph illustrating the article.

On behalf of Mount Holyoke undergraduates and alumnae everywhere, we feel we must protest that your charming model has done Mount Holyoke an injustice. To support our position we have rushed to the files, snatched up the first recent campus picture we came to and submit it herewith. While these young ladies are admittedly healthy and are not, as far as we know, equipped with black tights and guitars we believe that they are better representatives of the "Mount Holyoke girl" (if, indeed such a creature exists) than the frightened individual in your photograph.



We readily concede that Mount Holyoke is more interested in the business of higher education than in producing beauty queens—but fair is fair gentlemen and we hope you will see our side because otherwise you're going to have an awful lot of very unkind Mount Holyoke girls mad at you.

MARY E. TUTTLE
South Hadley, Mass.

* * *

Your article on the Seven Sisters (*Where the Girls Are*) has been enjoyed here (although legal opinion divides on whether the photographer resemble gives the Mt. Holyoke girls a good libel suit against you).

You might have mentioned Bennington and Sarah Lawrence for comparative purposes. Their student bodies are felt to be as good as the Seven's, while the administrations of these two schools occupy much less of the *loco parentis*. This philosophy goes far beyond sexual freedom. It questions the Seven's position that the college should go in for a personality structuring program in order to turn out top-quality women.

ROGER TIPPY
New Haven, Conn.

The glory that was Greece . . .

You might mention to Travel Editor Richard Joseph (*Greece: Get Your Ambrosia Here*, June, 1964) that Theseus was not the Greek precursor of the Roman god Vulcan, that was Hephaestus. Theseus wasn't actually a god at all, only a demiged and the patron hero of Athens.

STEPHEN A. ECKARDT
Takoma Park, Md.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The temple has been known as the Temple of Theseion since the Middle Ages apparently because the exploits of Theseus are represented in some of the sculpture. However, the temple is more accurately known as the Hephaesteum and is dedicated to Hephaestus (also known as Vulcan).*



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TRAVEL NOTES

RICHARD JOSEPH

From where we sit—at the time we're sitting here—it looks as though the upcoming fall and winter season in Europe will be, well, 'glittering' is a tired word, but here it's very useful. If you're thinking about a transatlantic trip after the summer rush is over, you'll find that something interesting is scheduled to be going on in just about every big European city at almost any time you might be there.

In *Europe In The Fall* which you'll find on page 124, we covered a few of the top events unique to this particular year: the Toulouse-Lautrec centenary in Paris; transfer of the Shakespeare Exhibition from Stratford to London in October; Berlin's Festival Weeks this time with an African theme. But most of the most interesting festivities are annual affairs.

Judging by the number of wine festivals due in September, you'll have some difficulty in prowling around the European countryside without getting splattered with grape juice squirting up from under the heels of the happy peasants. Some years ago we suggested to the Spanish tourist people that they combine flamenco dancing with the wine festivals by having somebody roll grapes under the stamping feet of the dancers, but evidently nothing came of it because we've had no further word. And so the seventeenth annual sherry wine festival at Jerez de la Frontera, September 11 to 15, will have only the usual blessing of the grapes and the new wine; agricultural and literary competitions, and—naturally—bullfights. In fact bullfights seem to be the *sine qua non* of almost every sort of Spanish festivity.

Come September 7 to 18 and the festival of Nuestra Señora de los Llanos at Albacete: bullfights, plus concerts and sports events. The fair and Charra festival at Salamanca from September 8 to 21? Bullfights. The eighth annual Rioja Vintage Festival at St. Matthew a Fair at Logroño, September 17-25? Folk dancing and bullfights. Same with the Festival of Our Lady of Ransom in Barcelona, September 22 to 29. It will feature the Fifth Mediterranean Song Festival, folk dancing, cultural and sports events—and bullfights.

What we're trying to do, obviously, is to find a hook on which to string together a list of the top events on Spain's fall calendar. To hell with it—here are the rest of them, and if they interest you, fine.

Seville is the site of the annual three-day Michaelmas Fair starting September 26. Another outstanding celebration in Zaragoza's famed festival of Our Lady of the Pillar, which features a procession of papier-mâché giants and dwarfs, fireworks, concerts and performances of the mystery plays. A National Trade Fair goes on at the same time, and there'll be bullfights, of course. And Spain's fall season winds up in mid-November with the midnight procession, regional dancing and bullfights of the Cuerpos Santos Festival at Medinaceli.

You'll find no bullfights in Belgium, but here also they come on strong with the religious processions. One of the highlights of the fall season is the annual candlelight procession at the Shrine of Montaigu in Brebant on November 8. This has been going on since 1629, when Belgium was decimated by the plague, and it commemorates the end of the epidemic after villagers, holding candles and lanterns, had followed an image of the Virgin all around the town.

Another annual event in Belgium honors Adolphe Sax who invented the saxophone: a September jazz festival in Dinant, the town he was born in.

You've probably noted how war commemorative-minded Europe is this year: what with the twentieth anniversary of the D-Day landings—both in Normandy and in the south of France—the fiftieth anniversary of the outbreak of World War I and all like that. But leave it to the Belgians to come up with something really recherché in the way of martial commemoratives. This one is the 150th anniversary of the signing of the Treaty of Ghent which ended the War of 1812—*our* War of 1812, that is. Anyway, it will be celebrated in Ghent aptly enough on September 4 and 5 and eight military bands from the U.S., Great Britain, Belgium and The Netherlands are scheduled to blow, toot and beat their brains out.

Also in September is the Breughel Festival, which brings Pieter Breughel's masterpieces to life with the pageantry, parades, music and food of his sixteenth-century Flanders. It's held in Wingene. And the Belgians tie religion in with hunting on November 3 in the town of St. Hubert, scene of the annual St. Hubertus Day ceremonies with a national pilgrimage, exhibition of relics, sounding of the hunting horns and blessing of the hunt.

Speaking of the hunt, November is a bad time to go walking past the hedges along Irish country roads. Do so and you're sure to find horses sailing over your head and hounds getting tangled up in



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Front fenders are formed in three sections. Then smoothed and polished by hand.

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Coat #2 is sprayed on by hand. Baked. Wet-sanded by hand.

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Which only goes to show you, the Ghia is expensive. For a Volkswagen.

your feet. The Irish hersey set will doo derbies or toppers and yell "Yoicks!" on any decent day from November to mid-April but November is the official start of the hunting season, giving them an even better excuse to go galloping over the green countryside. You can join them, too, if you want to risk life and limb, for as little as $25 per daily risk, including hire of the horse.

The Season in Ireland, though really begins with Dublin's Theatre Festival at the Abbey and other playhouses from September 21 to October 4. About the same time is the Galway Oyster Festival, during which the Mayor of Galway opens the season's first oyster on Clarenbridge pier, and everybody freeloads a big feast.

Then comes *An tOireachtas* Ireland's national cultural festival (and any typesetter who gets it right is already culinred) It's held in Dublin in October and it includes literary instrumental and song competitions, plays, chess matches and Gaelic games.

October brings the Wexford Festival of Opera, when little known operas are given first-class performances in a delightful Irish country town. And Dubliners have developed an unusually satisfactory way of digesting a Christmas dinner by going out to the horse races at Leopardstown a few miles away immediately after.

Stockholm swings during the Christmas season—and it isn't as cold as you might fear. (Nighttime temperatures in December generally fall no lower than 26 or so and during the day it rises to around 35.)

This is the darkest time of the year, of course (it's light only from about nine in the morning to about three in the afternoon), so one of the December festivals is devoted, logically enough, to Lucia, fair bringer of light. On December 13, young girls dressed all in white and with crowns of burning candles on their heads go around offering coffee and cakes—a new kick if ever we've heard of one.

One of the city's centers of Christmas celebration is the historical Skeriorget marketplace. In the old part of Stockholm, where an enormous Christmas tree is put up in the center of the square and a Christmas market is held. There's also a big Christmas market and fair in the Skansen open air museum, where craftsmen are at work in restored Guild Houses and open-air booths, parades march and traditional holiday pastries are on sale.

A high spot of Stockholm's season is the Nobel Prize awards on December 10. Most people can't get in, though, so the real kickoff is usually furnished by the September opening of the season at the Royal Dramatic Theatre, headed by Ingmar Bergman.

If those temperatures we mentioned a few paragraphs back should worry you, then you might think about choosing Portugal for this off-season European jaunt. Lisbon days warm up to the seventies in October, 61 in November and 55 in December. This is considerably warmer than American football weather and plenty comfortable for watching the soccer matches which are very large in Portugal. Soccer is the Portuguese national game and crowds of Lisbon's José Alvalade Stadium run as high as 60,000. The football season here lasts from September to July. Equitation is also a popular Portuguese spectator sport. The outstanding event is the Lisbon International Jumping Festival which takes place at the Pavilion of the Industries Fair in winter.

The Lisbon concert season begins in October and lasts through June at the São Carlos Opera House, which is an attraction in itself.



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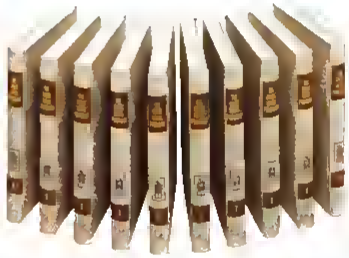
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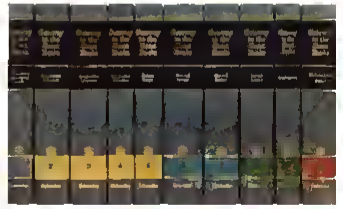


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self Built in the late eighteenth century It is among the most beautiful of the few remaining old-fashioned horseshoe-shaped opera houses Tha sparkling crystal prisms of its splendid chandeliers shine on elegantly dressed audiences Formal dress is necessary except in the uppermost tier, but ticket prices are less elegant, ranging from about a dollar to a five-dollar top The opera season runs from mid-January through April followed by the ballet season shortly thereafter

In Athens the fall weather is every bit as good as it is in Lisbon possibly even a bit better Seasonal highlights in Greece include the Thessaloniki International Trade Fair September 6 to 27 with a Greek Film Festival going on during the final weeks and the Wine Festival of Daphni, about five miles out of Athens, throughout September Here a small admission fee entitles you to all you can sample of more than sixty varieties of fine Greek wines There are popular songs and folk dancing and in the tavernas, restaurants and bars you'll find a spontaneous gaiety that only the Greeks seem able to achieve

There's more wine-bibbing at the St Demetrius Day Festival which takes place throughout Greece on October 26 Its timing ties in with the opening and tasting of new wine, and there are festivals and fairs at all churches associated with the patron saint of Thessaloniki, where the celebration lasts three days

October 28 is another big date throughout Greece. It's a national holiday marking the Greek entry into World War II so there are parades all over Greece. King Constantine is expected to review the march-past in Thessaloniki

In Italy, social life recovers from its summer hiatus with the running of the Grand Prix auto and motorcycle races over the Monza track, near Milan in September, and continues with the opening of the San Carlo Opera in Naples in November, Milan's La Scala on December 7, and the Rome and Florence operas, also in December Other top events of the fall season, the Biennial Art Exhibition and film festival in Venice, carry over from the summer

But these are only a few dates on the busy Italian calendar The Italians are great for dressing people up in medieval costumes and having them charge at each other on horseback, jump over each other on pavement chessboards and engage in other peculiar combat. There is, for instance, the thirty-eighth Joust of the Saracen in the Piazza Grande of Arezzo near Florence, on September 6. We've never taken this one in, but according to the Italian State Tourist Department, it dates from the fourteenth century and is a "costume tournament between horsemen of the city districts against a mechanical automaton armed with a scourge symbolizing the Saracen."

Another such affair is the Joust of the Quintana in Foligno near Perugia, on September 13, pitting against each other horsemen representing the town's ten districts And at Marostica, northwest of Venice, at about the same time, you can see that chess game with people dressed up as chessmen It's said to commemorate a local legend in which two suitors played chess for the hand of the girl they loved Ah, those hot-blooded Italians

Crossbowmen in medieval costumes do something at the Palio of the Crossbow, whatever that is at Sansepolcro, near Florence, in September, but we can't figure out just what it is they do.

More within our ken is the Grand Prix horse race,

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This year Firestone again proved it was the greatest tire name in racing by winning in the Indianapolis 500 for the 41st consecutive time. For the first time, the winning car went the full 500 miles without a tire change, and set a new speed record. In addition, every car that finished was on Firestones: not one of them changed a tire!

Now, the same Sup-R-Tuf rubber and Super-Weld body construction in durable Firestone race tires are available in Firestone tires for your car. And out of Firestone's history-making triumph at Indianapolis comes the all-new Nylon '500' tire.

Like Firestone race tires, the '500' features a wide wrap-around tread, bolstered shoulders and gold-stripe styling. The new wrap-around tread puts more rubber on the road for longer mileage and surer traction especially on curves. The bolstered shoulders mean added rubber to reinforce the tread; you get arrow-straight stability even at turnpike speeds. The gold stripe marks the '500' as the tire built with the same durable Sup-R-Tuf rubber and super strength nylon cord that made history at Indianapolis. And it's backed by Firestone's famous No-Limit Road Hazard guarantee.

Get the tire that matches the excitement and beauty of today's high-performance cars—the all-new gold stripe Nylon '500'! You can charge it at your Firestone Dealer or Store.

Sup-R-Tuf Super Weld—Firestone T.M.'s

All Firestone passenger tires carry a guarantee against defects in workmanship and materials for the life of the original tread. Replacements prorated on tread wear at then current Firestone prices.

tied in with a national lottery up at Merano in the foothills of the Dolomites September 20. And you won't have to do any historical research to appreciate the two-man gondola races over a four-mile course in Venice September 6, even though they're preceded by a procession of boats gotten up to look like those of the time of the Venetian Republic. Then, in October come the Tenth International Horse Show in Palermo, Sicily, and the Forty-sixth International Automobile Show in Turin, one of Europe's great motoring capitals, from October 31 to November 11, and the Italian season is well on its way.

In Switzerland, the Swiss National Exposition will be going on in Lausanne until October 25. Held every twenty-five years, the Exposition is Switzerland's greatest show, and it's one of Europe's top attractions of the year. It also has been something of a Jonah because the 1914 fair immediately preceded World War I, and the 1939 show was blighted by the beginning of World War II. The current version, though, seems to have broken the jinx because nothing has happened so far.

One of its features is an exhibit of masterpieces of Swiss collections from Manet to Picasso. Also in Lausanne at the same time will be a showing of Swiss art of the current century. Lucerne's International Music Festival lasts through September 6, and there's an international horse race meeting here from September 13 through 19. Montreux is the site of a September Musicale throughout the month; the twenty-sixth annual music competition will be held in Geneva late in September; then come big grape harvest festivals at Neuchatel, Lugano and Morges, all on October 4 and a folk festival at Châtel-St-Denis October 18.

Germany has something unique to offer late summer and fall visitors—chamber-music recitals in six baroque and rococo palaces. At Leitheim Palace near Donauwoerth, Bavaria, for instance, the concert season will extend from September 5 through October 31. Chamber groups will perform small-scale music from the baroque, classic and romantic repertories in a candle-lit salon seating 150. The palace itself is a rococo masterpiece, with fine chandeliers and parquet floors so beautifully kept that waiters wearing sharp heels are required to wear felt slippers over their shoes.

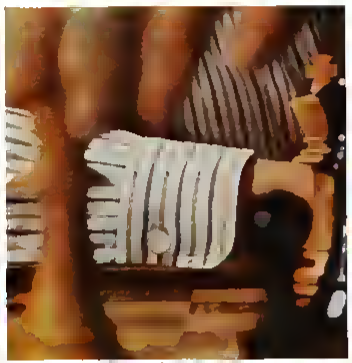
Another outstanding piece of rococo architecture is the palace at Bruchsal, former residence of the Prince Bishops of Speyer, in Baden-Wuerttemberg. It's set in a beautiful park with an interesting baroque church. There's a restaurant in the nearby woods, close to an Autobahn exit. The concerts here will continue through September 22.

At Buehl, near Cologne, concerts will be given September 12, 13, 26 and 27 in the Schloss Augustusburg, considered the finest example of rococo architecture in the Rhineland.

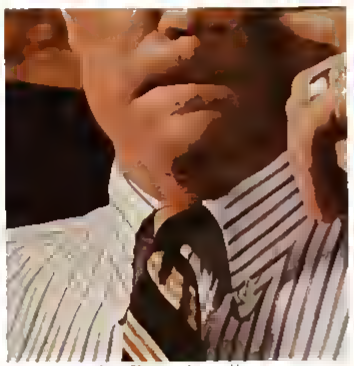
One of the most luxurious palaces in Europe is Ludwigsburg, near Stuttgart. Its eighteen main buildings and 452 rooms are in baroque, rococo, classical and Empire styles. It was built in the eighteenth century by an aristocrat who is rumored to have sold an entire regiment to pay for it—although how anybody could sell a regiment, even in eighteenth-century Germany, is more than we can figure out. Its music season lasts until September 27.

On October 17 and 18, concerts of contemporary music will be given at Donaueschingen Palace in the eastern part of the Black Forest. The late-Baroque palace is surrounded by a handsome formal garden watered by a spring said to

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be a source of the Danube, which then wanders about 1,750 miles through Germany, Austria, the Czech-Hungarian border, Hungary, Yugoslavia, the Yugoslav-Romanian and Romanian-Bulgarian borders, then into Romania and the Black Sea.

Concerts of chamber music and lieder are given often in the oak-paneled gallery of West Berlin's Charlottenburg Castle. A Mozart Festival will be held from November 7 to 14 in the new theatre of Wuppertal, near Duesseldorf.

In Denmark the Copenhagen season has strong musical overtones (and the pun is intentional). The Royal Ballet, Drama and Opera together with the Royal Symphony Orchestra start things off early on September 1, followed by concerts of the National Symphony Orchestra of the Danish State Radio which plays every Thursday evening from October 1 to April at Broadcasting House.

Another feature of the season is the Copenhagen edition of the Scandinavian Design Cavalcade displaying the best work of top craftsmen which Denmark shares with Norway, Sweden, Finland.

When it comes to wine festivals, you'd expect France to be well in the lead, and that it is—the grape celebrations in various parts of the country begin early in September and the final festive cork isn't popped until mid-November. Dijon's International Grape and Wine Festival gets things started on September 7 and 8, then the bibbers travel to Bordeaux for the festivals at Pauillac, Medoc and Saint-Emilion. Next come the International Vine and Wine Fair in Montpellier, in the south, October 9 to 19, and two festivals devoted to the fine Alsatian wines, at Molsheim on October 11, and at Obernai.

The Fraternity of the Chevaliers du Tastevin, a group of wine connoisseurs, gourmets and general good livers, holds its fall meeting in the vineyard of Clos-Vougeot on November 14, and in the same night the new knights of the society are feted at nearby Nuits-Saint-Georges at the start of "The Three Glorious Days." Three similarly glorious days begin at the same time in Beaune and Meursault.

The Paris Automobile Show launches the season officially in the French capital. It will be held this year from October 1 to 11, and will be followed by the autumn Grand Prix horse race and a Grand Steeplechase for four-year-olds at the Auteuil course, in Paris.

London's International Motor Show at Earls Court always follows the Paris show, and brings smart Londoners back to their capital for the start of the season. This year it is scheduled from October 21 to 31. But things really will start to swing when the Queen opens Parliament in a colorful tradition-packed ceremony in late October or early November. A similarly spectacular feature of the London season every fall is the Lord Mayor's Show on November 14. Top musical events of the London season every fall are the opera and ballet performances at the Covent Garden Opera House.

Uniquely British and an annual event of great interest is the famed London-to-Brighton Antique Car Rally, November 1. Another distinctively British feature—this one early in the season—is the Farnborough Air Show near London from September 7 to 13. ##



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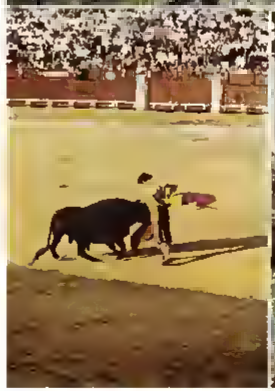


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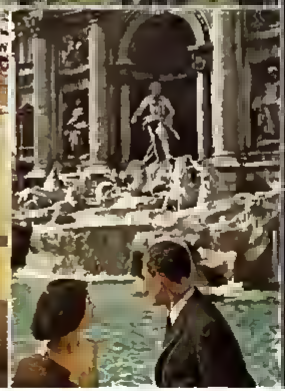




Ole!



The storied Trevi Fountain in Rome



Symbol of romance: Paris, the magnificent Arc de Triomphe

Autumn in Europe is a special delight. Milling summer sightseers have gone back home. The weather is bright and mild. The countryside is still verdant; the cities vibrant. It's much easier to get a good hotel room at a reasonable price. There's no need to hurry when you can tarry—at a sidewalk cafe on the Champs Elysées, the Tower of London, the Sistine Chapel.

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OUTDOORS

VANCE BOURJAILY

The other evening I called home which is a very small town in eastern Iowa, from Tlaxcala, a slightly larger town in southern Mexico and learned from my wife that the children were well, the bills accumulating, and that I was about to miss a chance to meet Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall.

There had been a call, my wife said, from the office of our rather amazing governor, Harold Hughes (Democrat, wing-shot and remarkable to me for the consistency with which he addresses political matters with an apparently spontaneous common sense which seems better than merely courageous for its lucidity and lack of calculation). Secretary Udall was to be in Des Moines, and some thirty of us were invited to lunch to meet him. Five of these Iowans are members of the State Conservation Commission; the rest of us are members of a large Governor's Advisory Committee for the Conservation of Outdoor Resources, and I don't mind admitting that I hated to miss the lunch.

At noon on the date it was held, I was sitting on top of a mound of dirt and stone at an archaeological site in the Oaxaca Valley, holding an ice pick and a paintbrush. I was loosening potsherds and grass roots with the pick, sweeping away the debris a little at a time with the brush, hoping to come onto a nicely articulated two-thousand-year-old skeleton of which I had so far found only a couple of disconnected finger bones.

As I write this, I still haven't found any more bones and know that even if there is a skeleton it will be in a pit burial—not a tomb—and that therefore there isn't likely to be so much as a nice unbroken pot with it, let alone the Jeweled Sacrificial Knife of the High Priest. The others on the dig, a group associated with the University of the Americas in Mexico City, alternate between chuckles and commiseration; none of us really wanted to find a pit burial, and the men who did may be stuck with it for days, rationing himself a little water from a canteen as the sun shines on—and in Des Moines they were eating steak in an air-conditioned room.

But if I had met Secretary Udall, and if the occasion had permitted me to speak a piece (as such occasions rarely do), I'd have liked to talk to him about duck-hunting regulations.

I'm far away from my sources of statistics so I'll invent one: if there are a million duck hunters in the United States, then there are at least a million experts on what each year's regulations ought to be. As a matter of fact, there are over a million because all the men who don't hunt them any more, for one reason or another, are experts too.

I'm an exception, of course, though I'm a fairly specialized expert, willing to leave larger matters—season dates and bag limits—to the professionals of the Fish and Wildlife Service and to defend their decisions quite blindly. My special fields of expertise are the Duck Stamp and the matter of shooting hours, and it's in these areas that Secretary Udall's men need defending from me.

The Duck Stamp, as it's commonly called, has a formal name, Migratory Waterfowl Hunting Stamp, and it is my crotchety view that we make a serious error in letting it fulfill its nickname only. It is at present required, at a cost of $3 a year, just for the hunting of ducks, geese and brant. Its sales, therefore, are subject to great annual fluctuation, usually downward, as individual hunters decide, on the basis of last season's luck and this season's predictions, whether they are going to hunt waterfowl this year or stick to the state-controlled, nonmigratory upland birds like pheasants, quail and grouse.

Meanwhile, sales of the stamp are an urgently important source of money for the refuge and other programs that keep our migratory bird flocks in good shape. But dove hunters, woodcock hunters, snipe hunters, rail hunters—all those who hunt federally controlled migratory birds other than ducks, geese and brant—are not required to buy the stamp. Dove hunters, in particular, are the most numerous bird-hunting group we have—not only numerous, but avid—and I see no reason why they (or we, rather, for I hunt them, though I must go out of state to do it) shouldn't contribute to the refuge system, too.

It's true that the program is not directly designed to benefit doves, but this hardly prevents a dove from drinking out of a pothole, breeding on the edge of a marsh, finding rest in a "No Hunting" area, feeding on wheat crops planted for geese, and in general getting protection and sustenance from all kinds of management measures from predator control to tree plantings.

But I'm weaseling. The real argument for requiring more kinds of hunters to possess the Migratory Bird Hunting Stamp is more imaginative than simply saying, "Hey, your dove's eating my goose's wheat. You gotta help pay." The real and imaginative argument was put to me—though not in sup-



Penny Edwards, Miss Tiparillo, at Shepheardia.

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port of my stamp proposal—In a letter from Roland C Clement, who is staff biologist for the National Audubon Society " we must come to look on our wildlife resources as a unit indeed that we must see them as part of a landscape and that it is the landscape that must be conserved To go beyond what t could responsibly ascribe to Mr Clement, it seems to me too late and too small-minded to try to manage and tax on a species-by-species basis all of us who find our pleasure whatever its kind in joining the landscape should be required to contribute to its conservation

As to means, I am in some disagreement—gentle I hope—with the Audubon Society tt has for some time been advocating a second Federal Stamp a $2 Migratory Wildlife Conservation Stamp to be sold to those who wish to use the refuges out of hunting season for bird watching fishing photography and so on

I don t know that I m fit to judge psychologically whether these quieter and less-aggressive sportsmen should have a stamp distinct from that required of hunters. But, practically It seems to me that to get this would involve the delay of going to Congress and the expense of printing distributing and administering what are assentially two faderal licenses where one would do

Sir I should like to have asked Secretary Udall, *couldn't you by a simple executive order in order to stabilize and vastly increase the sales of the present Migratory Bird Stamp just require a hell of a lot more people to buy it? If we're going to soak people for the good of the landscape, shouldn't we cheerfully soak as many of them as simply and as much, as possible? I'm sure we ought to have all those doves and woodcock hunters in, if you want to let the bird-watchers and fishermen off for now it may not make too much difference.*

Well having alienated myself from a lot of fellow hunters by proposing that they be subject to a nice new tax they haven t had to pay before, let me next propose something which may win a few of them back.

In the last two or three seasons regulations of waterfowl shooting hours have provided that one may open fire at sunrise and must cease at sunset Before that the hunting day extended from half an hour before sunrise to half an hour after sunset—and it was in these two lost half hours that one saw ducks They are not I hope lost forever for they are not only the most productive times they are the most beautiful too

Duck shadows going by out of range against a gray dawn sky...faint rose at the horizon beginning to color leaden water and the wind blowing—that s how duck hunting looked It was a silent even mysterious time we had invaded...a time that belonged to the birds, in which we were present as hostile and often inept strangers Ducks in that first half hour would appear in range quite suddenly and be gone, often as not before the gun was raised To coordinate it all—attention concealment vigilou shot retrieve—was something that didn t happen every morning though the opportunity for it might tl was excitement, all the way and at sunrise often enough we began picking up the decoys if the day was clear A duck knocked down might require some searching by dog and hunter... as the sky lightened but we seldom quit before we found it To say *duck hunting begins at sunrise* is to say, *it begins when it's all over till evening.*

I think when a duck is shot, and crippled and flies away, it happens most generally in full light, for then it is clear enough to give

Woolen

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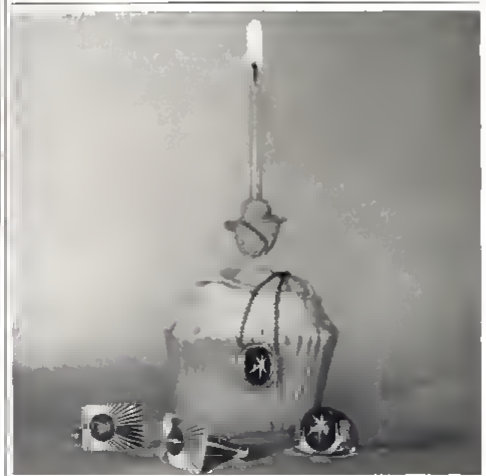
The evening half hour, the one after sunset, we need for consolation. One goes out, in the evening, because he has missed so badly in the morning—or perhaps couldn't get away. The evening ducks begin to fly just at sunset, and they are almost always high. Only occasionally is there a shot to be tried, but there is something reassuring about seeing them there as the light fades; one knows that they will be there in the morning. If there has been a chance to shoot one fine, but even if there hasn't, one leaves the blind more tranquil, to follow the path in the dark to where the car is parked.

Here is where my 999,999 fellow experts are going to disagree perhaps, and if they do, let them. I would rather have those two half hours back then larger limits or a longer season. I would say calculate the permissible limit this year and then cut it in half, if necessary—but give us back those two half hours. If the limit were to be only one duck, that way it would be better to have a chance to get him than to have a theoretical two-bird limit, and the best times for getting any at all eliminated.

There's another, even more powerful argument, it seems to me, though it's possible that it's going to sound a little self-righteous. Nevertheless, it's true that these cutback shooting hours favor the unscrupulous. For every guy in a blind, eyes on his watch, waiting for the official sunrise minute to come (and the ducks to go), there's another down the marsh who starts shooting early. One's tolerance for the ethical character of the man down the marsh is tenuous enough without his being given so unequivocal a way of proving himself contemptuous. Besides, he's probably getting ducks, and any chance the man with the watch might have for a post-sunrise straggler is gone. Indeed, with the time-buster working away, he wasn't much of a problem five years ago—earlier than half-an-hour before sunrise, he couldn't see to shoot.

I think wardens would bear me out in saying that the current time rule is unenforceable; the warden would have to be virtually in the blind with the time-buster and see him shoot to make an arrest. A duck too many, or a newly killed one on the wrong day, are evidence; the sound of a gun going off too early or too late down there somewhere won't stand up in court. The man with the watch gets punished for by the time he starts shooting the birds are spooked.

But I become too practical; give us back our lost half hours, sir, not for reasons of justice or efficiency, but because it's in the hushed time, the rose-grey time when the day hasn't quite declared itself or is dying toward tomorrow's mysteries that hunting waterfowl is so exciting and so lovely. #



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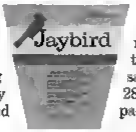


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RECORDINGS
MARTIN MAYER

James McCracken, who is beginning at the top in the record business (he is the Florestan to Birgit Nilsson's Leonore on the new London *Fidelio* to be issued later this month), served as a working stiff at the opera stage for more years than he cares to remember; and the reason he made it finally was simply that he could sing roles nobody else could manage. The experience has left him with an odd view of what it means to be an international opera star. "I can't say I sing in Italy," he commented the other day "because the only thing they ever ask me for is *Otello*. I don't think you should say you sing in a country unless they ask you to sing parts where they've got one of their own who can and will do it."

By this standard, McCracken who now lives in Switzerland does sing at San Francisco, where he will open the season indeed, as Otello but then proceed to *Trovatore*, *Pagliacci* and *Aida*. He sings at the Met, too, where he did nothing but *Otello* in '62-'63, added a *Pagliacci* last year and this year will sing the new *Samson*. He also sang a great deal at the Met some years ago, in *comprimario* roles, and was told by the management that if he wanted to sing important parts he'd be wise to go off to the European minor leagues.

In 1957, acting on the advice, McCracken and his wife, the mezzo Sandra Warfield, took a financially ruinous contract at Bonn. The next year Herbert Graf, who had left the Met to run the Zurich Opera, wanted to put on Meyerbeer's *Prophète* which nobody has the range and strength to sing—and remembered McCracken. Since then, the world has been McCracken's rapidly opening oyster.

He has eaten a lot of that oyster, too: he was a submariner during the war, and today, at 270-odd pounds he could barely get into a submarine. But he is a strong and graceful fat man who moves well onstage, and in roles like Otello, Pagliacci and Samson, bulk can actually help a characterization. McCracken is a great Otello and a rare, wholly convincing Pagliacci.

For someone specializing as a *tenore di forza* (and almost universally considered the most likely of current singers to make it as a Wagnerian), McCracken has an astonishingly sweet voice, clear with none of the grainy edge that usually marks the heroic performance. He produces it quite explosively, however, and he has the stage timing to accentuate musical effects. He likes to say he was an actor (in a high-school drama society in Gary, Indiana) before he was a singer.

He is a big man with a mane of grey hair, wearing big black-rimmed glasses. He talks well about his work. "It's difficult because you're responsible not to yourself but to a whole flock of other people. So if you have a karadic in your throat, you have to go out and sing anyway. And you have no control over the pacing.

"You come on stage tired, the voice is there because it's trained to be there. The mental reflexes are there, so you can give a performance. Part of it *has* to be unconscious. You know, there are evenings when I go back and forth. I have great long moments when I'm not conscious whether I'm singing or not.

"I don't have problems with soprenos. I have great sympathy for them—I keep thinking, they've got to be eight notes higher than I."

THE record of the month is a surprise on all counts—five Scarlatti *Sonatas* played by the Russian pianist Emil Gilels (Monitor). I have previously heard Gilels only in the big repertory, which he plays with great force and full romanticism. It would not have occurred to me that he could keep his foot completely off the pedal, and bring out with only his hands and his head the magnificent variety of tone colors and temperaments in these sonatas. The performances are of great virtuosity in both technique and musicianship, and the pieces, all familiar, are among the glories of the keyboard.

A close second is the finest of the many "eous of Bach" records, presenting orchestral works by Christian, Friedemann and C P E. Christian's *Sinfonia* in *E-Flat Major* tells a great deal about where Mozart came from, and is a first-class piece in its own right. But what most intrigued me was a *Sinfonia* by Friedemann, suspended between the Baroque and the Romantic, rather melancholy, highly skilled, remarkably beautiful. The excellent performances are by the Munich Pro Arte under Redel (Decca).

Also interesting are a record of excerpts from Herold's charming and once highly popular light opera of 1832, *Le Pré aux Clercs* (Westminster); a stunning performance of Haydn's *Emperor Quartet* by the Amadeus (Deutsche Grammophon); and a pleasant disc of *Piano Pieces for Children* played by André Previn and featuring trifles by Goddard Lieberson, the only recording company president who writes music (Columbia, naturally). The pieces are honestly self-deprecatory bits of pastiche. Next time C I A. has a dangerous mission far a businessmen they should call Mr. Lieberson. He has guts. ##

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GOLF

ARNOLD PALMER

The putter is truly the most controversial club in the bag. It brings about superelation at times, but mostly it is the villain which tears apart the professional golfer's heart. It is paradoxical that many young players who spend much of their time on the practice tee learning the rudiments of how to swing the woods and irons discover later that the last ten yards to the pin are the most important.

There are fourteen clubs in the golf bag, all for a definite purpose, and for the most part, thirteen of them are consistently adequate. There are mistakes of execution, of course, but the percentage of performance of the woods and irons is high enough to assure both the neophyte and the veteran that the clubs are serving their purpose. In arranging the rules of the game in relation to par, the founding fathers seemed to allow one stroke with each of the thirteen clubs and they must have had an insight on what was to happen in the next century when they permitted two strokes for the fourteenth club—the putter.

In examining a full set of clubs, it is easy to distinguish the putter, for it is unlike any of the others. It has no loft, the hitting surface is square, and the stroke demands only accuracy from a minimum distance—an illusory distance however. The first club a child uses is the putter for he can hit the ball farther with it. After using it for a short while, the youngster finds he can aim at an object and be reasonably on target. Yet the mastery of the putter has elicited the greats of the game to such an extent that it is the prime target of abuse from golfers the world over. The reason is simple: every golfer thinks that only one shot should be taken with the putter—even though the allotment is two.

There are many ways to upset a golfer, but calling him a good putter is shattering. That is tantamount to saying he does not belong on the golf course with good players. It is a reflection on his honor, too, for everyone feels that, were it not for the missed putt, he would be the greatest golfer in the world.

It is common practice on the tour to count the putts a player uses when he scores well and, if the number is under thirty, the smug looks on the faces of other competitors show disdain for the score—each feeling that with the same number of putts he, too, would have had an excellent round. I am as guilty as the next man, any reference to my putting prowess can start an argument. I have holed my share of long ones and missed my share of short ones which should place me in the category of an average putter (believe me, that's a generous admission).

At Oakmont during the play of the 1962 National Open champion-



"Mr. Bailey, don't jump! The tax department made a mistake and added three extra zeros at the end."

ship I missed eight putts which were within three feet of the hole. A total distance of eight yards not enough for a first down. I feel that the number of putts taken in a round is not as good a yardstick as the footage from the hole. Under the present system one golfer can take two putts to hole out from forty feet, while another uses the same number from six feet, but the cold statistics are the same.

There are careful players who putt the ball so that it will land in an area close to the hole in case of a miss. And there are bold putters who try to sink every one, not caring about the second (well, caring). The careful putter will not sink as many as the bolder one may. But he will not have to suffer the anguish of missing a second putt when he tries to come back from a longer distance.

I am not going to discuss the mechanics of putting—what is good for one golfer is not necessarily good for another. There are players who hook putts and others who slice; there is no perfect way to putt, so one method has to be as good as another if each player thinks what he is doing is best for him. This is true until misses pile up and force him to try a new stick or a new approach.

Doug Ford won the 1955 P.G.A. championship with a homemade putter, using the head of one stick into which an old hickory shaft was inserted. Bobby Jones never changed from his blade putter, although it was far from perfect.

When I began playing professionally in 1955 after winning the National Amateur championship the year before, I felt that I had enough schooling to play in the big league. After one year on the tour in which I had won only one championship, I arrived at the Masters Tournament with enough putters in my car to supply the entire entry list.

I had convinced myself that the only reason I was not a consistent winner was because of poor putting. The ghastly aura of missed putts occupied my mind constantly, whereas I should have been concentrating on my play from tee to green.

The putting green is the meeting place for the frustrated as well as the secure. Let a player win a tournament with good putting and he is the cynosure of the others at the next stop. While he practices putting, the others gather around and, surprisingly, scrutinize the club he is using rather than his style of putting. They fondle the club in their minds, the player had nothing to do with the putts dropping, rather it was the magic in the club and they hope some will rub off.

If a golfer has a run of exceptional putting, as we all do from time to time, there is a rush to try a putter of the type he uses; the vanity of the professional golfer will not permit the thought that the other player has discovered a secret—except after all is lost. It is then that you see golfers taking lassos from one another on the putting green, each trying to clear his own fault and willing to share it with his fellow sufferer desperately hoping it will disappear.

Sometimes it does. I gave Tony Lema one of my putters early in June and he won the Thunderbird and Buick Open tournaments back to back. The next week though, playing in the National Open at the Congressional Country Club in Washington, D.C., the magic had vanished and Lema suffered from the putting blues. I had the same ailment and for two years have felt my putting has been horrible.

I realize that a golfer is never completely satisfied but I have been playing some of the best golf of my life only to lose ground on the green. There must be a way to bring the putter to the level of the rest of the game and I have devoted most of my practice time trying to find the solution. It is impossible to wield consistently without a good touch on the greens and there is no reason for erratic putting once a player has resolved to putt identically each time he gets the club in hand.

Touring golfers have their own way of needling each other and when one of them sinks a long putt and says "I pulled a Palmer," I know whom he means. Some may say it in all honesty; the majority feel winners never miss any putts although they admit every golfer muffs shots with the other clubs.

No one is convinced however that his share of putts drop into the hole. The most repeated expression at big tournaments is—"I hit the putt perfectly; there is no way it could have stayed out of the hole—but it did."

There are theories that putting is emotional and guided rather by the mental attitude than the physical stroke. These theories claim that you can wish the ball into the hole with positive thinking. If that were the case, nearly all the big name professionals would putt once on every green. Others feel that putting gets the blame for all poor play, and I can answer them only by saying that three feet is much longer than a yard when you are out on the green alone. There is no excuse for missing a short putt, but the fact that you did miss it should give you the liberty to talk about it—especially if it meant the difference between winning and losing.

As far choking is a word used with abandon. I always remember that far the most part people who throw the word around carelessly have never competed hard enough to understand its meaning, nor have they been in a position to realize stress is not the sole cause of mistakes.

The putter has been the mystery club since the inception of the sport. With the other thirteen, a good hit is discernible at impact. With the putter, nothing is sure at impact.

Now that the scientists have conquered space and are aiming for the moon, maybe someone will discover a sure-shot putting stroke. Until our golfing genius comes through, I guess we will have to live with the idea that even perfect putts sometimes go awry. Either that or the blame should be removed from the club and the fault put on the player who uses it. Perish the thought. ■

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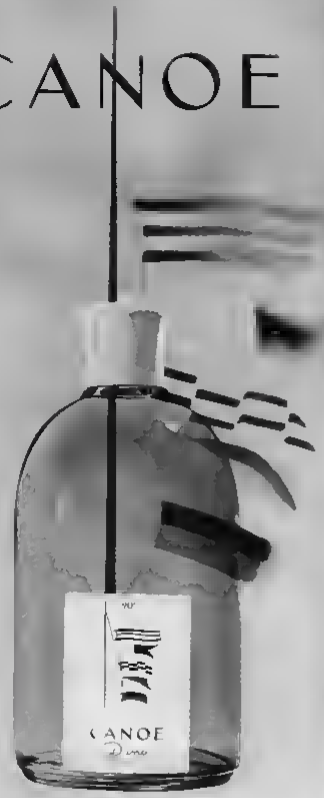


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FAITHFUL SOUND
RALPH FREAS

The deployment of component high fidelity—which is to say, hi-fi-in-parts—has often been distinguished by a random arrangement of wire and electronic gear. To the audiophile, this disarray matters little. No matter that it gives the interior-decorator Establishment a bad case of the vapors, sound and sound alone, is paramount.

Satisfying a taste for sound alone is no problem for the man who lives alone. The married audiophile finds himself softened away from the sonic hard core by a mate who understandably wants music-reproducing paraphernalia to blend with her chintzy vision of the ideal living room. Sound per se still matters, but amps, preamps, and program sources are forthwith disguised in a variety of ways. The more adventuresome man whacks a hole in plasterboard and packs the electronics between building studs for an authentic built-in look. Others address an antique credenza—or other furniture piece—with brace and bit, hammer and saw. Madam, joyful at seeing the last of the variable condenser, blue glow of tube, and mare's nest of cable, rarely demurs.

For the record, our equipment is tucked into an old pine washstand donated by that sturdy Vermontar, our mother-in-law, who cares nothing about high fidelity but who may someday pen an illuminating monograph on the intractability—she calls it "mulishness"—of the New England male. This washstand owes its voluptuous shape to Victoria, is country-cute, and serves its present purpose uncommonly well. A Pickering turntable nestles under the lift-top lid on a platform that once supported a large washbasin. A Dyna preamplifier slips into the well that once held a pitcher. Open the door at the bottom and in place of the crockery euphemistically termed "thunder mug," there is a file of choice LP's. The Dynaco "Stereo 70" power amplifier is below decks where it "runs cooler."

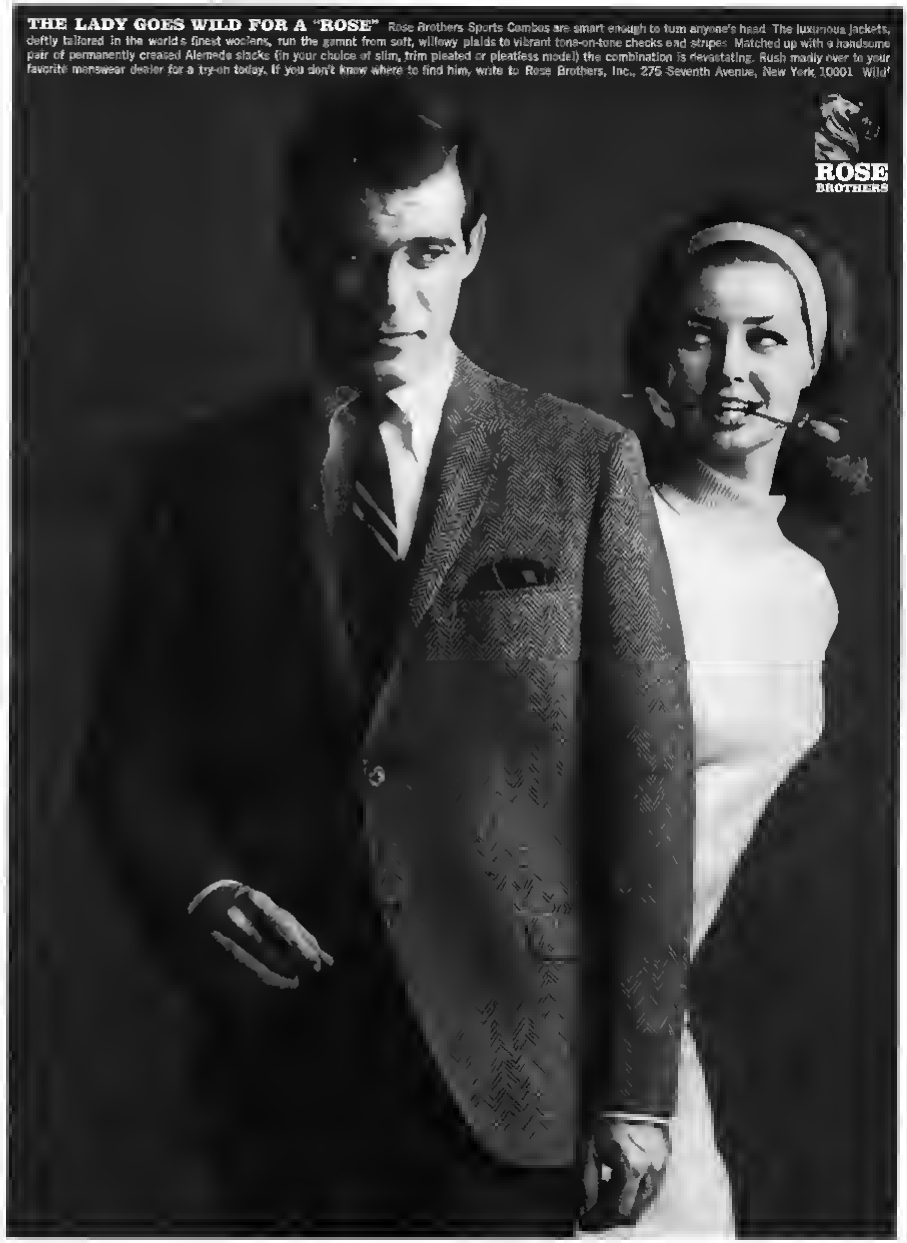
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themselves to their local lumberyard. Armed with a passion for do-it-yourselfing and abetted by the dealer there they rough out their cabinet needs on the back of an old envelope and in no time at all chug home with a car-trunkful of walnut-veneer plywood shiba which hopefully will assemble into an equipment cabinet of utilitarian value, if not Hepplewhite magnificence.

It's a low-budget route. The going price for a four-by eight-foot sheet of walnut veneer three-quarter inch plywood is sixty cents a square foot, or under $20. Other veneers are cheaper. Natural Manila (a mahogany) is twenty two cents. Autumn Birch, thirty-six. Antique Birch, forty-five. Sandlewood twenty-five cents per square foot. Some are more expensive than the popular walnut. Both Pecan and Butternut are tagged at seventy cents. Multiply these figures by thirty two to determine the price of a four by-eight foot sheet.

With careful planning, a cabinet of adequate size can be cut from a single sheet. In fact, before country cuteness caught up with us we built one. Its dimensions were three feet wide by two feet high by eighteen inches deep. Hardware drawer slides (for turntable), glue, wood cleats (to hold the aggregate together), plus the cost of cutting the panel on the lumberyard saw, brought the total price to almost $30. The raw or outside edge of the plywood can be covered with a wood-finish tape manufactured for that purpose.

Lacking the passion or the time for an all-out home-workshop effort, you can buy a precut cabinet kit, with assembly materials supplied, at reasonable cost. Lafayette Radio Electronics, a mail-order house, has one for $39.95. That other giant mail-order house Allied Radio has a multipurpose cabinet—"jiffy-quick erectable" they say—for only $19.88. Or you can go the luxury route with one of the deluxe console kits from Bozalloy for considerably more. One kit costs $184.50, another, $249.50. (For names and addresses of ready-made "hi-fi-wood" suppliers see *infra*, page 86.) Incidentally, we've seen washstands of the same Vermont vintage as our own in antique shops hereabouts, they sell "in the rough" for about $30 and can be refinished (paint removed, the stand sanded and shellacked or varnished) over a weekend.

All of the feverish whamjamming for the sake of well-vestured components has not passed unnoticed. The spectacle has attracted in this order and following the hi-fi fancier's wife, component manufacturers, audio dealers and furniture manufacturers—in short, anyone who stood to make a buck from the hi-fi-music listener.

Component manufacturers combed their shortcomings. In pursuing superior sound reproduction, they had neglected the appearance of their product. And it cost them profits. The purchase of a two- or three-hundred-dollar component by a family is in most cases a joint one. And whereas performance specifications might satisfy the husband, a woman's eye for appealing appearance was often offended. In truth the exteriors of many components were designed by a fellow who knew more of transformers, resistors, and the like than he did about wood finishes and suitable escutcheons.

But that's a thing of the past. Except for separate power amplifiers with their busky tankiske appearance (and which are often installed in a basement or other out-of-the-way place), components now come handsomely decked out with brushed aluminum or gold anodized panels. The inwards are wrapped in wood, well-furbished. Instead of cluttering shelf, table, or cabinet, they adorn them. And they lend themselves to the simplest installation made: pack it out in the open.

Some manufacturers took an extra step. Fisher, H. H. Scott and Pilot produce completely assembled "sets" for the person who wants a unit that simply plugs in and plays. Sherwood created a tricky, handsome, and flexible furniture module concept.

As for audio retailers, they've been loath to stock and display "case goods"—as cabinets are known in the furniture trade. And there's a basic business reason for their hat-the-customer-worry-about-it attitude: the dollar turnover per square foot of store interior is much higher in electronics than in cabinetry. Retailers also panic a bit at the thought of coping with changing tastes in furniture. Moreover, they know little and don't pretend to know anything about furniture.

Happily, this retailer attitude doesn't prevail all over; it's endemic to big metropolitan centers. Outlying audio emporia have met your problem head on. Some have converted half their stores into furniture workrooms and turn out custom cabinetry to specification. Some have set up consulting services for architects and builders.

Some dealers even carry "case goods" made for them by a new breed of furniture manufacturer: the audio furniture specialist. Barzilay is one. Touzay Acousti Craft, and Audio Originals are others. And there are established furniture houses—such as Rockford and Glenn of California—who added new designs to meet the special needs of component housing.

Listen to this ad copy from a Hill-Craft brochure. 'Special heat insulation is installed (in all cabinets) and ventilation features are built in.' To an audiophile, this is more important than mortise-and-tenon construction, mitered joints and period styling. His rig will have hefty power output in order to give faithful performance no matter what the demands of the program material. A ten-watter may perform acceptably well a good part of the time, but it will strain like a tuba player reaching for middle C if you ask it to handle a big orchestral crescendo. High power is called for. And higher power means heat generation and a need for adequate ventilation.

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Sound, of course, is vibrant air, stirred into action by a speaker cone. Besides beating the air in your listening room, the cone kicks up a sonic storm in the cabinet that supports it. The cabinet has to be able to handle this buffeting without vibrating because the vibration adds unwanted color to the sound of the speaker. Too, if a speaker is housed in the same cabinet as the rest of your components, vibration can be transmitted to the stylus as it traces the record's groove. This vibration or resonance, has a distinctly low-frequency character—in the neighborhood of one hundred cycles.

If you think the solution is to make a sturdy cabinet and isolate the turntable or record changer from it, you're right. But there's an easier solution and it has been widely used by manufacturers of mass-produced consoles. Simply cut off the ability of the unit by electronic means, to reproduce tones below one hundred cycles. How's that for smart? Of course you lose an octave and a half of the piano's lower range and a bason won't be completely profundo. But the cabinet positively will not resonate. Guaranteed.

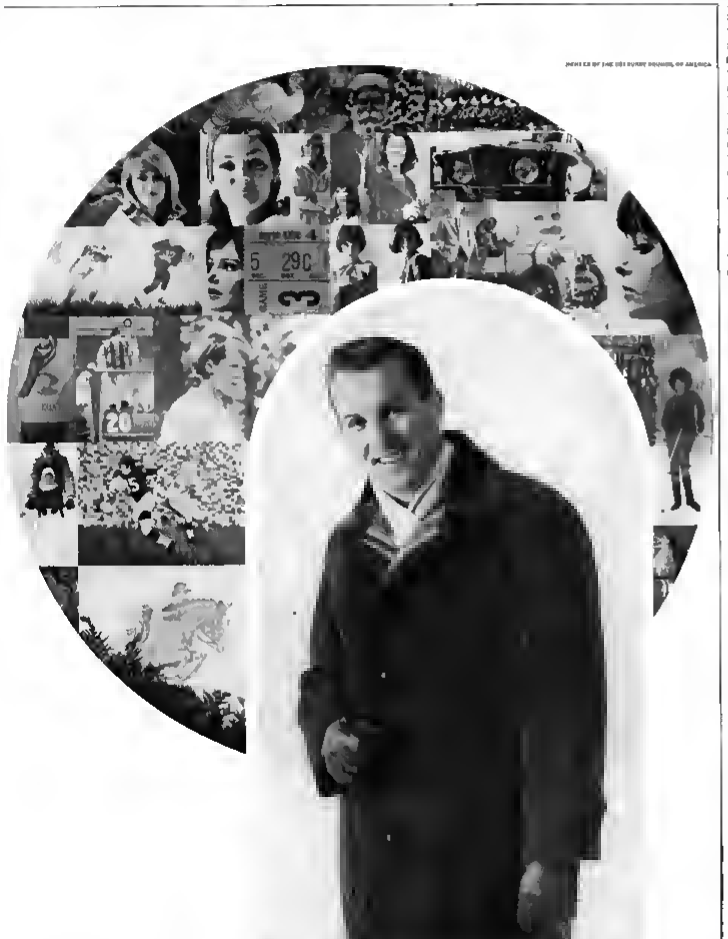
We presume that readers of this column aren't going to take their one-hundred-cycle cutoff lying down. Strong, well-reproduced bass is one of high fidelity's main attractions. Where, you might ask, is the fun and where's the thrill if one can't hear the rich thunder of an organ's pedal notes? And where's the fidelity if a bass viol and tuba are heard with half their fundamental frequencies missing?

Let's look at the less expedient and more expensive solution. H.H. Scott's console product may not be typical, but will serve as an example. In addition to a sturdy speaker cabinet, they furnish the turntable with a vibration damper. It consists of a heavy metal plate sandwiched between two sets of springs. When low-frequency vibrations travel through the cabinet, they hit the first set of springs. Then the heavy metal plate absorbs the motion—dampens it actually. The second set of springs protects the turntable. It's rather like the way shock absorbers smooth out the bumps in an automobile ride.

The makers of audiophile furniture take another, equally satisfactory route: they isolate the speaker enclosures from the rest of cabinet. In some cases isolation comes from foam-rubber mounting the separate speaker enclosures within the equipment cabinet. In others, the equipment cabinet and speaker cabinet pair are a three-piece, matching-furniture group. The latter has this added advantage: speakers can be deployed in a variety of ways to achieve the best stereo effect in a given room.

There are no hard, fast rules for speaker placement. All listening rooms, with the possible exception of those in housing developments, are different sizes, differently proportioned. Even those of the same size and proportion are differently furnished and therefore have different acoustical properties. Speaker placement for optimum effect is a trial-and-error affair.

Realizing that many people want a console unit that plugs in and plays, we grind out ax for separate components unless of course the console takes the cheap route to eliminating acoustic feedback. But in our view the flexibility of arrangement of separate units has specific attractions. For example, speakers can be beamed at the listener from across the room while controls and program sources can be placed conveniently at chairside. Attribute it to advancing years, laziness, or whatever, we prefer fid



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ding in the old pine washstand without stirring from the easy chair

And here's a word of caution for anyone who would build components into plasterboard closet, antique credenza, ready-made cabinet or cabinet kit. Make the components accessible. Service and occasional preventative maintenance is one reason. More important is the fact that you may want to add new touches to your music system. You may want to replace your speakers with more deluxe units. You may want to add headphone listening. You may want to tap off your amplifier and run a pair of speakers into the kitchen or onto the patio. Whatever the reason you want to be able to add on without tearing down a wall or ripping the furniture apart.

In western Massachusetts we're served by an audio dealer who mixes electronic expertise with wit and imagination. Louis Del Padre advises his console customers to buy "stereo by the pound," and it's not unusual to see prospects on his sales floor lifting cabinets as well as listening to them. There's some truth in Del Padre's salesmanship. As a rule of thumb, heavier magnets in a loudspeaker indicate better response to whatever is fed into the voice coil. And a heavier turntable platter will generally swamp out minor speed variations with its flywheel effect. Heavy transformers in an amplifier—while not true in transistorized and therefore transformerless sets—are usually a sign of husky power output.

But audio avoirdupois as a purchasing yardstick has much more bearing on cabinet construction. If properly built, a cabinet will simply have more wood in it. The back of the loudspeaker sections will be fully enclosed with three-quarter inch plywood instead of one-eighth-inch composition board. Or the loudspeakers will be mounted in separate enclosures which are then set into the cabinet.

As we pointed out, many audio dealers are better informed about electronics than cabinetry. If cabinetry is your problem and your local dealer can't help, use the following directory. These manufacturers can supply illustrated brochures of their cabinet product as well as the names of dealers nearest to you.

EQUIPMENT CABINET MANUFACTURERS

Acousti-Craft, 14128 Aetna St., Van Nuys, Calif.

Audio Originals, 474 E. Meridian, Indianapolis, Ind.

Barzilay Furniture Mfg. Co., 17500 S. Western Ave., Gardena, Calif.

Glenn of California, 130 N. First Ave., Arcadia, Calif.

Greco Cabinet Corp., 3602 Fulton Street, Brooklyn 7, N. Y.

Hill-Craft Mfg. Co., 14621 S. Hindry Ave., Lawndale, Calif.

Kersting Mfg. Co., 504 E. Date St., Alhambra, Calif.

Rockford Special Furniture Co., 2004 23rd Ave., Rockford, Ill.

Stanford-Audio Crafters, 569 Laurel St. (Box 2041), San Carlos, Calif.

Lafayette Radio Electronics Corp., 111 Jericho Turnpike, Syosset, L. I., N. Y.

Allied Radio Corp., 100 N. Western Ave., Chicago 80, Ill.

Prelude (Div. of Ace-Hi Modern Furniture), 1000 W. 135th St., Gardena, Calif.

Teujay Designs, 1304 Second Ave., New York, N. Y.

SPEAKER ENCLOSURE MANUFACTURERS

Acoustone, 90 Wythe Ave., Brooklyn 11, N. Y.

Altec Lansing Corp., 1515 S. Manchester Ave., Anaheim, Calif.

Argos Products Co., 301 Main St., Genoa, Ill.

J. W. Davis & Co., 9612 Denton Drive (Box 35313), Dallas 35, Texas.

Electro-Voice, Inc., Buchanan, Mich.

Hartley Products, 515 E. 169th St., New York 51, N. Y.

K&C Corporation, Box 117, W. Hempstead, N. Y.

Tannoy (America) Ltd., Box 117, E. Norwich, N. Y.







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BOOKS
MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

As it happens, while preparing this article I have been on the move, from London to Delhi, and then, inside India, from the extreme north within sight of the Himalayas to Kerala in the south. It necessitated traveling about with a box of books, which, as I had occasion to observe, creates an impression of eccentricity; the more so in an age of paperbacks.

Customs men quite obviously took the view that the books must be obscene. Why otherwise should anyone go to the trouble of carting them around? Even their innocuous titles might be deceptive, on the reverse principle to the one whereby blameless works like *Wuthering Heights* and *Pride and Prejudice* are made acceptable in the drugstore market by decking them out with sexy covers. *The Protestant Mystics* (Little, Brown, $6.75) was several times opened to make sure that it did not contain lewd pictures, and Professor Finer's massive work (*Dulles Over Suez*, Quadrangle Books, $7.50), with its portrait of the impeccably righteous late John Foster Dulles on the dust jacket, was examined with particular care lest its text should prove to be *Fanny Hill*.

Coolies on the other hand, to whom fell the task of actually shifting my box of books from place to place, seemed to feel that it endowed me with an aura of learning and enlightenment. They laid it down with noticeable gentleness and treated me with distinct awe (a rare experience), as though I were some venerable scholar. Being illiterate, they had no means of knowing that the written word can be mendacious and meretricious and is by no means all it is cracked up to be. Or, for that matter, that merely to carry books around with one for the purpose of reviewing them is far from being the same thing as absorbing such wisdom as they may contain, if any.

Professor Finer's book, in any case, is an endurance test even for the most dedicated bibliophile. It

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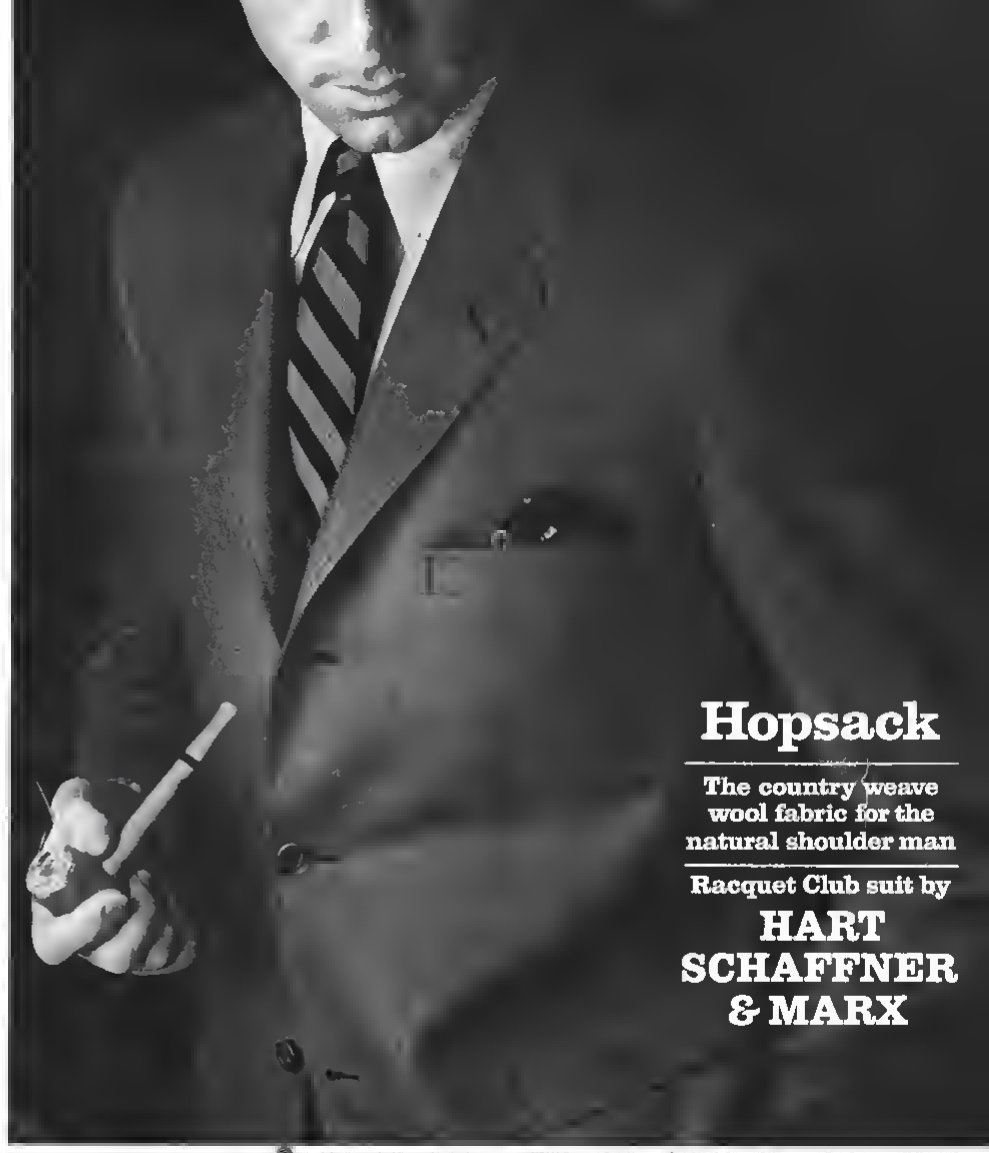
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rune to some five hundred closely printed pages and provides an exhaustive, if not exhausting, account of the origins course, consequences and aftermath of the Suez crisis, with special reference to the then Secretary of State Dulles, to whose fluctuating moral attitudes the Professor takes great and I should suppose legitimate, exception.

Measured against the larger historical developments of our time—the Russian and Chinese revolutions, the decomposition of the British Empire, the emergence of the United States as a, if not the, leading world power, etc.—the Suez affair might seem trivial enough. What was it, after all but an ill-conceived, ill-executed operation against the Egyptians, who militarily speaking, must be considered one of the most derisory nations in the world? Sir Anthony Eden (now Lord Avon), who decried upon it and directed it, is, by almost universal consent, the feeblest and most foolish Prime Minister England has ever had not excepting Lord North. Why, according to Professor Finer (and I easily believe him) he actually hallabaloo'ed when his 'friend' President Eisenhower rebuked him on the transatlantic telephone for having dared to attack Nasser without first informing the White House. Asked afterward why he had not consulted the President Eden replied (no doubt with tears falling faster than ever) that had he done so, Mr. Eisenhower would almost certainly have told him to call the whole thing off.

Can such an episode rate the care and attention bestowed on it by Professor Finer? Is history made out of such pettifogging people and incidents? The answer is, Yes. Think what a pitiful episode the Boston Tea Party must have seemed in itself, compared with, say, the Congress of Vienna. Yet out of the one came the renowned American Way of Life, and out of the other some notable frontiers and dynasties now largely forgotten. The most difficult thing in the world is to know what is important and what not, in history as in one's personal life.

The English themselves, in any case, had no possible doubt about the importance of the Suez Affair. Nothing has so excited them for years. The House of Commons was a bear garden, friends and families were ferociously divided, newspaper circulations were lost and won. It is an extraordinary fact, yet nonetheless true, that the English were far more excited and perturbed about going to war with Nasser than ever they had been about taking on Hitler. Suez was England's positively last appearance in a major role on the stage of history. The old lion snapped his false teeth as though they were real, let out what was meant to be a bloodcurdling roar, but turned wheezy in execution, and, despite stiff joints, managed to produce some sort of a spring. I remember seeing Pavlova dance in *Swan Lake* when she was in her fifties. It must have been pretty well her last performance. Her fans in the audience shunted their heads off to hide their anxiety when she faltered, the rest were overcome with embarrassment, apart from one or two who indulged in catcalls.

Unlike the Pavlova audience, however, the English at the time of Suez had a common resort when the sense of fiasco became unbearable—blaming the Americans. Nasser was only a Wog when all was said and done, but what about Dulles? He really had let us down. Such an attitude receives massive support from Professor Finer. He considers that Dulles and President Eisenhower misjudged the Middle-Eastern situation, and for a variety

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of reasons—some base (it was the eve of a presidential election) some naively disinterested, like their determination to 'uphold the U.N. Charter'—allowed themselves to be maneuvered onto the side of the Russians and Arabs and against their real friends, the English, the French and the Israelis.

Professor Finer's bias in favor of Israel is unashamed and legitimate, but does, of course, at times tend to distort his reasoning. It would seem to follow from his array of facts and argument that if only Eden, Mollet and Ben Gurion had been left alone, they would have succeeded in overthrowing Nasser and regaining control of the canal, besides extending Israel's frontiers to the Red Sea. Such an outcome is, in any circumstances highly problematical. In a sense the most disastrous thing that could have happened would have been for the Suez operation to succeed. Moreover, there was the Hungarian Revolt which really might have set up a chain reaction of rebellion within the Soviet empire had it not been for the fatuous diversion provided by Eden. Professor Finer is so intent on discrediting Dulles and upholding Israel that he seems to me to take far too little account of this aspect of the situation.

Same time after Suez I had a conversation in the State Department with Mr. Robert Murphy. The impression I formed was that though loyal as could be to the Dulles line, Mr. Murphy had assumed with some inward contentment that, despite everything, the English would soon roar through to Cairo and deal faithfully with Nasser. When this did not happen his disappointment was correspondingly acute. A similar attitude, but the other way round, was rather prevalent in England at the time of the Bay of Pigs affair, recounted by Mr. Haynes Johnson (*The Bay of Pigs*, Norton, $5.95) in the words and through the mouths of some of the chief Cuban participants in the abortive invasion. Among the English there was a good deal of undisguised pleasure at the discomfiture of the C.I.A., as well as an underlying assumption that in the end Castro was far too high jump.

Mr. Johnson is a less portentous chronicler than Professor Finer (whose thoroughness and expertise, incidentally, do not prevent him from referring always to Sir Winston's son as Lord Randolph Churchill!). His method of mixing the testimonies of his various characters produces an authentically dramatic effect as well as conveying implicitly rather than explicitly the confusion, indecision and infirmity of purpose on the part of the top American policymakers.

There was no John Foster, but only an Allen Dulles to blame in this case. President Kennedy inherited from his predecessor the project for invading Cuba with an anti-Castro Cuban Brigade to whom dissident elements within the island would rally the United States Air Force providing air cover. As clearly emerges from Mr. Johnson's narrative execution of the plan was half-hearted, intelligence was faulty (it always is), and international pressures at the U.N. and elsewhere led to disastrous hesitations over the provision of air support. In the end Castro triumphed, and like Nasser, was able to turn his triumph to financial advantage. He sold his prisoners back at a very high price, just as Nasser was able to make the British pay for clearing the Suez Canal which he had blocked.

There is one aspect of these two derisory operations to which neither Professor Finer nor Mr. Johnson specifically refers. In such case, overwhelmingly superior force proved ineffectual against a, militarily speaking, hopelessly inferior adversary. America is powerful enough to snuff out Castro in a matter of minutes; we English, even in our decrepitude, could dispose of Nasser almost as summarily if we really tried. So it would have been in the days of a Theodore Roosevelt or a Joseph Chamberlain.

Today things are very different. America has to live with Castro at its doorsteps. England has to kowtow to a Wop. In other words, the Great Powers are now so powerful that they cannot use their power except against one another; in the nineteenth century we sent gunboats against obstreperous Castros.



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and Nassere, and no more was heard of them Today when we possess weapons capable of destroying the earth itself gunboats are no good The result of sending them is a lemon I venture to detect a gleam of hope in this decidedly humorous If at times irritating, state of affairs

The Protestant Mystics is a well-chosen and edifying collection of Protestant mystical writing edited by Anne Freemantle (who wrote, as I recall, a most entertaining book on the Fabians), and with a long erudite, but somewhat tedious Introduction by Auden

I find that mystics either attract me abnormally or vagely repel me, according to my mood This probably represents some psychological disturbance in myself, accentuated in India where eternity looms so large and time is so negligently regarded and the flash so indifferently cherished Protestant mysticism is, by its nature liable to be more egocentric than Catholic, a George Fox or a Luther really thought he knew all the answers whereas a Thomas à Kempis at any rate went through the motions of groping uncertainly, and was disinclined to lay down the mystical law

Even so, Miss Freemantle's collection was, by and large, a solace on my travels, and helped me to bear with equanimity the nonarrival of scheduled cars, the delayed service of uneatable meals the long unequal struggle with government functionaries which making a television program in India involves I particularly appreciated my own favorites —Donne, Blake, Wordsworth and Bunyan

R H Tawney has long been accepted as the patron saint of democratic socialism Few leftists have not sometime or other lifted up their hearts over his *Acquisitive Society* and *Christianity and the Rise of Capital*, I opened *The Radical Tradition* (Pantheon Books, $4 95) with a high expectation of being edified if not delighted Alas, the magic had gone, the message seemed as flat as a bottle of beer opened yesterday Robert Owen, the Workers' Educational Association, economic liberty—these Fabian flowers have withered The fault, dear Galtskell (who contributed a Postscript shortly before he died), is not in our Tawney, but in ourselves The brutal irrational years of the twentieth century preclude us from believing that sweet reason and the sweeter ballot box will carry us to any socialist utopia We have seen Stalin plain and Hitler whole

I also read the posthumous Hemingway collection of sketches about his early years in France (*A Moveable Feast*, Scribner's, $4 95) These meandering recollections of a long-vanished past are sad and threadbare Poor, poor Papa! Those were the days! Or were they? Of the French painter, Pascin, who hanged himself, Hemingway remarks that "in those who make jokes in life the seeds are covered with better soil and a higher grade of manure" True of Hemingway, too The account of lunching with Scott Fitzgerald to discuss deficiencies alleged by his wife, Zelda, in his masculine equipment, is in Hemingway's best humorous vein They adjourned afterward to the Louvre to inspect the equipment of classical statuary, to a comparison with which, it seems, Fitzgerald could hold his own One sees the two of them there a shade high astimating lengths and thicknesses with great solemnity like a couple of ribald archaeologues. ❋



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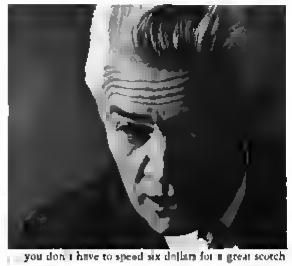
DINING IN/OUT WITH ESQUIRE

The international restaurants of the 1964 New York World's Fair

World faire always seem better in retrospect they're so large and varied that on the grounds it takes less effort to be petty than selective in criticism The 1964 New York World's Fair has had more than its share of those who shrug it off but fairgoere will get from it in proportion to what they bring to it, and this has no reference to currency On a cold windy day soon after it opened in April a young Englishwoman said to her husband over the heads of their two very young and very British-attired children, "Oh, I say it is exciting—let's come back tomorrow and tomorrow" and there went part of their trip to the lands west of the Hudson, a few weeks later on a pleasantly sunny day in May another young woman walked a few steps into the fairgrounds from the gate, stopped looked around at what she could see, and asked, "So what's so wonderful about it?

The fair is undoubtedly more exciting by night than it is by day The lights help of course, and it's less crowded after six than before, and the people are in a gayer mood than during the day, when they're doggedly making progress so they can cover an area before that time comes when they can't walk another step It's fascinating even on a night when the rain comes down like mist and the buildings looming out of it make you feel that you're in Thailand or Hong Kong or Spain or somewhere in the Caribbean and if wet nights are not your fair nights you may be on the Avenue of the United Nations when the rains come unexpectedly and the view of the Indonesian Pavilion, say, rising out of the diffused lights will be worth staying the momentary desire to run

The restaurants of the fair probably have had more attention given them, favorably and unfavorably than any of the other attractions there are more of them, and restaurants are a popular subject of conversation these days There are snack bars everywhere for those who are on a budget or in a hurry, and if you expect gourmet food at a snack bar, you deserve to be disappointed There are luxury restaurants exotic restaurants, and a few at which the prices are reasonable indeed There are restaurants or snack bars at most of the international pavil-



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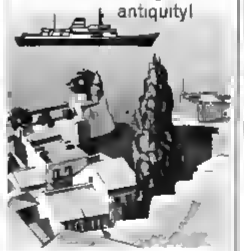
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lona, if you were in the country of their origin you'd certainly want to try this cuisine avau it on occasion, it proved not to your preference (The snack bar at the American Israel Pavilion serves kosher food naturally, sandwiches knishes, even an Israel orange drink; a dollar will buy a three-course snack) The lively garden of Ireland's Pavilion offers Irish coffee hot and iced—served by colleens straight out of the Bronx, watched over by the fair-haired Rosaleen from Downey's Steak House on Eighth Avenue—as well as a less-potent brew for the children and sandwiches far all, made on a reasonable facsimile of Ireland's brown bread and packaged not by Downey's, but by a machine so as not to be touched by human hand, as decreed by Moses)

The oldest restaurant at the fair is International only in those from overseas, it opened six months before the fair, and among its other superlatives is the view (spectacular of the whole fair) and its size (more than a thousand seats) It's called, fairly enough, Top of the Fair (it's fifteen stories high, just under the heliport), and in addition to the main restaurant there is The Terrace Club a private place with a hefty initiation fee, which also contains Robert Moses' private dining room, and on the floor below a cocktail lounge that circles the glass walled building The whole thing is handled by the Knott Hotel Corporation, which insures good service except when great groups descend at once, and a dependable cuisine which features in part the products of New York State and especially Long Island You can get breakfast, lunch and dinner here and reservations should be made. If you decide on dinner ($5 and $7 50) try to make it late enough so you can see the lights and the nine-o'clock fireworks. If you can swing it, get someone to take you to The Terrace Club where everything is a la carte expensive, and superlative If you can't arrange anything else, try the cocktail lounge the drinks are good, the prices Fair

The beautiful Spanish Pavilion, which was built at a cost of seven million dollars and deserves hours of visitation, has a serenity that is abrogated only in its three restaurants two of which are the most expensive of the fair The two luxury restaurants are called The Toledo, where the cuisine is continental, and The Granada, where the traditional dishes of Spain are served. The third restaurant is the informal Bar-Marisqueria, like its more opulent dining companions in the pavilion, it's almost always crowded and worth waiting for. Except for the hour from ten in the morning until eleven when a Spanish breakfast is served (four Churros and hot chocolate at fifty cents) the Marisqueria serves sherry (sixty-five cents) or other Spanish wines or beer and tapas. Spanish delicacies which are the ideal accompaniment for the wine While the Spanish say differently, you can make a dinner or a lunch of these delicacies, they're not large in portion, but enough There are quite a few of them and the highest priced is zarzuela (crayfish, shrimps and lobster in casserole at $3) Try the gazpacho Andaluz (eighty-five cents)

Both The Toledo and The Granada are austerely beautiful places; they're comfortable the service is excellent, the food is superb and the wines are more than good. You may have trouble making yourself understood, and here is where the serenity departs You can always point to the menu, however, which is extensive and a preparation for adventure in dining At The Granada the popular specialty is Paella Valenciana, $12



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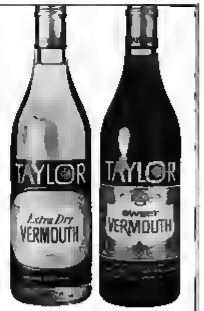
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Now that's really an American idea.

for two. Mushrooms of the Caves of Segovia ($1.75) Gazpacho à la Andalusa ($1.25), a dessert (Pine Kernels cake at $1.50) and coffee (fifty cents) brings the bill up, but you can omit one or two. Management—and everything else—is by the Jockey Club of Madrid.

Some of the least-expensive restaurants are the Oriental ones. The Hong Kong Pavilion houses three good ones operated by the Sun Luck Corporation. The pavilion itself is a bazaar, but the restaurants offer dining without frenzy. The Cathay Restaurant, on the second floor, has spacious windows which front on the Court of the Astronauts and the Unisphere. You can have a complete luncheon here from $2, dinner from $3.50. Manager Eddie Suey or one of the waiters will help in ordering à la carte in the style of Chinese cooking you prefer. The Cathay Restaurant and its adjacent Bar of the Dragons seats more than two hundred. Downstairs in the garden is the larger Crown Colony Club Restaurant, where food is slightly less expensive. Opera dancers and singers from Hong Kong perform nightly.

The restaurant at Korea House is also comparatively inexpensive, and the food is excellent. You can get a formal dinner here by previous arrangement at $6.00. Other many à-la-carte entrees. The fish and shellfish were good, the sin sul lo, cooked at the table, a delight. The Korean beer is recommended.

The beautiful Pavilion of Indonesia has one of the largest theatre restaurants at the fair on its entire second floor. There are two stages in the room, one for the gamelan orchestra, the other for the Indonesian singers and dancers, and you don't need a ringside table to see all that's going on. Luncheon is $3.75. Dinner is served from about six-thirty, and is called A Traditional Indonesian Feast. The price is $6.50 (there's a cover charge too), and it really is a feast.

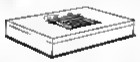
From course to course, without the Indonesian equivalent: bamboo brochettes of island tidbits served on charcoal braziers, soup of chicken and aromatics with shrimp wafers and peanut crisps, Javanese salad, beef fillets in spices, Celebes lamb curry, herb grilled chicken (all of them) with steamed rice, shrimp in egg sauce, snow peas, stuffed bean cake, crab in mild pepper, and coconut eggplant, along with native condiments. The dessert is The Sweet Snow Mountain, and you can have frozen coffee or American coffee. Entertainment goes on three times each evening. The restaurant is handled by Restaurant Associates, whose researchers spent months in Indonesia. The food is less spicy than you'd get in that land perhaps because most Americans prefer it this way. The service is good, the atmosphere relaxing.

These are well worth more than one visit. The Restaurant of the African Pavilion is a tree house serves very good luncheons from $3.75, and dinners from $4.50. The India Pavilion Restaurant, catered by Gaylord Restaurant of New Delhi and Bombay, serves dinner at $5.75 and an à la carte menu that includes tandoori and curries. The Pavilion of Denmark has what they call The Grand Cold Table at $6. It rolls up to the diner several times, finally comes the cheese and then the pastries. There's also an à-la-carte menu with minimum that high. The Swedish Pavilion has a smorgasbord at $6; this comes in rounds 1 (herrings of all kinds, eaten with hot potatoes), 2 (from a list of twenty-one dishes, cheeses, salads and cold meats), and 3 (meatballs, Swedish hash, stuffed cabbage, fried Baltic herring); if you're not out, desserts and beverage are extra.

The Moroccan Pavilion has complete luncheons from $3.75 and dinners from $4.95; try couscous, the Moroccan national dish. They have a few Moroccan wines they're pushing.

There are more international pavilions with restaurants, many more interesting restaurants in industrial buildings at the fair, but space runs out.—C. H. McBRIDE

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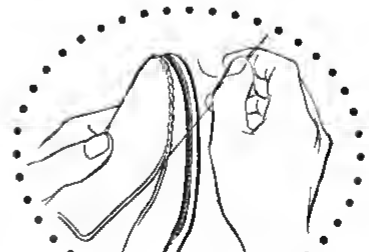
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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

We admit it. Being Supercool isn't enough anymore; the thing is to be Beyond Cool. Understand that we're blowing our Cool even discussing the subject, and the only reason we're doing so is to show off the whole new vocabulary we acquired in putting together the college section which opens this issue and the campus fashions that follow later on. Want to maintain your Cool under pressure? Study pages 97-100 and Learn.

Of the *Six Quitters* (pages 102-103), the second comedian Woody Allen is of course the same gentleman of many approaches who appears on our cover. Mr. Allen has been called the best young American new wave comedian, a fine, frisky and brainy clown. He considers himself, though desperately inept at everything. "I keep having this birthday-cake fantasy, where they wheel out a big cake with a girl in it, and she pops out and hurts me and gets back in. . . . In case of danger I have this cutlass that I carry around with me—in a real emergency I press the handle and it turns into a cane so I can get sympathy. . . . I was thrown out of the Boy Scouts myself. I tried to rub two sticks together to make a fire. This is very Zen—but not very Boy Scout." He talks about people who perspire audibly, and he knows others who make a point out of the poppies sold by veterans. He calls himself a "latent heterosexual," and says he has an intense desire to return to the womb—anybody's.

The article on the Stephen Ward matter (page 138) is the newest chapter in *Rebecca West's The Meaning of Treason*, a collection of essays to be brought out soon in a revised edition by Viking Press. Miss West, we consider, and we are in very good company, is just about the world's finest journalist. She has never before appeared in Esquire's pages, but we are pleased to point out that in this issue she can be found twice: the second time as Cicily Isabel Fairfield in *Whatever Happened to Aaron Chwatt?* Miss West was born as Miss Fairfield in County Kerry, Ireland, in 1892. Later she studied at a London dramatic academy and subsequently had a brief career in the theatre. It was at this time that she adopted the name under which she is so well known; we need not, we feel, indicate the source. (Although in case we need, the answer appears at the end of this column.) Miss West's first book, a critical biography of Henry James, was published in 1916. In recent years she has devoted herself to special journalistic assignments such as the coronation of Queen Elizabeth and the Nuremburg trials. In 1949 she was named a Commander of the Order of the British Empire.

Jakov Lind, author of the remarkable short story, *The Pious Brother* (page 157), is a thirty-seven-year-old Austrian whose first collection of stories, *Soul of Wood*, caused a considerable stir when it was first published in Germany two years ago. It immediately earned him a reputation of having a "vision at once more fierce, grotesque, and cruel than that of Günter Grass," with whom, incidentally, he shares a German publisher, Luchterhand, and an English translator, Ralph Manheim.

Lind was born in Vienna in 1927, the son of Jewish parents who, after Hitler annexed Austria in 1938, were deported and killed. Lind escaped to Holland and later escaped deportation by posing as a Dutch national volunteering for work on a Rhine barge. After that he became "assistant" to a spy, fisherman, film agent in London and traveling salesman in Scandinavia: France and Italy. *Soul of Wood* and a first novel, *Landscape in Concrete*, are being translated into ten languages, from Norwegian to Serbo-Croatian to Hebrew. The American edition of *Soul of Wood* will be published by Grove Press next month.

In composing last month's section on the genealogy of the fighter plane, we had occasion to correspond with an organization called Cross and Cockade, a society of World War I Aero Historians. They were very helpful indeed in contributing sources, information and legends. Among the legends, unfortunately a little too late to be included in the issue, came the story of "The Luckiest Man Alive," Captain J. H. Hedley. On the day of Captain Hadley's freak accident he was flying in the gunner's cockpit of a two-seater Bristol Fighter. Of course there were no safety belts and no parachutes back then. His fighter went into combat with an enemy plane, and wound up in a nose dive which catapulted Captain Hedley out into space. Somehow and we hate to think about this now, the plane leveled out under him; he landed on its tail and, well after that he just went home. And that's what aerial wars were like in *those* days.

Literary footnotes for those readers who might have some trouble decoding *William Burroughs' Photooptical Cartographical & Literary Footnotes to a Survey of the American Socio-Intellectual Enclave in the City of Tangier*, we'd just like to point out that there were some readers in the past who discovered a certain sound of static in tuning in on James Joyce.

Second literary footnote: Miss West adopted her name from the free-thinking woman who tries to claim the hero for the liberal cause in Ibsen's *Rosmersholm*. ■

WEARABLES—CREDITS FOR PAGES 142 THROUGH 153

For the whereabouts of the clothes on these pages, as promised at the bottom of 153 consult this concise list.

Pages 142-3 (left to right)
1) Jacket Gordon Ford $75
Slacks Seven Seas
Socks Byford
Shoes FrenchShriner
2) Jacket M. Sigel $95
Shirt Sero
Tie Stratford
3) Jacket Timely Clothes, $50.
Shirt Cool
Tie Burma Bibas
Slacks Corbin
Shoes Dexter
4) Jacket Franklin Clothes $75
Shirt Gant
Tie Burma Bibas
Shoes Bostonian
5) Jacket Mayer, $50
Slacks Corbin
6) Jacket Stanley Blacker $55
Shoes Phi Bates

Page 144 (left to right)
1) Coat Plymouth $30
Hat Dobbs
2) Coat Alligator $90
Hat Dobbs
3) Coat Botany500,$70.
Hat Knox
4) Insert
Hat Stetson

Page 145 (clockwise from seven)
1) Coat B. Teller $35
Hat Blanchi
2) Coat of Crompton Corduroy with Glenoit pile lining
Silton of California $35
Hat Hanschel
3) Coat Carlsbad de España $50
4) Coat Windbreaker Sportswear $30.
Hat Stetson
5) Coat William Barry $60
6) Coat Woolrich, $30
Hat Stetson
7) Coat Mighty Mac $65
8) Coat Skaggerac
All gloves by Gates Mills.

Page 146 (top screen)
1) Blazer Cricketeer $95
Shirt Gant
Tie Barkley
3) Blazer Linell $45.
Shirt Creighton
Tie Roslin
Slacks Jaymar Ruby
3) Blazer Pi Laurie $55
Shirt ashro
Slacks Sea Fast
4) Blazer Stanley Blocker $45
Sweater Wren
Slacks Seven Seas
5) Blazer ($35) slacks sweater and shirt by McGregor Sportswear
8) Blazer Gordon Ford $60.
Slacks Corbin
7) Blazer Dalton $100
Shirt Eagle
Slacks Jaymar Ruby
Tie Burma Bibas
8) Blazer J. Mainon & Sons $87.50
Shirt Eagle
Tie Brinley

Page 147 (left to right)
1) Shirt, Sickey Senegal $11
Slacks Levis
Boots Freeman
5) Shirt Arrow $6.
Slacks H. D. Lee
3) Shirt VanHeusen,$5
Slacks Dunlee
Boots Freeman
4) Shirt Aetna $6.
Slacks Anthony Gesture
5) Shirt Manhattan $8
Slacks Levi's
Boots L. B. Evans
All turtle neck dickeys other than first mentioned are by Lord Jeff.
All socks by Camp & McGinnes

Pages 148 9 (front row left to right)
1) Sweater Herbert Aronson $17
Slacks Dunlee
Boots L. B. Evans
2) Sweater Damon $30
Slacks H.I.S
Nets Phi Gates
3) Sweater Robert Bruce $11
Slacks Jaymar Ruby
Boots French Shriner
4) Sweater Himalaya $25
Slacks CrackerBarrel
Boots Hush Puppies

(second row left to right)
5) Sweater Munsing wear, $18
Slacks CrackerBarrel
6) Sweater Marman Phillips $25
Slacks CrackerBarrel
7) Sweater Jaegar $35.50
Slacks H.I.S
8) Sweater Puritan $18
Slacks Seven Seas

(Continued on page 190)



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FILMS

DWIGHT MACDONALD

In the last year or so I have begun to suspect that the most interesting cinema today is the Italian. The *nouvelle vague* with the important exception of Truffaut has either subsided into the ripples of mediocrity—for the untalented we have always with us—or lost its way in the sands of overintellectualized avant-gardism (by which I do not mean Resnais' *Marienbad*, though I do mean his *Muriel*). Kurosawa and Bergman are as technically accomplished as ever, though a little thin in material of late, but one director doesn't make a cinema. The British don't even have one. In our commercial cinema we have half a one. Kobrick who may grow up into a whole one, and in off-Hollywood not even that—its last successes were *Full Moon Daisy* and *Shadows*, both of them sports to judge by their directors' later work. But in Italy there are not only two old masters, Fellini and Antonioni, who are still producing good movies, but a number of fine secondary directors like Olmi, de Seta, Germi and Monicelli. They have even produced a new school of comedy that is often actually funny.

The materialism and concreteness of cinema are congenial to the Mediterranean spirit, which is clear, sensuous, logical, nonmystical. Italians are an old race so tending toward humanism, skepticism, and humor—they never took fascism very seriously, as contrasted to the Germans and they have notoriously been the worst soldiers of this century with the possible exception of the Arabs. Endearing traits that show up in their movies which present human beings rather than symbols. Why is it, for instance, that the minor parts in Italian movies are always so cleverly cast? *Is* it clever casting or is it that, as one feels when living there, every Italian is a natural actor with a spontaneous, instinctive sense both of his own uniqueness and of the way it relates, dramatically, to others. Finally, there is the Italian sense of visual form—dare one say beauty?—whose historical roots in the Mediterranean materialism and clarity the tourist may see for himself in any Italian village.

I think it significant that cinema has been Italy's major contribution to postwar art. In painting, music and literature she has hardly been in competition internationally (though her architects have been), but her movies have been in the vanguard ever since the neorealist school of *Shoeshine* and *Open City* opened a new path for the sound film after the war. My suspicions about the currently paramount position of Italian cinema were confirmed when I saw Mario Monicelli's *The Organizer*. It is not a masterpiece like "8½" (which is an epitome of the Italian movie, by the way), but it's a very good film and an original one, and I enjoyed it more than any movie I've seen in months. It also confirmed another growing suspicion that Mastroianni is now the best movie actor in the world. Next month I'll review *The Organizer*.

From Russia With Love

The new James Bond thriller is one of those "fun" pictures that turn out to be not much fun after all. A comedown from *Dr. No* whose brisk parody here slackens into a queasy compromise with the real thing that tries to have it both ways and so fails to have it either way. The action is violent but the narrative is so turgid and confused that no suspense is built up; the sex is steaming and tasteless a huge order of mashed potatoes served up by a short-order countryman; and there is absolutely no humor—I assume that Bond entering his Istanbul hotel suite and finding a blonde in his bed is not in that category even though she is beautiful. Russian and naked. Sean Connery's Bond was engaging in *Dr. No* because he seemed not to take his sexual and other prowesses very seriously, but here he dominates blondes and enemy agents with smirking complacency. The Smersh smirk. Miscasting of the year is Lotta Lenya as a sadistic officer in the Russian secret police, receiving wounds in her *forte*, not giving them; her eyes are hopelessly kind and long-suffering no matter what riding whips she brandishes.

That Man from Rio

is a fun picture that is fun as light soufflés are. *From Russia* is not, a witty fast-moving spoof of the international crime melodrama that dances around its victim like Sugar Ray Robinson. (*From Russia* is more in the style of Gunboat Smith.) From the trench-coated crook who steals a Brazilian fetish from the Musée de l'Homme in Paris, disposing of a guard with a poisoned-dart gun (Dr. Curare I presume?), to the ending in the Amazonian jungle when the earthquake that buries the villain just as he lays impious hands on the temple treasure proves to be the result not of the anger of the gods but of blasting for a new highway. *That Man from Rio* rushes along at a headlong pace, letting the gags fall where they may. Credit goes mostly to the director, Philippe De Broca, and to the star he picked, Jean-Paul Belmondo.

I've had reservations about De Broca's previous comedies—*The Love Game*, *The Joker*, *The Five-Day Lover*—which seemed to me too frenetically fantastic in each after the first twenty minutes delirium becomes tadium, as the grin with which one first responds to a brilliant raconteur becomes fixed when one begins to realize that he is not only brilliant but also inexhaustible. But those were so to speak serious comedies, like Melie's *Zazie*. The mighty shades of Chaplin, Sennett and Clair hovered over them, turning spontaneity into respectful pastiche. *That Man from Rio* however is a wholly unserious comedy—low camp as against the high camp of *The Joker*, et al. The same qualities which made them tedious—the frantic, unvaried pace, the unrelieved fantasy, the lack of that normal-life counterpoint that Sennett and the other Old Masters were always careful to supply—these are advantages in this film whose modest aim is to knit around with a *kitsch* formula that has nothing to do with either life or art.

Belmondo is as good as he was in *Breathless* and in a characterization so different that one must conclude he is an actor as well as a star. His provincial soldier on leave couldn't be less like James Bond. The only girl he kisses or who shows any interest in him, is Agnes, his fiancée, and he is superbly inept as a man of action—he almost loses the crooks who are rushing Agnes, drugged, onto a plane for Brazil because he has to wait in line to buy a ticket. But he makes up for everything by a plentiful supply of adrenalin—what our teen-age fighting gangs call 'heart.' He pursues cars or even planes on foot and swims after speedboats indomitably shouting his battle cry, "Agnes!" A hero who appeals to the bungler in us all.

De Broca had some other good ideas. He sets much of the action in that most fantastic of capitol cities, Brasilia, a collection of supermodern skyscrapers scattered about a site bulldozed out of the bush hundreds of miles from Rio and the other coastal cities in which all the country's social, economic, cultural and even political life has been, and still in fact is, concentrated. He has even provided Brasilia with a *genius loci* in the form of a millionaire named Castro, a fine parody of the Napoleonic city planner. There is also a shoeshine boy as masterful in his own ambience as Castro who is a comic exaggeration of the native kids in *Black Orpheus*. And there is the constant fooling around, the outrageous gags that work here because they have been prepared and so are logical as well as unexpected. "We need a car to get to Brasilia," Agnes says. "What color, darling?" Belmondo asks. "Pink with green stars?" And sure enough, the next shot.

Short Takes

Bandits of Orgosolo (Vittorio de Seta): The austere semi-documentary about the sun-blasted, poverty-crippled life of Sardinian shepherds, which I reviewed here two years ago, has at last found an American distributor, though not, as yet, a profitable American audience. Highly recommended.

The Given Word (Anselmo Duarte): Highly not recommended, this Brazilian film about a peasant who is Christ-obsessed and who ends up, with heavy-breathing symbolism, on a cross. Stagey contrived neorealism, more in the operatic manner of Visconti than in the humanistic style of Rossellini. Fake primitive as against de Seta's real thing. Nineteen sixty-two Grand Prize winner at Cannes and San Francisco, plus awards at Edinburgh, Acapulco, Karlovy Vary and Moscow. These festivals' Global democracy in action; a Brazilian film is sure thing for top honors. Hate to think how many Golden Bears, Silver Swans, Bronze Vultures and other fauna the first Patagonian movie will collect.

Purlie Victorious: I liked Ossie Davis' play because it satirized race relations with such freewheeling high spirits that the humor splashed over from the whites to the darks. But the film version, wholly faithful to the play, shows that the cinema in some ways is a more demanding medium than the theatre because it shows up in close-ups weaknesses which are less obtrusive when seen at a distance on the stage. The straight scenes between Ossie Davis and his wife, Ruby Dee, are downright embarrassing here, for example; Miss Dee is a clever actress but she can't gloss over as she did on the stage the thinness and overcuteness of her lines. Things liven up only when those two superb comedians take over, Sorrell Booke as the Southern colonel and Godfrey Cambridge as the Uncle Tom caricature who craftily plays straight man to the colonel. The lines and the performances in these scenes are good enough to survive any amount of camera exposure.

On Approval: George K. Arthur has had the happy idea of reviving this classic of frivolity, an Edwardian period piece made in 1942 a souffle that never rose a fortunate coincidence of director (Clive Brook, and why didn't he make any other comedies, or did he?), scriptwriter (Frederick Lonsdale, a latter-day Oscar Wilde, without the perversity of genius but well up to this kind of fooling around), and cast of just four, a Mozartian quartet, or perhaps Gilbert & Sullivan is more accurate, who play beautifully together. Mr. Brook, Google Withers, Beatrice Lillie, and Roland Culver, all of them with no higher, or lower, ambition than to fabricate a little comedy of manners which goes off an deftly and lightly as a set of the lancers ("I never sit out the lancers," says Miss Lillie) and which contrasts painfully with the elaborate plots and the sets and the costumes and the casts and the Technicolor camera work in which Holly-

Successful, well-dressed young men



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wood new embalms the corpse of comedy

Carné's *Children of Paradise*, Cocteau's *Beauty and the Beast* and *Orphée*, Clair's *Le Million*, Bresson's *Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne* and Vigo's *Zero for Conduct* were revived last spring in an admirable retrospective of French classics put on by Brandon Films at the Normandie Theatre in New York. They have restated the passage of time, I thought—as against some others in the series: Clair's *Sous les Toits de Paris*, Carné's *Port of Shadows*, Renoir's *The Crime of M. Lange*, Feyder's *Carnival in Flanders*. I hope to say something later about *Children of Paradise* and *Beauty and the Beast*, which I thought masterpieces—major (*Paradise*) and minor (*Beauty*)—when I first saw them and which on a third viewing, still seem so.

Most Depressing Quote in a Long Time: "Furthermore I had fallen in love with what Nathan Cohen, the brilliant rip-and-tear, smash-and-bash critic of the Toronto *Daily Star*, has recently called—and I agree with him—Garbo's only rival in the world of film. She well instructed me, I believe and hope Elizabeth Taylor taught me subtleties in film making I never knew existed and which, maddeningly I could have discovered for myself in my previous dozen films or so, had I not the timid arrogance and the reluctantly awed belligerent refusal to learn from *great* film stars."—Richard Burton (*Life*, March 13)

Most Exhilarating Quote in a Long Time (dedicated to Shirley Clarke and the Mekas brothers): "I had a big fat argument with a cat out in India. He claimed it wasn't improvising unless the whole thing was made up on the spot. I never heard anybody play anything I wanted to hear without any prethought—whether it's a week or a half beat ahead. It's like everything—if it doesn't come out of the mind, it doesn't have any personality, it has no father or mother, it's nothing."—Duke Ellington (*Newsweek*, April 15)

Correction: I am informed, by Reliable Sources, that I overestimated Terry Southern's contribution to the script of *Dr. Strangelove*, specifically that he came in only in the last few weeks after it had been put into pretty much final shape by Kubrick and Peter George. He added some nice business and some fine touches, but his collaborators were more important than I'd thought. (Mr. Southern's literary personality is so distinctive that his collaborators tend to be blanked out. *Candy* is treated by the reviewers as if it were his work alone although the title page clearly states that Mason Hoffenberg is its coauthor. I was also wrong as Mr. Brown of California noted in the May issue, about the movie script being faithful to Mr. George's original novel, *Red Alert*; I meant the movie was as uncompromising as the novel, which I hadn't read but had heard about, but I hadn't realized that Kubrick had converted a "serious" message-novel into a black comedy whose message was all the more really serious, as Lewis Mumford has pointed out, for being transposed into the mode of grotesque satire. My apologies to Mr. Kubrick. #



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THE YOUNG MAN IN THE KNOW: WHAT HE'S WEARING THIS FALL



He likes the vested suit with the built-in press of "Dacron"® and worsted

The big suit at Du Pont's 3rd Annual College/Career Fashion Conference had three buttons, natural shoulders—and vest. Example: this Cricketeer classic. A model of the quiet good taste that always looks great, it's tailored of "Dacron" and worsted in a rich, rugged Oxford weave. So its neat good looks are in to stay. "Dacron" keeps it well pressed through hard wear. Lots of it. And trouser creases stay sharp even through rain. A wide range of colors and patterns. About $65 at stores in the know. Ask for CRICKETEER

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DU PONT

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING ... THROUGH CHEMISTRY

THE YOUNG MAN IN THE KNOW: WHAT HE'S WEARING THIS FALL



He likes his Oxford button-down shirts in wrinkle-free "Dacron"® & cotton

The button down Oxford is still tops, according to Du Pont's 3rd Annual College/Career Fashion Conference And this Arrow "Dectan" is the button down at its best Check the gentle roll of the collar The classic stripe And the luxurious Oxford cloth It's got "Dacron" to keep it in great shape After a long, full day, it'll still look crisp and fresh You can forget about wrinkles! Wash & wear, of course And extra-long wearing In stripes, white and solids About $6.95 at fine stores Ask for *ARROW*

Shirt shown: 65% "Dacron"* polyester, 35% combed cotton. *Du Pont's registered trademark. Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or clothes.

He likes the comfort-in-action of slacks with "Lycra"

Just try these stretch slacks on for comfort They're cut slim and trim the way college men and young businessmen like But they'll never bind or pull because they've got "Lycra". This new elastic fiber makes them *give* with the slightest movement—and bounce back to perfect fit They've got "Dacron", too So neatness is built in to last They'll resist wrinkles, hold a sharp crease through all kinds of wear and weather! Ivy and Continental styles with new "Imperial" waistband Six great colors, about $20 at fine stores everywhere. Top styling and tailoring by HAGGAR

Slacks shown: "Dacron"* polyester worsted wool, "Lycra"** spandex. Shoes of "Corfam"* pyroxonic. *Du Pont's registered trademarks Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or clothes.



DU PONT

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING THROUGH CHEMISTRY



THE YOUNG MAN IN THE KNOW: WHAT HE'S WEARING THIS FALL

He likes a classic tuxedo in press-holding "Dacron"® & worsted

In tuxedos, like business suits, the knowing man's taste is strictly traditional, with a lean, young look. And here's the look that was the overwhelming favorite at Du Pont's 3rd Annual College/Career Fashion Conference. Satin shawl collar, natural shoulders, trimly tapered trousers. The fabric? A luxurious "Dacron" and worsted that stays neat, well pressed till all hours. "Dacron" not only keeps trouser creases sharp, it keeps jacket and all in immaculate shape. Style note: The jacket and vest are lined in bright red! Tuxedo about $75, vest about $15 at fine stores everywhere. Ask for **after Six**

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He likes his go-everywhere raincoat in wrinkle-free "Dacron"® and cotton.

Take your pick. Classic raglan in solid-color poplin. New split-raglan in yarn-dye plaid. Either way, you've got an all around great coat for campus or commuting. Because they're 65% "Dacron", 35% cotton, these coats come through all kinds of wear and weather in A-1 shape. They dry in record time with their crisp good looks intact, ready to go again. "Saxon", right, about $37.50. "Monroe", left, about $40.00. Both in the best colors at fine stores. The superb styling and tailoring by London Fog

Raincoats shown: 65% "Dacron"® polyester, 35% combed cotton. "Du Pont" is registered trademark. Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or clothes.



THE YOUNG MAN IN THE KNOW:

WHAT HE'S WEARING THIS FALL

He likes trim slacks in shape-holding "Orlon"® and worsted

On campus and on the job, the #1 look in slacks is slim but not tight—with pleatless front, belt loops, cuffs. Neatness is part of the look, too. And these well-cut slacks have "Orlon"* to keep them in great shape. Lots of active wear doesn't wrinkle them. Creases stay sharp whatever the weather. Take your pick of reverse twist, flannel or sharkskin in a great range of colors. $12.95 at fine stores. The name to ask for: Seven Seas SAILFAST

Slacks shown: 70% "Orlon"* acrylic 30% worsted wool. Shoes of "Corfam"* polymeric. *Du Pont's registered trademark. Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or clothes.





He likes bold, brushed sweaters of light, warm "Orlon"* & mohair

Out on the ski slopes or back home in front of the fire, the rugged look is the right look in sweaters this fall. College men and young execs alike go for rich patterns, deep textures. And here are two perfect examples. For all their burly good looks, "Orlon" makes these sweaters comfortably light. Holds them in shape through lots of wear. And keeps them luxuriously soft with regular washing. The ski cardigan, $16.95. The plaid pullover, $13.95. Both in great colors at fine stores. By Robert Bruce



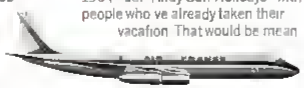
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(Enjoy "The City of Light" and a fabulous "Jet-Away Holiday in the Sun")



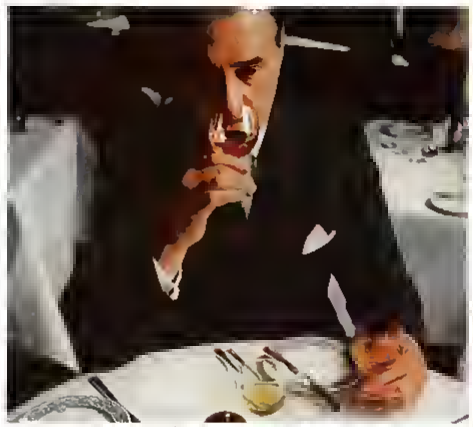
Saved up all your vacation days till now, eh? Well, Air France has saved up some fabulous vacation ideas just for you. We call them "Jet-Away Sun Holidays." They enable you to fly, cruise, motor, walk to and through the sunniest spots in Europe, Africa, the Mediterranean, or virtually anywhere in the world. At remarkable savings. (A 9 day stay at a first-class hotel in the beautiful Canary Islands, for example, costs just $99 plus air sea fare.) Each tour begins or ends in the city—Paris. Air France handles all the details while you have all the fun. Itineraries are completely flexible, so you needn't feel tied to a group. Naturally your flights will be aboard sleek, swift Air France Boeing 707 Jetliners where each meal is a masterpiece and the service is regal. There are no lower jet fares either. What more could you ask for? Why not ask your Travel Agent for all the details. And try not to discuss Air France's 1964 "Jet-Away Sun Holidays" with people who've already taken their vacation. That would be mean.



AIR FRANCE

THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIRLINE

This gentleman blends the world's finest Scotch—but doesn't always order it when dining out.



George Th[illegible] [illegible] P[illegible] London

George Thomson is more knowledgeable about the personalities of the 101 straight malt whiskies produced in Scotland than anyone we know. That's why he is the master blender of Johnnie Walker Black Label.

And whenever he wants to find out what the competition is doing, all he has to do is go out to dinner and put his meticulous, authoritarian nose into his competitor's business. He can sniff a straight malt that comes through a bit sharp or one that wasn't quite ready for blending.

He has yet to find a blend that comes close to the sumptuous flavor and smooth character of Black Label.

Where the art of the master blender reaches its peak. In blending Black Label, George Thomson uses more than 40 expensive "single malts." He chooses them for maturity and character.

To this blend of Highland malts, George Thomson adds just the exact amount of aged Scotch grain whisky necessary to complete the unique formula that's Johnnie Walker Black Label.

Are you paying a premium for Scotch? If you're paying for "the best," you ought to be getting all the smooth Scotch richness and Scotch character of Johnnie Walker Black Label.

Its superiority is recognized throughout the world by people who know Scotch whisky. It's in such demand in the United Kingdom that it's actually on ration there. But the current U.S. quota allows you to get a reasonable supply.

Why not ask for Black Label tonight? Its smooth, satisfying flavor could change your taste for fine Scotch.



BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. A BLEND OF SCOTCH WHISKY. 86.8 PROOF.
IMPORTED BY GARBER DRY CORPORATION, NEW YORK, NEW YORK.



Note the shoulder. Everyone does.

It is appropriate that the real live hunting hawk in the picture above used Paul Hornung's shoulder as a landing strip. How better to emphasize the splendid shoulder treatment of these remarkable sweaters! Note carefully the uncommonly smooth fit in the raglan shoulder. Not only the shoulder tailoring is worth your scrutiny, the fabric has a rich look and feel because it is 100 percent two ply Australian lambswool. The v neck pullover on Paul is about $15.95, and the v neck cardigan worn by Frank Gifford is about $17.95. Both available in eight superb colors; camel is shown here. Immediately after Tom Kelley took the photograph, the hawk proved he was alive. He flew. Now our forthright slogan: sportswear for sportsmen.

jantzen

INTERNATIONAL SPORTS CLUB

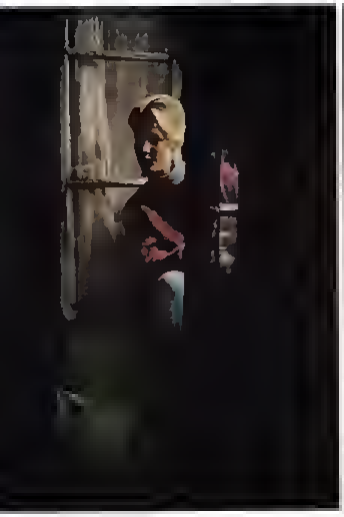
Linger a moment and consider our lady of the motorcycle. She is an American college girl spending her junior year in Paris. There are many such temporary expatriates, sent abroad with institutional sanction, but she is rather special for all that. Her name is Shirleen Cary. Stateside, she could be found majoring in Drama at the University of Texas, and no *enfant terrible* was she. Abroad she has blossomed. In Paris she acts, studies, zooms her cycle along the Boulevard St.-Michel and seems older than her years but younger than you or I. 'Paris is the place to live realistically,' she says realistically. "You can blow the top off the pressures of a hometown campus." Why should Shirleen Cary be so glad not only to be in Paris, France, this year—we would all be glad of that—but to be away from her home school?



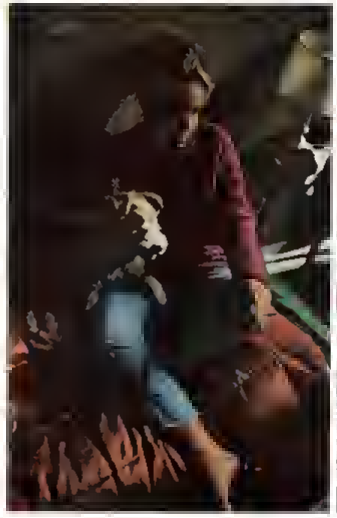


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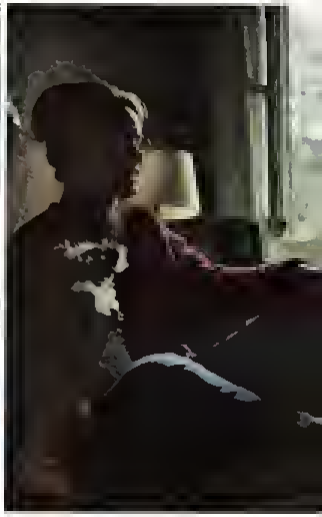
This is Lindamel Murray, and she, too, is happy to be in Paris. Back at the University of Pennsylvania, it was nice all right. "But in Paris you open up, you grow," says Lindamel." 'Could there be a better place?' she asks in innocent delight. 'Your mind soaks in everything here. And men treat you like a woman." One thinks with distress of the boys at Penn and their gauche approaches. Could they but see their co-ed strolling the boulevards and sitting gracefully in her charming flat, they would chastise themselves surely. But Lindamel is more occupied with the present. In America she studied French Literature. In Paris, she studies Art and French Literature. 'And life,' she adds. Why is that? No life in Pennsylvania? Could it, in fact, be more difficult for your mind to 'soak everything in" at home?











(keep turning)

Photographs by [illegible]

Well then, *enfin*, we would have you consider Dede Thompson, chic and sleek upon a streamline. She is a current and living rebuttal to the myth of *The Group*. Though Vassar she, no problems or neuroses beset her smooth brow. "I didn't have to come to Paris to enjoy life," she explains, "but Paris added to the enjoyment." A question now for the whole class: is it merely the seductive call of Paris that draws our girls, or is it, perhaps, the unseductive past that drives them to France? *En vérité*, the latter accounts for a great deal. Dede, Lindamel and Shirleen are but the most beauteous examples of a greater group of girls, all of whom are not only glad to be in Paris but also glad to have escaped, for the while anyway, from the worst aspect of American college life: the daily, harsh, intense atmosphere of





PRESSURE

According to popular belief, four years of college are four years of ivory-tower existence: no worries, no care for the outside world, life in a warm and insular community where everybody asks, "Why?" and "How?" and other lovely big questions. It isn't true. American college life is four years of unrelenting and driving *pressure*. A young man or girl fresh from high school has never experienced anything like it and many are unprepared. After a somewhat coddled adolescence, they are suddenly beset by:

The pressure to get good grades
The pressure to get in a good fraternity or sorority
The pressure to satisfy the old man back home who is paying the bills
The pressure (for girls) to find a husband before four years elapse
The pressure to get into graduate school
The pressure to take part in extracurricular activities
The pressure to become a big man on campus, no matter how small
The pressure to graduate
The pressure to grow up and emerge an adult

It isn't easy for college students today. Some of the pressures they can cope with nicely because they want to. The rest come from the outside and are often inflicted upon the student who would rather go his own way. Our trio of semi-Parisian girls have found a temporary release from the grind. They spend their junior year abroad, and if you can go, too, it's a great idea. But there are other methods of escape for the tense student. So remember the old college yell . . .

BUCKLE UNDER, WINSOCKI

BY DAVID NEWMAN
AND ROBERT BENTON

It is agreed, then, that the Pressure Builds on campus. Now let us examine the various problems that are apt to confront you and other goof-offs like yourself during the average undergraduate career. Read carefully the problems–Academic Pressure Situations (A.P.S.), and then study the solutions–Academic Pressure Valves. If you follow these solutions when crisis comes, not only will you graduate with honors, you will sweat less. Because you will be cool.

PROBLEM SITUATION ONE:

Suppose you are an upperclassman. Suppose it is the middle of the semester and you feel that everything is screwing up. You have, for example, a term paper due in three days and you have not yet chosen your topic. Your midterms are coming next week and you find that your notes are unreadable. Your fraternity has chosen you to play the part of a lady in next weekend's skit competition. Your room-mate has asked you to escort his visiting sister tomorrow night, and, having seen her picture, you know she looks like your room-mate. Finally, you are supposed to be ready for a surprise quiz in one of your courses sometime soon and you are not ready, no, not ready, dear God, no. This is your Problem Situation. What is your solution, among the myriad Pressure Valves?

SOLUTION TO SITUATION ONE:

MONONUCLEOSIS.



Everyone knows that college students are prone to get Mono and nobody questions it. Now you just can't go out and get it unless you try hard, and anyway you wouldn't want it, because, in addition to making you feel like a zombie, it has other disadvantages; i.e., you can't drink booze for months afterward. But you can *fake* it! You can convince professors that you have Mono by merely learning the symptoms and passing them off as your own. Once they believe it, they will say "Go home and rest for two weeks, son. Don't worry about a thing, for mercy's sake." Just tell them that

You have vague grippelike symptoms, such as malaise, fatigue, headache and chills. In addition, you say that you have symptoms reflecting involvement of the lymphatic tissue, such as severe headache (you got that anyway, don't you?), meningeal irritation (photophobia, sore eyeballs, stiff neck) and neuritic pains. Tell him aspirin doesn't work and Bufferin doesn't work. You also can slip in chest pain, stomach pain, nausea, sore throat—the whole works. The beauty part about Mono is that it is all [illegible] symptoms. Small, brave groans help add verisimilitude to your travails.

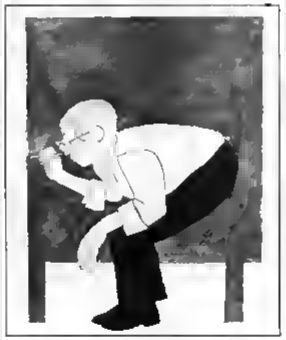
PROBLEM SITUATION TWO:

Suppose it is a grey morning for you, though not for others, because you have a final exam that afternoon in a course which you need to pass in order to graduate. You realize with grim certainty that you don't know a damn thing and you won't pass and you won't graduate on time and the Army will get you and your father will get you and if only you could get through this one exam everything would be peachy. You got a problem, kid, and you don't have much time. Find your solution—it is simple.

SOLUTION TO SITUATION TWO:

CHEAT.

Let's face it, you want to pass that damn test, right? So you have to cheat. It will take you a swift two minutes to adjust to that idea. Say to yourself, "After all, this isn't my major and I need to graduate badly." If caught, you can take heart from the example of triumph over adversity set by the plucky ox shown four pages on. If not, conscience is your problem. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. These three work best:



1 *The Bathroom Wall Method.* For this you need a buddy tried and true who is in the course and doing okay at it. Tell him in advance that you don't know anything and then he will [illegible] one student at a time is allowed out of the room to visit the Men's Room. After about an hour has passed, your pal gets excused and goes to the bathroom. There he enters a prearranged john stall, say the third one, and writes on the tiles behind the toilet the answers to questions one through fifteen, or as many as he can in the average amount of time a guy would spend in the john. He returns to the classroom, and five minutes later you get excused, go to stall three, memorize all the answers, erase them, and hustle back to the bluebook and write them down. The great advantage of this method is that nobody can follow you into the toilet.

2. *The Empty Bluebook Method.* Bring three bluebooks to the exam. In the first one for the three hours pretend you're writing the answers down. Actually you are just doodling (or working on your novel). In the second bluebook, use part of the first page to answer correctly the last part of the last question on the exam. It looks as if you had written as much you ran out of pages and had to use a second bluebook—a common occurrence. Then hand that second bluebook in as well as the third bluebook *which is empty.* Got it so far? Leave class and destroy the first bluebook, the one full of scribbles, and then run to your room and spend the next hour writing in a fourth bluebook you have at home the correct answers to the exam, a copy of which you took when you left the classroom. Look up all the answers in your books and notes. Then race back to the professor's office and breathlessly say, "Gee Professor, did I do a stupid thing! By mistake I handed in an empty bluebook and walked out with the real one. Here it is, sir. I hope I haven't caused you any difficulty." No teacher can be upset with you for making a simple mistake like that—it could happen to anyone under pressure—unless of course your teacher happens to be reading this, too.

3 *The Cough Method.* A good pal is again required for this method, which will work only on multiple-choice tests. Say you can't get the answer to question two. You cough twice. Your buddy on the other side of the room, who knows the answer, then coughs once (if the answer is *a*), twice (if the answer is *b*), and so on. You can keep this cheat up only for about ten minutes or your professor will assume you both have tuberculosis and send you to the infirmary.

SOLUTION TO SITUATION THREE:

DAYTONA BEACH.

Clearly, you must go to Daytona Beach and forget all your troubles in a riot of booze, girls and . . . well, riot. Just because everybody does it is no reason for you not to. Daytona Beach *really* is an Eldorado. Beer belongs in the sun—enjoy it. Merrymaking. Joy. Whoosh! But the trick is to do it all and come out of it clean.

First of all, know what to take with you:

One bottle No Doz tablets, since you will be driving all night and it is better fun if you don't crash.

One church key to open all beer cans that are not pop-top.

A selection of T-shirts emblazoned with the names of other schools than yours. Choose better schools and you will get better action with the girls. Alas, if you get in trouble, it will not reflect on your school.

All your old Bermuda shorts. Daytona is the last refuge for Bermuda shorts.

A copy of *Winnie-the-Pooh* to ensnare fey Radcliffe girls.

School-emblem dust jacket to put on the above book to pretend you are studying.

A paternity-suit protection voucher, that is, a sworn statement prepared and signed in advance by ten fraternity brothers with appropriate blank spaces, so that you won't get caught by a designing co-ed. It should read, "We the undersigned swear that we have had sexual congress with _____ during the time of _____."

Note: Do not bring your own blanket. The idea is to flop down on the blankets of interesting girls. If you have your own, you've got to stay on it.

Second, learn how to avoid getting jailed in case of a beach riot:

Buy a snorkel tube and jump under the water and wait till the cops leave.

Build a fake shark fin and tie it to your back. Swim around and scare everybody off.

Status symbol:

Get a selection of pennants from previous riots you have taken part in: i.e., Newport Jazz Festival, Fort Lauderdale, Budapest Revolt.







PROBLEM SITUATION THREE:

Suppose Easter (or Spring) Vacation is coming and you really need it or you'll blow your stack. You have a swell set of choices about how to spend it. Your father wants you to come and work in his office for a week so you can meet the boss and talk to him about getting a job when you get out of college. Somehow you don't want to work with your father for the rest of your life. Or, a terrible guy in your dorm that everybody picks on except you (because you felt sorry) has invited you to spend vacation with him at his home, which is a three-day bus trip to wonderful Cincinnati, where you and he will play checkers a lot. Also, you suspect that you have just failed a big exam, but you won't know until vacation is over, and the next two weeks will be pretty fearful anyway. And to top it all off, you haven't got a girl to spend vacation with. Your solution?

PROBLEM SITUATION FOUR:

Suppose that you have been Pre-Med for two years and you suddenly realize that you don't want to be a doctor after all. In fact, you never really did, come to think of it. You realize that the kids in the Humanities are having a much more interesting education than you are, that Medicine requires a dedication you lack, and that there are more pretty girls in the Liberal Arts College than in yours. What solution is yours?

SOLUTION TO SITUATION FOUR:

SWITCH YOUR MAJOR.

If you play your cards right you can go on switching majors for fifteen years and never have to leave the warm academic womb for the outside world. You will get to be a local fixture. In order to switch majors you must have a good justification for your seeming lack of purpose. Therefore, remember these rules in this order:

To switch out of Pre Med, say: "Next semester they're going to cut up dead bodies. Ick! I'm not *that* hot to be a doctor."

To switch out of English, say: "Next term they're going to read that long and boring *Middlemarch*. Do I want to waste my time reading some old maid's crummy book?"



To switch out of Geology, say: "Next semester start the field trips and I don't want to get caught in any rock slides. And I hear there are snakes, too."

To switch out of Music, say: "I realize I just don't have a natural sense of rhythm."

To switch out of Art, say: "I just found out we don't get to work with nude models till our senior year. So what am I wasting my time for?"

To switch out of Chemistry, say: "It smells terrible in the lab. I couldn't take three more years of that."

To switch out of Physical Education, say: "It smells terrible in the locker room. I can't take three more

years of that.

To switch out of Russian Lit, say: "It's impossible to keep all those funny-sounding names straight."

To switch out of Psychology, say: "After what I learned about myself these past two months, I don't dare know any more."

To switch out of Physics, say: "If I go on I'll spend the rest of my life on projects that ultimately may cause the destruction of mankind, which is a responsibility I cannot in all conscience accept."

To switch out of Sociology, say: "This is all a load of bull, isn't it?"

To switch out of Drama, say: "I'm tired of this glamour and tinsel world, and besides I spit when I talk."

PROBLEM SITUATION FIVE:

Suppose you have just received a phone call from the Dean's office telling you that your grades are so poor you are being considered as a likely candidate for Probation. What do you do when you go to see the Dean?

SOLUTION TO SITUATION FIVE:

CON THE DEAN



In order to seduce the Dean and prevent his putting you on Probation, you must appeal to his heart. Here are a group of statements to offer which must be accompanied by sincere looks and suspicious moisture in the eyes.

"It isn't my fault my grades slipped. My roommate tried to commit suicide and I used up all my energy trying to help him gain a better mental attitude. Sir."

"It isn't my fault my grades slipped. I tried to commit suicide and I've used up all my time and energy trying to make a better adjustment these past two weeks, Sir?"

"It isn't that I can't do the work. I don't hear as well out in all my lectures they seated me toward the back of the room, as I missed every thing."

"I had Mononucleosis" (see Solution to Situation One).

"I thought I was pregnant." (This should only be used by co-eds. Usually.)

"The reason I neglected my studies, Sir, was because I was busy working with my Dad on his plans to build a new Gymnasium for the College."

"Wasn't that Miss Helston of the Accounting Department I saw you with in the motel outside of town last weekend Sir?"

PROBLEM SITUATION SIX:

Suppose you have fallen in love with a co-ed. You didn't realize that falling in love is ruinous to a well-ordered college experience. You spend half your time with her, you're on the phone till three in the morning, you're sleeping through your morning classes, cutting your afternoon classes, doing rotten in all of them. You're afraid of her father, who has written to tell you to drop dead. You're worried she loves you, you're worried she doesn't love you, you're worried she's pregnant, you're worried you're impotent, you're worried your room-mate is going to kick you out of the apartment the next time she comes over to spend the night, you're worried the Dean of Women will catch her, you're worried that college is no longer as interesting as this girl is. Don't worry, see below.



Listen, I've been thinking this over and I've decided that all this has got to stop, Emily.... Oh, I'm sorry.... is Emily there?... Hello, Emily, this is me. Listen, I've decided we have to be sensible about this. If we keep it up we'll both flunk out of school and you know what'll happen. Your father will take away your convertible, and then you'll start to *hate* me. And we'll have to get married and the Army will draft me and you'll have to come with me and lose your sorority standing, so if you have a daughter someday she won't be a legacy to the Kappas, Emily. And besides that, your father is going to kill me.... So here's what we have to do, Emily. From now on, we spend four nights a week studying....with the door *open*, Emily, *really* studying.... And we meet in the day only for lunch, and no more coming to my apartment at two in the morning and staying all day, because my room mate is talking like your father lately.... And besides, you don't want to lose your cheerleading opportunities, which is what will happen if we keep staying in my apartment on Saturdays.... And also, Emily.... Emily? Hello?"

SOLUTION TO SITUATION SIX:

STAND UP LIKE A MAN.

Go to a pay phone and call your girl at her sorority and say to her: "Emily, this is Stretch.

PROBLEM SITUATION SEVEN:

Suppose you are sitting at lunch one day with a group of pals and gals in the hamburger joint, and it's pleasant and it's relaxing and you suddenly realize that you have to get up and go to your one o'clock class. You don't want to go. You know that if you do you'll fall asleep during the lecture, and the only thing that could keep you awake now is more of the pleasant company of friends, all of whom have just decided to go to an afternoon movie for the novelty of the experience since they haven't gone to one in two weeks. A small problem, but an urgent one. See the solution.

SOLUTION TO SITUATION SEVEN:

CUT THE CLASS.

Cutting is a crime, an enjoy it. Half the joy of cutting is worrying about it, especially if you are over the maximum amount of cuts. Remember that other students think you are cool if you cut a lot, as tell people, "I'm cutting right now." Tell everyone you see. Think of excuses for later, such as, "Professor, I was reading the book for class and I got so fascinated by Chapter Four that I couldn't put it down. By the time I looked at my watch, I realized class was half over."

Whenever your professor bolts, or cuts, a class, put that down on a scale which allows you to cut as many times as he does.

Do something good when you cut, so as to make the risk worth it. Pick up a co-ed or go to a movie, or watch a ball-game, or listen to the grass grow.

Try not to cut a class more times than you attend it, as this will give the instructor a feeling of insecurity. He will feel his teaching is somehow inadequate, which would hardly be a fair thing to do to him, especially as he may react by flunking you cold.



THE TEN-DOLLAR UNDERSTANDING

by Jack Richardson

Words of counsel now from an old towny, the proprietress of that off campus house which is, strictly speaking, not exactly a home



"Has the brothel behavior of the college boy undergone any radical changes in the last five years relevant to couleuspeary mores and the so-called 'sexual explosion'?"

With this scientific question carefully written down I had traveled two thousand miles to hear the answer from an authority. The Arcadian setting was perfect: we sat shaded by a full heat-heavy lemon tree in the backyard of a brothel in a Southern college town. The afternoon was delightfully sluggish. You could almost see the paint flake and peel from the single-story white-frame whorehouse lit up in the three-o'clock sun. There were only drowsy garden noises and Clara's voice both punctuated by the occasional crack of a screen door closing somewhere along the street. The neighborhood was run-down, but, like many of its kind, still sparkly neat. It was sealed off from the rest of the town by a penumbra of empty lots, warehouses, storage huts, and other civic debris. It was therefore out of even the slow rhythm of life that surrounded it. It was as timeless and self-contained as the subject of Clara's and my dialogue.

"Have them college boys changed any since I started? Hell yes they have!"

Clara, who has overseen brothel activities in the capacity of madam for over thirty years puffed on a thin cigar and leaned back to tell all. She was about fifty, with skin close to the color of the tobacco she smoked. (It was mentioned in the town proper that she had a bit of Indian blood in her.) Her eyes were speckled but sharp, and she spoke quickly, authoritatively, answering and as much any questions as those that seemed to be on her mind.

"Well just how have they changed?" I asked.

Just off they ain't comin' round so much no more. Why our porch used to be full with them wantin' in line on Friday and Saturday night. I mean, what with the way morals is today, ain't so much need. At least them boys *think* there out."

Unlike others in businesses threatened with being outmoded, Clara was not concerned simply for her own interests.

"See now they're gettin' what they want from them co-eds. Seem like those girls come on campus with diaphragms packed by momma. Still now, they mess up a lotta times. Now that's a thing a boy don't have to worry about he comes to a house. Ain't none of my girls gonna get pregnant on him.'

Unfortunately fewer and fewer young men heed this sound advice but Clara bears them no ill feelings. In fact, she is still ready to give her clients a hand with the new problems created by the times' lax morality.

'Now you should see them boys come in here all nervous like 'n wantin' to know where they can go to fix up the little girl they done got into trouble. Well hell, if they're old enough to get in that mess, why then they're old enough to choose their own way of gettin' out. So I tell them what they're wantin to know, but than I say: 'Boy I don't wanna seen your lovin' face round here no more. You're just plain unlucky!' "

Finding parts in a storm for the untimely pregnant isn't the only innovation Clara has adopted to keep pace with the college mess stumbling through sexual anarchy on campus. She has had to become a rooms counseller, an understanding Virgil to a host of confused Dantes wandering about unprepared for the total emancipation of the college female.

"You can't believe what some of them boys think lovin's all about," she said, shaking her head sadly and chuckling in a way that would make any man, no matter the experience, uncomfortable. "Why here they are jazzin' around 'n they don't really know nothin' 'bout a woman. They ain't dumb now, they know somethin's wrong, but they just can't figger out what. So they come round here and git to talking to me. So I tell them, 'Now look, boy, you gotta fun around some with a woman first. You can't just leave a half hour before she have to git back on campus for proper lovin.' Then they start blushin' 'n they shuffle their feet. Hell if they'd only put in a little trainin' round here they'd be a damn sight better off. You knew now to make love proper it's gonna take at least an hour 'n a little imagination. 'N these boys either ain't got the time or the mind for it."

I mentioned that it would seem the amount of books around, both fictional and clinical, that deal explicitly with sexual hurdles, should have helped these boys along.

"Hell, man, what do readin and lovin' have to do with each other?'

I was lost to make an honest logical connection, and with Clara's protogonist hour weighing heavily on the back of my mind, pressed on to ask if at least some of today's students didn't have a little more lovemaking panache than their fathers.

Clara considered this for only a few seconds, her eyes fixed on her whorehouse small the ower were in its dark shuttered rooms.

"They're a lot more peculiar. I'll say that. We got by for a long time on three or four down home specialties. But now you never know what to expect. Them boys wanna fly before they can walk, understand? Well nowadays the rich have done gone and tried everthin', an the poor's tried everthin too. So I guess these boys jest swingin' with the times, but they sure can keep my girls confused."

Clara obviously enjoyed plain cooking and went on to emphasize that she had no intention of adding to the specialties that had served so well in the past. She was as staunch as Barry Goldwater on the value of proved traditions, a practical politician who gave little ground to the modern college student's fantasy life. I asked her if she thought the boys' brothel manners had degenerated along with their morals.

"Course they have," she snapped in outraged as any Mrs. Grundy. 'Why they don't even respect age no more. Few months ago some of them boys come up to the house 'n wanted a little. Told them all the girls was busy. Well, now one of them looks me up 'n down 'n says, 'That's all right you'll do.' *Me!* Why I tell him I'm nearly fifty years old but that don't make no difference. He like to bust down the screen door 'fore I go git a gun 'n chase him off the place."

The memory of that outrage dropped Clara into silence for a moment. She lit another cigar and when she spoke again she was charitable and reflective. She mused upon how it wasn't really the boy's fault that she had aroused passion in him the world being what it was today. She talked about the rise in campus homosexuality that had also nibbled into her business, the number of inflamed genital tracts that were popping up in the graduating class, and the fact that co-eds thought nothing of sleeping around with three or four men.

"Why even a whore when she's gone a man for pleasure won't sleep with no one but a customer!"

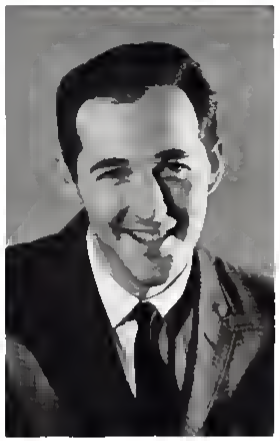
It was a sad dirge for youth and the brothel business, and she went into a natural transition to memories when men were men and there was true romance even in a whorehouse parlor.

"You'd be surprised the number of times customers, even college boys, marry one of the girls. Now I remember there was this big quiet football player down here. I mean he was at most All-American or somethin' that year and he gits stuck on one of my girls. He come by every night and finally—hang—they up and git married. 'N it worked out too for seven years, till the gal killed in a car accident. She was a damn fine-lookin'.

(Continued on page 200)

SIX QUITTERS

What happens, however, if none of the pressure ploys work and our student just gives up entirely?
We hear so much weeping and wailing over "dropouts" these days that it would seem a crime short of murder to dare to fink out on education. Observe, then, the sextet of winners below. Each of them finally reached that point where he said the hell with college, and, oddly enough, each is doing so well today that it is difficult to see where the experience left any scars.







Peter Van Heverbeke never really adjusted to the University of Connecticut when he went in as a freshman in 1954. He began by attending only the classes he enjoyed, an admirable but dangerous practice. As a result, he failed his first semester and received the usual dismissal notice.

But in the true style and cleverness which he later employed to succeed in the outside world, Van Heverbeke played it smart. He disregarded the notice and registered for the second semester. When the school found out, he feigned innocence and said he thought he was merely being warned. Benevolently, Connecticut gave him until midterm to get his grades up. He did and remained there *just* until June 1956, when the ax from the Dean's office fell again. After a stint in the Army, Van Heverbeke came to New York looking for a job that had the greatest chance of advancement, though he had no real idea of anything specific. That is standard form for clever quitters. He worked here and there and finally connected with an up-and-coming promotional agency called Doe Simmons and Associates.

He rose like a comet beginning with stunts and later handling some accounts. Today he is headman at Simmons when it comes to Castro Convertibles and Budget Rent-A-Car, and the future is bright. He has two homes and a slight regret that he didn't finish school, but college did give him one thing he still retains. Her name is Priscilla and she has been his wife since 1962.

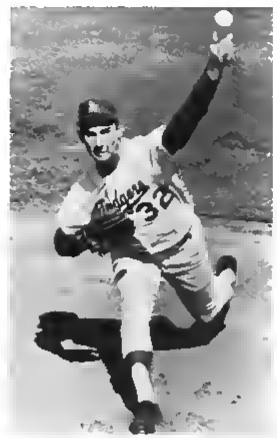
For Woody Allen, who is by all evidence *the* hot new comedian of the last year, the quitting worked in a different way. He didn't quit college. It quit him. In fact, *they* quit him: both New York University and City College of New York. In each case Allen got it in the middle of his freshman year. "I never actually failed a college course," says Allen jauntily. "It was always a very indefinite D. You seemed to know what you were talking about, but they didn't really want to pass you."

At Midwood High School in Brooklyn, he began his outside forays into a better and brighter world by sending out jokes to columnists. He was hired at $25 a week to write fifty gags a day, five days a week. He went on, still in high school, to embody writing for the Peter Lind Hayes and Herb Shriner shows. This activity continued while Allen was trying to get through N.Y.U., and after being kicked out, while trying to get through C.C.N.Y. Finally he dropped the pursuit of higher learning entirely and began performing in Village night clubs. He got hot fast, moved smoothly into TV (he took over the Tonight Show for a week this summer) and recently on into movies. At twenty-one he had already won an award for writing on the Sid Caesar show, so leaving school could not have laid him too low. At present he is pulling in a neat $5000 a week and is living and breathing inspiration to all of you young wags who will receive a nasty little note from the Dean during the tonneg academic year.

Tom Mayer is a quitter with heart. He is twenty-one and happily outdistancing most of the classmates he left behind in Harvard. He just eased in there from Andover in the first place, having graduated prep school with a mathematics average which hovered around sixty for three character-building years. At the Yard life was pleasant, and from 1961 to 1963 Mayer distinguished himself scholastically not a whit. He did though make extracurricular scenes with fervor, i.e., rowing freshman crew and going to a great many Red Sox games. "I was remotely athletic," he says. "That was the part of college I liked best." Clearly, he had a proper sad healthy quit attitude and he infilled it. After managing to make the prestigious Fly Club, one of Harvard's most austere Social Clubs, he quit school. *However*—all this time he had been writing stories, and after leaving he found he had even more time to write stories. It is a cardinal rule that a prospective quitter must have one ace in the hole, such as talent. In the year since he has been out of school, Mayer has published in *Harper's, Sports Illustrated, The New Yorker*. (The year before he won the 1963 *Story* contest, as another young Harvard man named Mailer had in 1942.)

That is a good quit record. Viking Press is to publish a collection of his stories this fall. Mayer now lives in Santa Fe, New Mexico, often writes about that area. But a true quitter doesn't forget the life he fled—many of his stories take place at Pon Harvard. *Veritas*.







It is important to get a good college education, of course, but if you had the choice between that and fame, gold and Sandra Dee, you might go the route of quitter Walden Robert Cassotto, who dropped the Walden and the Cassotto, picked up the Darin from a phone book, picked up the fame and gold from hit records and nightclubs and movies and met Sandra Dee on location in Rome. Such such are the joys that can be found, believe it or not, even without a Bachelor's Degree in Humanities.

Darin spent a sickly childhood in the tenement area of the Bronx and consequently missed a lot of grammar school. But he was okay by junior high time and he did well in his grades—well enough to go on to the scholarly-prestigey Bronx High School of Science where the work is advanced and hard. There he didn't do so well. He compensated by playing drums and wearing sharp suits which in turn drew ridicule from his classmates. Today he blames any arrogance the press finds in his personality on his high-school days.

After high school he enrolled in Hunter College and studied to become an actor. It's easy to quit Drama (why go anyway, right?) and after a teacher told him he was talented but ought to give other guys a chance to play leads, Bobby quit out.

He knocked around the fringes of show biz awhile, Catskills and small clubs, and then he recorded *Splish Splash*. The rest is gold lame and Sandra Dee. Yeah baby, go man, quit baby.

Some quitters have it preordained. In the case of this kid, he just had to pitch. You know how it is. Sandy Koufax, who won twenty-five games, the Cy Young Award and the Most Valuable Player Award all in 1963, never had planned to become a professional athlete. But the kid had to pitch.

Born in Brooklyn, Koufax started pitching sandlot ball around the Bay Ridge neighborhood when he was a kid, and by sixteen he was hot as a pistol. He went to Lafayette High, played first base for the baseball team and also starred for the basketball five. The latter activity got him an athletic scholarship to the University of Cincinnati in 1953. That was good, because he wanted to go to college and he still didn't plan on becoming a professional athlete.

So what happens? Well, in his freshman year Koufax joins the college ball team as a pitcher, and a sportswriter named Jimmy Murphy advises the Brooklyn Dodgers to watch the kid. That spring Koufax pitches his first two games and strikes out thirty-four batters. Thirty-four.

What are the odds on this one staying on to graduate? Whatever they are, they disappeared rapidly when the Dodgers held out a $14,000 bonus and a $8,000 starting salary.

Everything else—the shutouts, the strikeouts, the games in the win column, the general opinion that Koufax is the best pitcher alive—is in the record books. Obviously, the Freshman Orientation Week at Cincinnati U. helped a great deal. Obviously.

Alvin J. Fontheux, Jr., spent a good part of his life and times busily quitting colleges. Here is how it was: after a New Orleans childhood and graduation from Warren Easton High, he had great ambitions to be an architect; all along he had been drawing and designing. He entered Louisiana State University in Baton Rouge and, after half a semester, applied to the Architecture School. "I was told there were too many students already," Fontheux explains, "and I couldn't fit. So I got discouraged and left."

On to Tulane went Alvin J. Fontheux, Jr., and he stuck there out for two semesters of freshman studies, but it didn't work out there either. So again he quit. On to Mississippi Southern in Hattiesburg went Alvin J. Fontheux, Jr., and this time he studied Geology no less, and hung on for two years. By this time his grades were getting better, but his interest in school was diminishing. Geology will do that to you every time. So he quit.

He quickly got a job managing a motel for six months and continued to practice drawing and designing houses. He kept his eyes open. *And*—he had a father. He convinced said parent to joint-venture a few houses with him in 1959. Two were built the first year, a dozen the next year, a hundred at last count. These sell from $18,500 to $75,000 like hot cakes. He has also gone into commercial construction; total business for the last twelve months: $1,250,000. Projection for the coming year: $2,000,000. And all this without a diploma to his name.

LETTER HOME FROM AN ANONYMOUS CO-ED

The poignancy of pressure and the actuality of the hang-up as it is experienced, detailed in a letter (real) from a co-ed (real) in a small Western college (all too real)

Moms, mama mama

Perhaps a description of the weather would capture it perfectly If I said that it's light out and the rain is falling very straight like limp tinsel just off a Christmas tree and everything that is green is very much so and the dirt looks rich and loamy, the kind that a poor farmer in a sentimental movie would pick up and squeeze slowly through his fingers just before he was kicked off his farm by the government Or maybe it would be better...or maybe worse to describe the smudges on the walls of this monastic typing room or to quote some lines from the works of an unknown poet. Then all the inevitable vagueness would be intentional Then you could think or I could think you did or try that whatever my predicament it must be lovely. You could believe me to be infinitely possible healthily stuck and on the very best verge imaginable But you wouldn't would you, nor would I. Nor want you to. Better to try for the bald the unadorned, the unsentimental, the plain.

The predicament is superficially connected with being nineteen. That seems to bring me to the verge The one where the doors start to close and the moments have come and the commitments must be made and the actions performed. Where the possibilities are on the other side of the crevasse. No longer mine to lay claim to Only mine to maybe he filled. Last year's stories are too old. Last year's compliments too If the growth is to be mine, it's got to get back into my very hands where it is now and where it maybe has never yet been

This academic world has much blankness in it. The papers about Homer and Milton and Shakespeare shape themselves into nonsensical lies before I've quite realized what's happening, and it seems that only I can see that they are lies. The teachers nod and rock slowly back and forth in their chairs and argue about the accuracy of isolated phrases and say "very interesting." But such "thus" or "indeed," such "one can see that" or "in the present examination of" becomes a lie And more than that every time I write something down about a work of literature something I believe I've discovered I start to distrust the truth of it and feel I've made it up and I'm fooling everyone myself included. The same with class discussions. Arguments turn into elaborate verbal exercises with all the substance of the questions extracted during the process of debate

Teachers alas, are not wise and wonderful There's not a single sage. Not a single firebreather They're mostly men who like their subject and want to work with it and lead small college-centered lives sparked by an occasional exciting intellectual discussion or some pithy gossip or a good ping-pong session or a lively cocktail party Many are painfully bored, almost to the Antonioni stage Others are charming or powerfully manic or surprisingly good natured and responsive But none have woe anything that they care about and few even know what they deserve.

Students alas, are not all afire or impassioned Many are pluggers Many are shruggers. Most return each year by default...plagued by the near impossibility of finding "something else to do." So they worry about the hypocrisy of non-work or near-study They worry about the future They worry about the disappearance of adventure

The question of leaving elicits several responses The incredibly lovely, terrific R—— V—— says I should take a big chance Do something dangerous and delightful Use the unique way of seeing things. The surprisingly vibrant room-mate L—— N—— says she hopes I write. She hopes I go to the big city and make it mine. The baroque B—— B—— says I'll be sorry I left when I see him teaching in a college town in Missouri. He says it's disconcerting to stay and know someone who's leaving. For him he says little. The tamed caveman W—— W—— says does it make any difference where you are? The skinny romantic P—— C—— says I should write. The V—— S—— says New York is dangerous to anyone reluctant to become a dilettante and not yet anything else Writing, he says, is hard if you're not a genius. Hard because you're responsible to the judgments of the world He says what I feel I have to do is better discover if I have to do by doing it and I probably have to discover that alone

The teachers mostly look disconcerted and say why The dean does a lot of hedging equate that college is probably very frustrating to those who aren't academically committed and can't find ninety-percent satisfaction in the academic pursuits it offers them. My conference leader says time is not running out. Says I have a good mind and use it well unless I'm lazy or depressed and I should give it some more chance Says whatever I do I must read a lot and, if I write not rely on the well of myself, but make a conscious break with tradition. Could I join C.O.R.E. or N.A.A.C.P.? And then he smiles and says I don't think you're running away anyway You seem to be looking for something Genial but somewhat tragic Mr S—— says sometimes Chic continental bitchy Mr H—— says what do you mean, "do something." What is this "do something," Kasper the Grasper says are you looking for a cause

I say most of the courses I went to take here sophomores are traditionally excluded from. Others are not even allowed. As for the list of "should takes," I need to be delighted and excited and I'm too skilled a shirker if the going seems drudgery The town is dreary So college becomes the be-all and end all And that is not a place where the currents are teeming with motion It leads but to the grad school. It is small here and I know everyone too well And the resulting comfort is disconcerting There are no strangers unconsciously exuding a sense of motion to pass across your life gently but touchingly Unhappiness would be too easy here. Too easy to fail out off and shut up.

But what I really want to say when people produce their quizzical expressions in response to the prospect of my leaving is, I've known moments when the processes bring you to discoveries which yield new discoveries which grow upon themselves with amazing rapidity When I'm writing It's like a kind of game whose rules you construct yourself and the dead ends always seem to lead further, either because you realize you've been playing with the wrong rules or because you've artificially built the end yourself or for other reasons you can't explain. And then you can and maybe have to be in the world which is teeming with possibilities and motion and you're in the swirl but somehow separate And all I can say in answer to those who question whether this is possible is that I know you.

And while everything is uncertain while I'm unassured and frequently unbrave I want always to talk to you because I know you know about it more than anyone. And you've written me letters which prove you do. You know about the bogs and you know about the neo-bogs. But at the same time I feel I must have every thing resting in my palm, solid. And instead it's been amorphous and vague I wanted your help but I felt you couldn't really trust me as a winner until I'd staked out the battle myself I've counted much on you and on the way and the way of your work So please don't stop telling me about you and the way things are and have been because I too care almost as much as you. And tell me too how you think I am and what you think of my predicament. And don't be furious.

I think about and care about and believe in.

Love,
D

AND THREE LETTERS HOME FROM MISSISSIPPI

Where it takes the most surprising turn of all total commitment

Under the auspices of the Council of Federated Organizations (COFO) seven hundred college students went to Mississippi this summer to help Negro residents register to vote. Two of the students were from the same family. Paul and Geoffrey Cowan. They decided to write an account of the experience back to their sister Hetty in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Here are first impressions on getting ready, traveling and arriving in Mississippi.

Getting Ready

While I was searching for the baggage room in the Cincinnati airport, I was joined by one of my fellow passengers, a young man in a pressed corduroy suit. He offered to show me the way and while we were walking he mumbled something I could barely understand. He repeated himself. Was I by any chance...in town for the toy convention? When I told him that I was not, he pointed to the luggage counter and set off to a different direction, presumably to attend to more important matters.

Cincinnati is a ninety minute bus ride from Oxford, Ohio. Oxford, Ohio, is an indeterminable distance from Oxford, Mississippi. Amid the lush greenery and stylish grey-stone buildings of Western College for Women, almost two hundred college students are being trained to live in Mississippi this summer. They are also being taught how to register voters, get maximum legal protection and act nonviolently. The National Council of Churches has arranged an orderly conference whose staff includes sociologists, dietitians and a psychiatrist, as well as numerous ministers. But most of the training is led by members of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee. For them the week in Oxford ends its a summer's vacation. For the moment it's still, but no one mistakes the storm ahead.

All around the campus swarm reporters and photographers. Claude Sitton is here from The New York *Times*. Kerl Fleming from *Newsweek*. Mrs. Homer Bigart from CBS. Dirk Cunningham from The Minneapolis *Morning Tribune*. Nick von Hoffman from The Chicago *Daily News*. They are not here to watch the SNCC staff as COFO director Bob Moses and in a speech the first morning, the press is interested in the students not the staff and not the people of Mississippi. Naturally the reporters all ask us the same question. Why are you here? Von Hoffman, prying human interest, wanted to interview me because he had heard that I had relatives in Chicago. He told me that the SNCC press office had boasted that my father was once president of CBS. The group of students also includes Bingham of Brandy and a Schlesinger. There are sixty students in the project from the Boston area, and more than eighty from California. *Look* Magazine is searching for the ideal naive Northern middle-class white girl. For the national press that's the big story. And when one of us gets killed, the story will be even bigger.

But the big story out of Mississippi this summer ought not to be about my participation in the movement, or even my death. The big story ought to be Life in Mississippi. If that life is ugly, then its creators must be vilified, and those who endure must be beautified. In his penetrating book about poverty, Michael Harrington describes the Other America as an invisible world which no one sees. When James Agee investigated a fragment of that world twenty five years ago, his book sold fewer than two thousand copies. The purpose of this summer's program is to spotlight oppressed Mississippi. If Northern college students dominate the spotlight, the project in large measure will have failed.

In these letters, therefore, I plan to describe Mississippi. No doubt my reactions will figure prominently in the picture I snap, but the protagonists should be native Mississippians and the way they live now. To me, that is a more important story than my version of a bombing or a beating or a cross burning—it is the larger story of which the other incidents are only a part.

I have been assigned to a group of twenty-five voter registration workers who will help organize Northern Mississippi. On Wednesday afternoon we will leave Oxford for Holly Springs, a small town with a local registration movement and a cooperative Negro Methodist college. From there some of us will travel a few miles south to Batesville (the county seat of Panola County where an unprecedented decision by the 5th Circuit Court has forbidden registrars to ask questions of constitutional interpretation as a test of literacy). Already the seminars have given me a sense of Negro life in the upper Delta. By next week I should know it at firsthand.

Geoff

On The Bus

We are now traveling through Kentucky, a busload of forty students sleeping, reading, talking, singing—moving toward Mississippi through the American night. Right now no one seems visibly tense. I suppose the difficulty of our task, so often discussed, so terribly shown during this past week, will once again sober us as soon as we reach Mississippi. When we get there we are supposed to leave this chartered bus and proceed toward our destination by public transportation, in smaller groups.

The week at Oxford was incredibly intense. Always there was our fear for Mickey, James, and Andy—"I didn't even know them," lamented Jimmy Travis, a twenty-one-year-old Mississippi Negro who was machine-gunned through the neck and nearly killed one night a year ago. "I never saw my brothers faces, and I feel sick about it. I'd rather be lost, instead of there than feel sick like this." We all mourned those three men whose faces we never knew. One friend of mine, who had never before been religious, attended a service to pray that they might be alive. "I like to think that if the same thing happened to me, people would come to my service," he said.

As the week progressed, impelling us toward the unknown, a sense of kinship developed which embraced us all. But we still had many facts to learn and many ideas to clarify. There were new friendships, and a newly evolving context in which they would flourish. Most important, there was the intensifying pressure of our own departure, and the decision—constantly stressed by the COFO staff—that each of us had to make. Did we really feel that we wanted to go to Mississippi in the face of the danger that had by now become impossible to ignore?

Last night Bob Moses spoke to us in a final session before our departure. I can't think of another leader who can talk as directly and so personally to everyone involved with him. The great thing about Moses is his humility—at meetings, unless he has something to say, he sits quietly toward the back of the auditorium...a part of the audience. Right now he is in the bus riding as uncomfortably as any of us.

When Bob talks, his sentences come slowly, punctuated by long, thoughtful pauses. He uses no rhetoric and always speaks briefly. His face expresses eloquently the tension we all feel even while it reaffirms his—and our—belief in the job we have to do.

There is no way during this bumpy journey South (with three volunteers in front of me singing *Try to Remember* from *The Fantasticks*) to convey the mixture of fear and dedication we all felt last night as Bob spoke. I hesitate to quote his words directly for fear that, in getting them slightly wrong, I'll depart even further from the atmosphere of that still auditorium tucked away in Oxford, Ohio containing the bravest group of people I have ever met.

He talked about how, when you spend all your time fighting evil, you become preoccupied with it and terribly weary. When your work causes other men to die, then you are forced to wonder about it—you raise terrible questions inside yourself. But in history no dominant group has ever been *privileged* (that was the word Moses used) without demanding that the oppressed render its sacrifices. There may be more people killed this summer, but that won't in any way deter us from what we are trying to do. Negroes who have challenged authorities in Mississippi have always been harassed or killed—and we're trying to change that, not succumb to it. We're going to do the job we have to do.

Then, Bob talked directly to the freedom-school teachers. He begged them to be patient with their students. There is a difference between being slow and being stupid, he said. The people you will be working with are not stupid. But they are slow, so slow.

He finished, stood for a minute, then walked out the door. Inside the auditorium there was total silence—a willing silence. Finally, from far in the back, a single voice started to sing: "They say that freedom is a constant sorrow." Soon the rest of us joined in.

Now it is one o'clock and our bus, inconsequential to whoever observes it, is traveling down a Tennessee road, far into the country. I have always thought that between the hours of one and three a.m. America comes closest to realizing her promise. There is a true unity between all her travelers, sharing for the particular night a lonely vigil, a personal responsibility for their land.

But it was at this hour six days ago that Mickey, James and Andy disappeared as the Ironies of Mississippi. And it was Americans who apparently captured them, men who speak the same language, sing the same anthems, fight to the same wars as those of us on this bus. We all inhabit the same night in the same land, but somehow that is not enough.

Paul

Batesville

Home is now Batesville, Mississippi, and has been since noon yesterday. I live in the maze of dirt streets and pleasant houses which white folks might call nigger town; it is an area as isolated as Harlem—white faces are a striking rarity—but relatively as close to the business district as the black ghetto is to Park Avenue. All the citizens of Batesville carry on their commerce in a centrally located village: a square of storefronts, surrounding a fire station and a depot rather than a park.

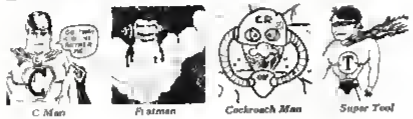
The drugstore is practically the only commercial enterprise in the Negro section of town (there is also a beauty parlor, a cafe and a gas station or two). The store is the hangout. It is a large, dimly lit soda shoppe with benches and a counter. For Cambridge residents I might describe it as a cross between the University Restaurant and the Crimson. Kids and adults alike gossip or talk of sports and politics. The management are our allies. Folks who come by there know why we're in town, and they're anxious to help.

The voter-registration project in Batesville predates COFO and even SNCC. I'm told that it began some twenty years ago when a local minister got so fed up with conditions that he conducted a series of literacy classes which were so successful that some whites started to come. However, no one (except a few Toms) got registered, and in 1960 ten prominent citizens formed an active Voters' League to fight for their vote. Naturally, they repeatedly failed the literacy test; finally they filed a suit against the county registrar. As witnesses they subpoenaed several highly literate Negroes who had been denied the vote, and a few illiterate registered whites. The 5th Circuit Court was persuaded that the tests were unfair. On May 28, 1964, the judges enjoined the registrar from asking voters to interpret a section of the Mississippi Constitution. Last month there were thirty registered Negro voters in Panola County; today there are more than three hundred. The county has more than seven thousand eligible Negro voters; we hope to register the bulk of them this summer.

It is difficult to describe the support that one feels in the Negro section of Batesville. Partly as a tactic and partly as a reflex, COFO workers constantly wave hello to all of Batesville's Negroes, and the Negroes respond in kind. For me the gesture has already become one of kinship: it means a lot. It means howdy; it means I'm fine; it means good luck; it means I'm with you; it means we're all in this thing together. Before coming to Mississippi, we had been told that whites considered all civil rights workers not only "nigger lovers" but white Negroes as well. We had also been told that in the colored community you may soon be considered black.

(Continued on page 190.)

SUPERMAN GOES TO COLLEGE



Superman, as you all know, is god. Bullets bounce off his head. He can leap over tall buildings and stop freight trains. He is against evil, goes around doing good, saving people...etc. The class of '64 grew up with him, but now—if Nietzsche is required reading and Nietzsche is right that god is dead—what is left of Superman for the college boy? The formal course, which is right there in college along with all the war babies. Only the protagonist has changed and he comes on under another name: "Fearless, Fighting, Paul Mouthed Wonder Wart Hog," for example, of the University of Texas *Ranger*, or Postman (from U.C.L.A.'s *Satyr*), or Fabulous Cockroach Man (Ohio State's *Sundial*) Super Tool (M.I.T.'s *Voo Doo*), or C-Man (Rutgers' *The Rut*). But Wonder Wart Hog, created by Gilbert Shelton and Bill Killeen, is the most famous, the archetype of the new hung up super hang. Hog acts hip, but only some of the time. He can leap over tall buildings all right, but he occasionally trips. He is ugly (yet lovable), complaisant and frequently gauche. He *wants* to triumph over evil more or less, but he is able to take a triumph or leave it. Hog worries, he even panics. The fact is, Wart Hog is almost human. If there is anything instructive in all this, it probably pertains only to the real Superman's enemies: get that boy Clark Kent into college fast.







BOGIE IN EXCELSIS

by Peter Bogdanovich

Nearly a decade dead now, he is suddenly the man of the cult. His movies are every place, to learn why, just pucker up your lips and go

Usually he wore the trench coat unbuttoned, just tied with the belt and a trench hat rarely tilted. Sometimes it was a captain's cap and a yachting jacket. Almost always his trousers were held up by a cowboy belt. You know the kind: one an Easterner, waiting for a plane out of Phoenix buys just as a joke and then takes a liking to. Occasionally, he'd hitch up his slacks with it and he often jabbed his thumbs behind it, his hands ready for a fight or a dame.

Whether it was Sirocco or Casablanca, Martinique or Sahara, he was the only American around (except maybe for the girl) and you didn't ask him how he got there, and he always worked alone—except for the fellow who thought he took care of him, the rummy the piano player, the one he took care of, the one you didn't mess with. There was very little he couldn't do, and in a jam he could do anything—remove a sting from a guy's arm, fix a truck that wouldn't start. He was an excellent driver, knowing precisely how to take those curves or how to lose a guy that was tailing him. He could smell a piece of a broken glass and tell you right away if there'd been person in it or he could walk into a room and know just where the button was that opened the secret door. At the wheel of a boat he was beautiful.

His expression was usually sour and when he smiled only the lower lip moved. There was a scar on his upper lip, maybe that's what gave him the faint lisp. He would tug meditatively at his earlobe when he was trying to figure something out and every so often he had a strange little twitch—a kind of backward jerk of the sides of his mouth coupled with a slight squinting of the eyes. He held his cigarette (a Chesterfield) cupped in his hand. He looked right holding a gun.

Unsentimental was a good word for him. "Leave 'im where he is," he might say to a woman whose husband has just been wounded. "I don't want 'im bleeding all over my cushions." And blunt: "I don't like you. I don't like your friends and I don't like the idea of her bein' married to you." And straight: "When a man's partner is killed he's supposed to do something about it. It doesn't make any difference what you thought of him. He was your partner and you're supposed to do something about it."

He was tough: he could stop you with a look or a line. "Go ahead, slap me," he'd say, or, "That's right, go for it," and there was in the way he said it just the right blend of malice, gleeful anticipation and the promise of certain doom. He didn't like taking orders. Or favors. It was smart not to fool around with him too much.

As for as the ladies were concerned, he didn't have too much trouble with them, except maybe keeping them away. It was the girl who said if he needed anything, all he had to do was whistle: he never said that to the girl. Most of the time he'd call her "angel" and if he liked her he'd tell her she was "good, awful good."

Whatever he was engaged in, whether it was being a reporter, a saloonkeeper, a gangster, a detective, a fishing boat owner, a D.A., or a lawyer, he was impeccably, if casually, a complete professional. "You take chances," someone would say. "I get paid to," was his answer. But he never took himself too seriously. What was his job, a girl would ask. Conspiratorially, he'd lean in and say with the slightest flicker of a grin, "I'm a private dick on a case." He wasn't going to be taken in by Art either: he'd been to college, but he was a bit suspicious of the intellectuals. If someone mentioned Proust he'd ask "Who's he?", even though he knew.

Finally, he was wary of Causes. He liked to get paid for taking chances. He was a man who tried very hard to be Bad because he knew it was easier to get along in the world that way. He always failed because of an innate goodness which easily nauseated him. Almost always he went from belligerent neutrality to reluctant commitment. From "I stick my neck out for nobody." To "I'm no good at being noble, but it doesn't take much to see that the problems of three little people don't amount to a hill of beans in this crazy world." At the start, if the question was, "What are your sympathies?", the answer was invariably, "Minding my own business." But by the end, if asked why he was helping risking his life he might say: "Maybe 'cause I like you. Maybe 'cause I don't like them." Of course it was always "maybe" because he wasn't going to be that much of a sap, wasn't making any speeches, wasn't going to be a Good guy. Probably he rationalized it: "I'm just doing my job." But we felt good inside. We knew better.

Several months ago the New Yorker Theatre in Manhattan ran a cycle of thirty Humphrey Bogart movies. A one-day double bill of *The Big Sleep* and *To Have and Have Not* broke all their attendance records. "I had two hundred people sitting on the floor," said Daniel Talbot, owner of the 430-seat revival house and one of the two producers of *Point of Order*. "It was wild. I had to turn away a couple of hundred people. And that audience! First time Bogie appeared they applauded and that was just the beginning. Any number of scenes got hands. And the laughs! Bogart is very hot right now," Talbot explained. "It's more than a cult: it's something else too. He's not consciously hip, but hip by default. You get the feeling that he lives up to the Code. Anyone who screws up deserves the fate of being rubbed out by Bogart. He's also very American, and his popularity I think, is a reaction to this currently chic craze for foreign films and things foreign in general. With Bogart you get a portrait of a patriot, a man interested in the landscape of America. I think he's an authentic American hero—more existential than, say, Cooper, but as much in the American vein, and more able to cope with the present." Talbot paused and grinned. "Frankly, I just like to watch him at work. He hits people beautifully."

The French have a more intellectual, if nonetheless affectionate, approach to Bogart and the legend he has left behind. As Belmondo stares mystically at a photo of Bogart in Godard's *Breathless* slowly exhaling cigarette smoke and rubbing his lip with his thumb, he murmurs wistfully, "Bogie..." and you can almost hear his director's thoughts echoed, for instance, in the words of the late Andre Bazin, probably France's finest film critic: "Bogart is the man with a past," he wrote in *Cahiers du Cinema* in 1957 a month after Bogart died. "When he comes into a film it is already 'the morning after,' sardonically victorious in his macabre combat with the angel: his face scared by what he has seen and his step heavy from all he has learned; having ten times triumphed over his death, he will surely survive for us this one more time.... The Bogartian man is not defined by his contempt for bourgeois virtues, by his courage or cowardice, but first of all by his existential maturity which little by little transforms life into a tenacious irony at the expense of death." Of course, the French too can have a more basic approach. "Finally in full color," wrote Robert Lachenay in the same magazine, "we see Bogie as he was in real life—as he was to Betty Bacall every night on his pillow.... I loved Bogart even better then. ..."

The Bogart cult has been perpetuated for the last several years in colleges all over the United States. "I met a *(Continued on page 175)*





Jim McMullan

FITZGERALD ATTENDS MY FITZGERALD SEMINAR

by Vance Bourjaily

It is a frequent not a favorite fantasy of mine (Professor Short said) that one Tuesday afternoon when I arrive at Building UTBF to teach my graduate seminar in the work of F Scott Fitzgerald he is there—a pale nominally handsome man waiting for the class to start He sits, I imagine, facing the desk where I will sit, as if he were to be one of the students in the next to-last of the five rows of seats in my small plain classroom.

Two of the dozen graduate students enrolled in the course are already there as well, a neatly dressed boy a tall girl who came together We are all three (all four) a little early

"Hello Mr Short" says the boy, whose name is Miles Hubbert and the girl smiles blandly

The intruder—well, the auditor The auditor has placed himself as far away as is tactful from the student pair not in the farthest seat left (left as I will face the class) but one chair in from that final outside row I have noticed that students in a small classroom always tend to group toward my right and I wonder if he didn't realize this when he chose his place

I knew who he was at a glance, of course though my student pair, as well as those who will be along in a few minutes, may not. They are less accustomed than I to pondering those photographs seeing him, I wonder again if the word "handsome" would have attached itself to this man had he not himself asserted that such was his appearance.

I am speaking you understand only of the appearance as pictured. I was sixteen when he died and never actually saw him, nor is there any reason why I should have But the man in the photographs has never seemed a handsome one to me A masked man rather even in that young picture where he and Zelda and Scottie are all kicking out their feet in a dance step—the mask is debonair merry, appealing saved from smugness only in being somehow tentative but only ordinarily good-looking. The bones which stretch the mask are grave bones and their marrow is pain Or is this the afterlight of anybody brought up on America e Monday morning? No matter Surely one would rather look like any photographs of the young Hemingway As one would rather look like Clark Gable than—could I cite these to my students? Hardly —Leslie Howard or Lew Ayres. (Not, no, that I look like any of these in my photographs I think that I look bright-eyed and appalled like a raccoon caught in the headlights of a car)

As I turn from behind the desk my eyes meet his (not a raccoon's but a wild bird's) he seems to be asking me not to make known who he is I could not refuse him anything, not today anyway for he looks disconcertingly middle-aged drawn painfully sober—but less out-of-place than you might think, sitting in a scratched-oak classroom seat with earnest lo writing Yes, he could be such a curious older visitor as we sometimes have—someone from another department of the University, an out-of town guest of mine—to the students incautious human eyes They will register white shirt and quiet tie but not the odd cut and wrong color of the business suit it is the grey flannel which did not become unfashionable until I myself was in an Ivy League college in the padded rut of the Late Depression By it I know which period he is in —post-*Crack Up*, Hollywood *The Last Tycoon* Budd Schulberg Sheilah Graham Arnold Gingrich The last month He is already fatally forty-four The final period

Immediately I am confused at thinking of him in this way confused because though it feels cold to me I concede that he might like to contemplate the institutionalizing of himself that the division into periods connotes In the twenty-three years since he died, this way of describing his life as if it were merely a career has become a convenience universally used by teachers and their students. There is not a youngster entering who could not (and as the most obvious kind of literacy information) tell you the order of publication of the books, describe the critical and popular reaction to each one and tell you how things were going for him when he wrote it Yes, it would likely please him it is a kind of attention which he died believing he would never get, nor even merit Yet only one more years—all he'd have had to do was get past fifty as Hemingway and Faulkner did to see the processing start up! an emotional preface here an M A thesis there brief learned articles, larger ones, fictional treatments studies of the doctoral level while books on American becomes subject matter

Four more students are seating themselves Petey Luther among them I wish this particular bright hersh boy—my best student—had not today I hear his impatient voice arguing and it causes me such alarm that I suddenly consider dismissing the class Fitzgerald and I could get a beer Well no, some coffee, I suppose. Yes, fine. Mr Short Just what he's come here for the privilege of watching you drop saccharine tablets into bad coffee And would you offer him a Hershey bar? The condemned man's last meal retasted (it was a Hershey bar you know that Sheilah Graham reports she gave him when he asked for something sweet eating there calmly in the Hollywood apartment reading *The Princeton Alumni Weekly*, a few minutes before his heart quit)

(Almonds? That was a prep-school joke male or female Hershey? I suppose he must have known that one Ah foot note writer, ah diseased, ah, ghoulish ah Short what a grand fellow and wise teacher the world has in you.)

'Will it disturb you if I attend today Professor?' He asks it softly placing his question under the clamor of youthful statement. His voice is cultivated easy, touched with a protective whimsy to make it possible for me to say he must leave From this I can guess that it is not my teaching of his work that he has come to hear but what the young men will say How could I not have known it?

You'll be very welcome!

But if you'd rather I left?' Painful courtesy extending the anxiety of his moment for it would destroy him were I to say *Yes go.*

"Please stay!"

The students pay very little attention to this quiet conversation, for they are having a loud one of their own—a real bickering, I-know-his-goddamn batting-average-better-than you kind of conversation about George Orwell's *Burmese Days* Petey Luther thinks it's the finest novel of the twentieth century Kevin Candlekirk tricky debater is leading the Luther kid on

"Don't you think British Colonial matters are a little old hat? That's a topee of course—Maugham's old pith helmet Conrad's white fork"

"Yeah? Fith on you Candlekirk," says Petey

"Orwell was an officer, wasn't he Petey?

Such classroom manners and with girls present have startled my auditor ending our own small discussion Only the first boy Miles Hubbert has followed it and he looks at the visitor rather closely I have seen Hubbert on campus several times recently with this same tall blond girl (She is not his wife She has a magnificent figure. She does not belong in my course She is vapid.) Hubbert looks at me and back at the pale man so seriously with such open curiosity that no even if he did do his undergraduate work at Princeton I should not let him guess Hubbert by the way has three children back in a Quonset hut across the river Before the tall girl whose name I can't yet remember (it is still early in the semester the third class meeting but now I do remember it Betty Cass Collins) before that, Miles Hubbert used to be seen on campus with a cute medium-tall girl called Janssy I enjoy Janssy who has taken a number of my courses and would have expected her to be in this one I feel that Hubbert is to blame for her not having registered for it He must have changed extramarital girls just about registration time Since his contribution to a class session is to listen oloofly for two hours not quite smiling saying nothing, I

There sit the students of 1964, here stands their teacher—and back there, in the rear of the room, sits Scott himself, listening eagerly, at first, and thinking God knows what



"Whatever it is, we're up to our necks in it!"

reseut him just a little. "Two hours is a long time to keep things going and an alert, pretty girl like Janssy is a great help. Hubbert's new girl (Betty *Cass* Collins—why *Cass* for Christ's sake?) is as quiet as he is, but not *like* he is: the quietness of cows is not like that of foxes.

"Who's asking you to repudiate Orwell?" Kevin Candlekirk cries, still teasing Petey Luther. "All I'm asking you to do, leaving Orwell out of it, is to name one first rate novelist—just one—who was also a first rate thinker? How about Dostoevsky, say, on politics? Or religion?"

"All right, he was a bum. Does that make Camus into a bum, too?"

"No—but it doesn't make *The Stranger* into *War and Peace*, either."

"What about Joyce?" Petey's tone isn't really angry, but if you didn't know him you might think it was.

"I don't think I'd want Joyce to marry my sister," Kevin says, and they all laugh, even Petey—but not Miles Hubbert, who only smiles slightly. And not the cow-girl, who cannot be presumed to have understood.

I glance at the auditor and see that the irreverence both pains and excites him. Joyce was a hero to him.

"We'll wait a minute or two," I announce. Petey and Kevin look at me startled, I suppose, at the nervousness in my voice. "For the others," I explain. "The rest." My students are not prompt. Nevertheless, all are here, probably—who will be—eight out of the twelve—except for a girl named Eartha Hearn who is characteristically the least prompt and the most eager to be on time. Eartha has a paper due today and will wheeze in distraught apologetic from a useless run through the parking area outside which I will wish she had spared herself. And here she is, hesitating at the door now, panting—smart, disheveled, overweight Eartha—and another girl behind her? Yes. Yes, by God—it is—Janssy!

"Professor Short," Janssy sings gaily and all in a rush, pushing past Eartha Hearn and standing, legs open on the balls of her feet, pink hand on the desk leaning at me. "I registered late. Okay? I mean, I read *This Side of Flapdeedoodle* and Petey and Kevin told me what you said and they said, and the book for today so I'm all caught up and I've even got a surprise, okay?"

I wince at Flapdeedoodle. I cannot see past her to know if he does. She blocks the view with soft sweater under open corduroy overcoat and I can't speak. I have always liked to look at Janssy and whether she knows this or not, she does know that I'll agree to let her join the course. I had counted speaking and try again to look past her at the pale man.

"But you have to sign my slip," she scolds and smiles and frowns all high raquetry as a girl might demand a kiss in public.

"After. After class, Janssy," I say and she tilts her head, executes a ravishment, and slips into a seat by Kevin and Petey, ignoring the vacant one by Eartha Hearn with whom she came in. How does she look at Miles Hubbert, her former—what lover, boyfriend, escort? Hubbert's face registers nothing more than its usual amused eagerness.

"Let's settle down, please." I say more crossly than I meant to. "We have a lot to cover." Kevin's hand goes up. "Yes, Kevin?"

"Something from last week," he says.

"All right."

"Just for perspective. We were talking about *This Side of Paradise* as if it were an undergraduate's novel," he says. "As if Fitzgerald were some kind of boy wonder. But look, he was twenty-three. Grad-student age, not a college kid. He'd been in the Army already. He'd even written one book and had it turned down."

"Yes." I say. "Of course. But you realize this was the same book, don't you? With a new title and some further revision. A good deal of it *had* been done while he was still at Princeton. As we were saying, portions of it had actually been printed several years earlier, in the *Nassau Lit*."

"So much the worse, though, wouldn't you say? I mean, can you imagine a real boy genius like Rimbaud having the kind of ego where you're going to reuse everything you ever wrote. Instead of the other kind of ego where you keep tearing it up, still striving for something perfect?"

"He didn't need Edmund Wilson," Petey Luther says. Apparently he and Kevin have been rehearsing this. "He needed a wastebasket."

I hardly dare look at the visitor, but I do. He seems—oh, quizzical, I suppose. Realizing that the young are never generous in making allowances for youth. Very well, then, I will be tactically cautious in opposing class opinion for the moment; I will wait for a better opening, later in the period.

Still, I must establish that concession is not to be my posture at any point today, so I say, "You know a novel's a good deal harder to throw away than a poem. It's several years of work, not just a few days. And remember, the form itself, the novel, as an American expression shaped to the times wasn't all laid out for him as it might be for one of you. It still had to be developed, it had to go through the hands of men like, well like Fitzgerald himself as he was when he got done with *Gatsby*."

"Anyway, Petey," says Janssy, "different people mature at different ages."

"You were speaking of perspective," I say. "Perhaps it would be better to come back to this point later in the course."

"Rimbaud was probably a boring old man of twenty-three," the girl insists, and obviously this is for Miles Hubbert to hear. "Who'd want him?"

"Let's get to today's work," I say, but then I am reluctant to say what comes next. I know the visitor is going to be distressed, but there is no way around it. I avoid looking at him and stare at bland, blonde Betty *Cass* Collins: there are two sorts of girls one looks at in class: the Janssys whom one enjoys looking at and forgets, and the Betty Casses, whom one sees with irritation, but whose coeducated bodies and sorority-group faces stay on in the mind. You feel you could do anything with such a girl not because she seems sensual, but because she seems stupid. What bland blendings with blind blonde blandly—yes. Short. And sometimes you realize that an aura of such stupidity is something they wear to attract, like perfume and seems as little.

I continue to stare at Blah Cass Collings, and say what I have to say.

"Today, as you know, we will discuss the second book, the short-story collection *Flappers and Philosophers*." But neither the clear-skinned, alphabetaface nor the unsuggestive knees of Miss Collins can hold my eyes away from his; they are stricken, the bird shot down. Why on his only visit, must we talk about the least of his books? Why can we not be celebrating the great, achieved works, *Gatsby* and *Tender Is the Night*? Or discussing the tragic self-appraisal of *The Crack Up*, in which every thing is revealed but the one essential thing: how does genius survive the remorseless plots it makes against its own fulfillment? Hell, *The Last Tycoon* or even one of the other story collections; [illegible].

"Yes, Eartha?" It is told about this bright girl, with her good mind and bad teeth, that she alone raises her hand when she wishes to speak, and will not begin until recognized. The rest in my undisciplined class, push their way in and out of discussion at will. New York manners. Where were you brought up, in a subway?

"Yes, Eartha?" But Eartha Hearn is from New York, and is polite. Janssy from a little town in Illinois, and steps on my feet whenever she leads it to her step. Petey and Kevin are New York boys, true to type. Miles Hubbert? The East. I do not know where new girls come from, only that one time one goes away, another comes.

"Yes, Eartha?" There are others in the class, as indicated, but let them stay out of focus: they will get their C-pluses and B-minuses when the time comes. "Yes?"

Have I said, "Yes, Eartha," once or four times? Does the visitor sympathize with my uncertainty, or hold it in distaste? But I'm a scraper. Scott, really I am capable of rudeness too—no, He. Ten years of practice in academic manners and the false tolerance for other views which covers up uncertainty, to obtain unchallenged comfort for my family (the Professor's little daughters may play on even terms with doctor's children here), stand between this present and my scrapping days. I have become a fraud who risks nothing but a hopeful good humor and a restraint which permits many impositions.

"Professor Short, about my seminar paper—" Oh, boy. Here we go. Eartha's excuse for not having done on time the paper that she's supposed to read here today. Some unanswerably drab female medical excuse, I suppose. And then what shall I do with two hours? Lecture? Without notes? Well, maybe—yes, yes, it could be best at that. For me to lecture spontaneously out of the feeling I have letting the words and ideas come as they will—this is something I haven't done since my instructor days when sometimes, I was so full of a subject (yes, in a sophomore lit survey course, even there talking about *Tom Jones* or *The Scarlet Letter*!)—so full of it that notes would have been too confining, a hindrance. Hooray for nerves, I will save the day.

"Professor—we made a change." Eartha says. "If it's all right?"

I frown, insincerely.

"I mean, Janssy wanted to share doing the paper with me. So I have a general paper on the book, and she'd like to talk about one particular story afterward. I mean, since she's just joined the course? And—"

Oh, all right. Let Janssy save the day, then. The girl's always been a bear for extra work. All right. I find a smile somewhere and present it. "Which story will it be, Janssy? *Bernice Bobs Her Hair*?" The best story in the book in many ways: the auditor has a *(Continued on page 193)*



Photographs by Robert Frèson

Photo-optical, Cartographical & Literary Footnotes to a Survey of the American Socio-Intellectual Enclave in the City of

Tangier

Text and Captions by William Burroughs

In these foreign suburbs here, a map of Tangier on a flaking plaster wall I look from photo layout to the map and drive pins in the map pointing location of the photos The wall is grey and metallic under the plaster electricity leaking into the walls the way it does in these old houses, you can get a shock from these pins Look at the map It won't be there long Departed have left no address Your reporter selects a clipping from file labeled Daily Express, *Saturday, April 25, 1964 (London). "This is America New York, Friday Research team spoke into a tape recorder which was then played through a sound spectograph The machine converted the words into pictures looking like contour lines on a relief map" Relief map of old words and photos They all went away In 1929, year of the St Louis tornado, when all the records went up wasn't nothing for it but to survey the county They called in Old Arch to do the job and a heap of folk didn't own what they thought after the Big Survey Wasn't a less liked man in Interzone than Old Arch standing there with the cold spring news "The last carnival is being pulled down, buildings and stars laid flat for storage" What's in Tangier? Look at the map Your reporter leafs through back*

(Turn the page)



Paul Bowles (opposite), composer and author came to Tangier in 1931 at the advice of Gertrude Stein. He has written The Sheltering Sky, Let It Come Down, The Spider's House. *His new book is* A Life Full of Holes, *translated from the Maghrebi of Driss ben Hamed Charhadi. 2 William Burroughs and his son who intends to be a writer and has written poetry and short stories*

numbers of the (now defunct) Tangier Gazette, Moroccan Courier, Moorish *"English Made Easy for Beginners, January 17, 1947 Today we are going to study the verb* fix *The general meaning of* fix *is to fit together or put in place, as I fixed the notice to The Board. Still another meaning is to set right or put in order I fixed that up all right Other meanings are to* fix *a date" November 8, 1957 "Restaurant 1001 on Garibaldi Street reopened last week with a large cocktail party Manager Brico Gysin is back Among those present were Mr & Mrs James Skelton (it will be recalled that Mrs Skelton is the former Mrs Mary Cook of Seattle), veteran traveler David Edgo, Mr Peter Mayne author of* The Narrow Smile *Mr David Lamont Hamri, the Moroccan painter, Mr Marten, Mr Jones, Monsieur Jean, and Barnaby Bliss your reporter" Friday, May 31, 1957 "Explosions demolished the contraband ships* Batta *(English-owned under the British flag) and the* Red Witch *(Lithuanian owned under the Costa Rican flag) in Tangier port during the early hours of Monday, May 20 At approximately two a.m. the* Batta *blew up killing the Spanish watchman aboard. At three a.m., police and firemen over the scene, the* Red Witch *went sky high"*



3 Charles Gallagher of the American Universities Field Staff. A specialist in Arab affairs 4 Omar Pound, son of Ezra Pound, is Director of The American School in Tangier 5 Alan Anson, poet, critic, resident 6 Jane Bowles, whose play In the Summer House *was a Broadway success She was born in New York City, educated in Switzerland, has published a novel,* Two Serious Ladies

July 31, 1959 "Newest of the galaxy of bars to open is Top Hat on the Avenue Espana, decorated by George Jantzi with Peter Lacey at the piano" February 6, 1942 "One of the mysteries of Tangier Sergeant T (for Terrence) Hemingway Gibraltar Security Police aged thirty one, death certificate at the British Consulate Five other names with the same date Explosion at the port February 6, 1942 Bomb in a mail sack? Mine against the quay? Dust and smoke, "The Man Who Never Was" The enemy still insists Stern's British ultimatum of peace or war To the sound of alarm bells English made easy 1 2 3 4 This is the fourth listen Look at the map Sky full of holes flaking plaster Dead folks talk dem yerky far away now August 25, 1955 Charles Gallagher's latest get together held at his new apartment on the top floor of the Old Flatiron Building had its moments of suspense So strong was the crosswind from the open front door through the balcony that every time the door was opened to let somebody in or out the subsequent blast of air all but blew all the guests on the balcony over the retaining wall A closed-door policy saved the guests Those who risked their lives and had a lot of fun doing it were Mr and Mrs Paul Bowles, Rupert

(Turn the page)



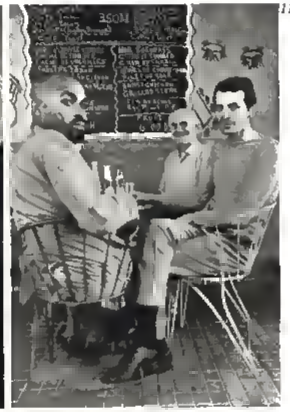
7 Austin Wilcox paints typical Tangier scenes on the Atlantic beach 8 Café owner Jay Hazlewood on the roof of his Kasbah home with Mary Rogers daughter of Will Rogers She is active in Tangier society 9 Mrs James McBey, wife of the late James McBey, internationally known painter and etcher, lives on her thirty acre property overlooking the Straits of Gibraltar

Craft-Cooke, Chris Wanklyn, Bill Burroughs, Dave Wellman (your reporter) and Eric Gifford, who now works with the Gibraltar Broadcasting Service." How many Tangier residents were listed in Who's Who *February, 1958? Paul Bowles, composer and author, studied with Aaron Copland and Virgil Thomson, composed music for* Summer and Smoke. *October 9, 1959- "That taxi that burned for a few minutes last Tuesday afternoon on Mohamed V' April 8, 1955 "We know of one soul who was presented with an electric bill for $42. There had been an electric leak in this particular dwelling." 'Twas the rain-riddled late afternoon of December 13, 1955, at the Villa Mounsria Calle Cook. Author Bill Burroughs was writing a letter in his penthouse quarters. Suddenly a stream of men, some carrying guns, opened Burroughs' door and looked in. The explanation is that the Villa Mounsria is for sale and these were guides for the "Black Bernous" none other than the ex-Sultan of Morocco Mohammed ben Arafa. Burroughs, the most politically neutral man in Africa, said "Ben Arafa? Quien es? January 21, 1955 "Madame Terefon Laila, clairvoyant, is now telling fortunes at the Rembrandt Hotel. There's a new policeman on Goya St.*

10

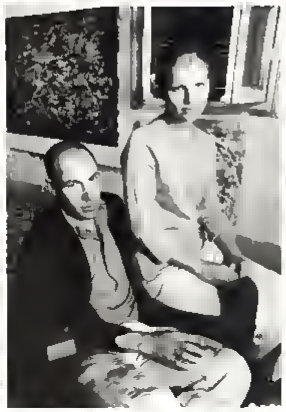


11.



12





13., 14.



10 The Old Teahouse kinda run down now. 11 Ted Jones of Timbuctoo, Norway and Tangier poet, world traveler (left) and old showman talking to John Mitchell, former manager of The Fat Black Pussy Cat, N.Y.C. where the poetry readings started in the Fifties with Ginsberg, Corso, McClure, is here pictured in Tangier bar of the same name. 12 Stuart Church with Hettie

15



McGee in his antique shop a few doors down from Jay Haviland's Parade Bar on rue des Vignes. 13 Achmed Jacoubi and friend. Jacoubi is a Moroccan painter who took his paintings off the wall and went to New York. Here pictured in his house on Calle Moulay Idriss. 14 Race Newton at the piano in The Fat Black Pussy Cat. 15 Two post beats in a room that could be anytime anywhere.

THE MISTRESS

BY GINA BERRIAULT

It was almost an hour after his arrival before he was introduced to her, and in that time she watched him from her vantage ground in the bow of the window that gave her a view of the garden and of the long room filled with people. She watched him because she knew at once, gazing down through the diamond panes to see how a boy came up through a garden to a house filled with party—this one coming up briskly to outdistance his shyness—that he was the son of the man who had been her lover ten years ago, the son who had these six then. She knew because the similarity was so striking she felt that she was gazing down upon the lover as he must have been at sixteen and at a moment when he had lifted his face to attempt an impassive scanning of the windows and found, in one, the face of a strange woman transfixed by him. She watched him enter the room, be kissed by the hostess, and pick his way between groups and couples, his head bent with apology and with a determination that was affected, since he was, she suspected, looking for no one in particular but only yearning to be halted, to be embraced, to be enclosed by some group and by the entire party. For several minutes he stood only a yard away from her, half-in and half-out of a group holding his goblet of sherry and gazing down as if waiting for the wine to be joggled from his glass to the rug. He was tall; he was almost a man; he was on the verge of composure—she saw it alternate with discomfort—and his presence among adults, most of whom were strangers to him reminded her of the legend of Theseus entering as a stranger the kingdom he was to rule someday, a son unknown to the king, his father, and to all the subjects.

She watched him because he was completely absorbing to her, combining as he did the familiar figure of the father with the enticing strangeness of the boy himself. She was thirty-six, the number of her husband's was three (the present one had been unable to attend the afternoon party), and the number of her lovers who had meant something to her was firmly affixed in her memory at one and that one had been the father of the boy whom she was spying on now. The elderly man on the bench beside her was so enamored of her—his old black eyes glancing out untiringly from fat inside the folds of eyelids at her crossed legs and bare, bracelet arms—that he was unaware and therefore unhurt by her own glancing and gazing at someone else.

The boy was following the hostess as she went her rounds. Every joke, every anecdote being more amusing to her than to anybody else, she was constantly bending her knees to laugh, bending her body in its tight, green dress, and far a time she used the boy as partner in this dance, grasping his shoulder and bending toward him until her forehead touched the pit of his stomach. But she was almost as small as an elf and whatever postures she adopted were not exaggerated, as they would be with a larger person, but simply made her presence known. Although he chatted eagerly enough with those she introduced him to, he always left them after a time to find the hostess again, as if unbody but she could give him a reason for being there, and when, at last, the hostess brought him over to her in her window, she knew as they approached that the hostess regarded her as perhaps the only person who could restrain the boy from his trailing. So here was the boy, at last; the resemblance to his father defined less by closeness than by distance, now he was himself altogether; there was nothing that was a replica of his father's, there were only sharp clues, a continual reminding. The elderly man to her right, rather than appear to be pushed off into oblivion by the two younger persons turned toward each other, rose with a sprightly tugging at the sad coat and offered to bring her another gin and tonic. She refused the offer charmingly, relieved and also reluctant to see him go, for any man's attentiveness was appreciated. It was not an appreciation she had come by lately, she had always, even in her youth, felt the need to thank the admirer for admiring.

"She's a good friend of my mother," he said when they spoke of the hostess and her vivacity.

"Is your mother here?" she asked brightly, implying that if the son was so delightful a person to meet then the mother must also be met and delighted in before the party was over.

He said that his mother was staying with her sister in another city, and she wondered if the woman was being cared for by the sister, remembering that at one time during her affair with the boy's father, the wife had left, after a wild scene, and gone to her sister's, taking the child, and had been ill there for weeks.

"Your father is he here?" she asked, knowing that he was in London and that he had transferred himself there four years ago, right after the divorce.

"He lives in London." The boy fumbled out a packet of matches from his coat pocket and lit her cigarette with a steady flame that compensated for his awkwardness. "I spent the summer over there."

"How is he?" she asked. "He was more a friend of mine." That innocuous information, what she told to the son, was like a revelation of the truth. When recalled for the son, the memory of the father was as fresh and pervasive to her as if the affair had begun or been broken only the day before.

"Great, great." the son said. "He's married again, a Frenchwoman, and they've got a baby now, a little girl." She felt, listening, that the son and herself were both attached to him by love, by resentment, by all the responses of the ones left in the past of somebody of prominence and promise and a life of his own and who had no time or inclination for memories of past loves. "I wouldn't like living there all the time," he said. "London that is,' laughing in case she might think he meant in his father's house.

"How does he look now?" she asked.

"Look?"

'Fatter, skinnier, grey or bald?"

"Oh, thinner, I'd say."

"Oh, yes, thinner," she cried, laughing. "He's the fibrous kind. They get tough and fibrous like dried fruit." They let themselves go with laughing. Other guests glanced over at them, surprised by and disapproving of this sudden intrusion of loud laughter into the several conversations around them. 'Grey yet?" she asked, arching her brows.

"No, no, not at all," he said. "Got fewer grey hairs than I do." A splash of sherry as her leg as he, clumsy with clowning, transferred the glass to riffle his hair with his right hand.

"Nothing," she assured him, laughing. "It's nothing." But the clumsiness reminded them of that insufficiency in the self the *manqué* element that is felt by the person left in somebody else's past, the persons who were not in step and who are rather shocked by their own lagging. They stopped their laughing, and she saw that he was wondering about her—why she should laugh so eagerly over the present description of an old friend and why she could so easily compel him to join with her.

She rose suddenly, reaching down for his hand, all done in a moment as if he were doing the convincing and she was spontaneously amenable. "Come on, let's walk in the garden," she said over her shoulder as he followed her through the crowd, their hands linked. She turned her profile to him as they stood, delayed by a congestion of guests near the door, and spoke late his ear as he emptyingly bent his head down. "When the air gets thick with smoke and gossip and hi-fi jazz, I can't breathe," she whispered hoarsely, and seeing him frown solicitously, baffled and worried, as if she had named a rare disease she had, she reached up and patted his cheek to convey to him that her complaint wasn't serious. They each enjoyed the other's concern and laughing about it pushed out into the wide arc of the brick steps.

THE PASSIONATE AFFAIR WAS
OVER YEARS AGO
TIME BRINGS
NEW WISDOM,
NEW MATURITY, NEW PAIN



She released his hand the moment they were in the open and took his elbow instead, and swung along beside him with a movement in her hips more pronounced than she had tried for a long time, sure however that she was like an Italian actress with the camera following within the limits of gracefulness yet wandering why her responses to the boy must be so extravagant. They crossed the bricks she had watched him cross and stepped out into the garden where other guests were walking the brick paths or sitting around the fancy white ironwork tables. The flowers were so large and perfect that the garden seemed a greenhouse and this illusion was intensified by the humid air.

"It reminds me of Mazatlán this weather," she said. "The weeks before the rains came. Hot, hot, everybody sat along the beaches, the esplanade, till way past midnight, children and everybody. I remember the night the storm came, the first storm, the little trees by the window were beat over horizontal and the lightning continuous, sheets of lightning and rain and wind, and the coolness coming into the windows but still the air warm. I remember I went out into it, wrapped my raincoat over my nightgown and went out, but someone looking out a window told me to get back in, it was dangerous, the lightning and the rain all over the ground in a flood." She glanced away. "The sand there is pink and gold and weird birds I guess they're vultures of some kind, hover above the beach. At night you can see the lights of La Paz across the water or think you can. Your father was there at the time. He was there, too. In Mazatlán."

"Did you meet him there?" he asked.

"We knew each other before," she said and was unbearably impatient to tell him, to reveal to him a woman from out his father's life, a woman he had not known existed, impotient to compel him to see her as he would imagine his father had seen her and to experience far a time, for the afternoon, what she had meant to his father, impatient to re-create the father and herself, the lovers. With her head bowed over a yellow leaf she had picked up, she walked down the path a step ahead of him to contend with her urge to reveal to him that which aught to be left in the father's past and in her own.

"I remember he went to Mexico when I was six," he said. "He wrote me a letter. I was just learning to write and I answered him. He kept my letter. My mother has it. God, the spelling!"

"He went there with me," she said. "Or I went with him. We were lovers."

She had told him to experience again, as she was doing now as he followed her, the delight known to the desired and the desirous at once, as she had known it years ago. She had told him to experience again that greater awareness of herself, of the shifting and floating of the weightless silk around her thighs of the silken threads of her hair that, glimpsed from the corner of her eye were like spider's web in the sun, seen and not seen. She had told him to experience again that woman she had been years ago, followed by the man, the father, who had found her lovely. When he came alongside her she glanced at him to see her effect upon him and saw the face of a sick child.

They stood in the shade of trees, and all things—the fragrance of the flowers, the tang of the limes from the drinks on a table close by, the voices in conversation among the trees and flowers, the heat of the day, some dust in the air from somewhere on the other side of the high wrought-iron fence, everything served to make his face that of a boy takes sick at a picnic. "I remember you," he said, pressing at the leaves on the brick with his heel. "I don't mean that I met you. I just mean I remember you."

'How?" she asked, sensing something to be alarmed about.

"The time, I mean," he said. "I remember the time."

"The time?" She felt the loss of herself, as if she no longer existed even in anyone's memory, her features, her voice, all forgotten. Only the time remained as a frame empty of its picture of a lovely woman.

"My mother used to cry," he explained. "She seemed to be crying all the time. And they would quarrel when he came home. Sometimes the mascara ran down her cheeks in black tears."

"But they weren't getting along even before he met me."

"Yes, I suppose," he said. "But she cried anyway about you."

He lifted his eyes in the silence he had enforced and she saw that his eyes were a child's accusing eyes, the eyes of a child troubled by his mother's troubles, seeing his mother's face frighteningly streaked by the mascara, hearing the quarreling voices through a wall, through a door left carelessly open.

"You shouldn't have told me," he said.

"Or committed the crime ten years ago?" she asked, the wise, ironical woman ridiculing the child.

"No, no, I know more about people now," he said, defending his own store of wisdom. "I just said you shouldn't have said it, that's all," trying to tell her that he was ashamed for reacting as a child, thrusting his mother between them, and that she should not have forced him back into the past, into the child loyal to the mother, when he was experiencing the pleasure of her company, the company of a strange woman giving him her time and gracefulness and wit, gifts that implied his maturity.

The shame he felt for reacting as a child and the love aroused for that memory of his mother struggled together, forbidding any further ease with her. They walked side by side past guests who fell silent as they went silently by, much like lovers who have had their concluding quarrel. They made a circle of the garden and at the table nearest the steps she stopped to chat with a friend. The boy went on before she could introduce him, and, glowering after him, she saw his slender, long legs hurrying across the shallow brick steps, saw that his body was tense again with strangeness that he was no longer persuaded by her into a belief in his desirability as her companion for the afternoon. He was the child running away from the adult that the other adults expected him to be.

The woman she was chatting with drew out from behind her a round yellow cushion and tossed it onto the seat of the empty chair. She sat down, placed her elbows on the table and continued the chatting, smoking and smiling, nodding and exclaiming, and seeing the face of his mother weeping black bitter tears. That woman had come now between herself and a re-creation of the past as, years ago she had come between that woman and the present the other had desired. She sat with her bare arms on the table, laughing at a joke, observing how the circle of trees and the round white table and the soft pointillistic light through the leaves all gave the group around the table the intimacy of a group in a painting observing of the presence of herself adding more animation, more color to the scene, but seeing, all the time the face of the weeping woman. There was nothing that could have been done to change the situation then, there was unhappiness and tears for that woman long before she, the mistress, appeared in their lives, there was nothing that could have been done even of this identification with that other woman had been experienced at that time, but the fact of her indifference then, of her inability to probe the depth of the other woman's suffering struck her now as a tragic thing. She felt that she was a hundred years old finding that the person in her memory who now affected her the most was not the one she had loved the most but the one she had understood the least. She turned partly away from the woman she was talking with and reaching over the back of her chair, picked a red velvety leaf from a small tree blossoming with purple flowers, and with this activity concealed the weeping face of the other woman that was discernible, she was sure, in her own face. ✠

Drawing by Nancy Grossman



"I'm afraid the doctor's not himself today."

A WHITE MAN IN HARLEM

by Gay Talese

Gone are the days when their heads were bending low; they now stand menacingly erect

Harlem jumps with noisy children and nervous cats, is littered with the limp limbs of winos and rats and unemployed black men playing checkers along sidewalks, and its streets are speckled with broken glass and nails. Flat-tire Town.

I am white. I prefer not going there alone. But if I go with a white girl, it might look like slumming. If I go with a Negro girl, it could mean trouble. If I ask a Negro man, a friend, to accompany me, it is obvious I am using him. If I go with another white man it might seem we are on the prowl.

I go alone, but I wear dark glasses even on cloudy days. Behind them my roving eyes are not so conspicuous, and maybe, just maybe, I wear them also to shield part of myself from Harlem, part of Harlem from me.

Still I feel I am being watched. I feel that people are staring down at me from tenement windows and asking, "What the hell you doing up here, whitey?"

"Look," I want to yell back, "I'm not a plainclothesman. I'm not the rent collector. And I didn't create this goddamned dirty place. I am a newspaperman, see, and I was sent up here. So don't bug me, man, get the hell off my back, beat it. . . ."

No, no, that won't work; that talk might have worked a few years ago, but not today. I am in enemy territory now. So I remind myself that I must be polite, must speak softly, must walk with caution. I must try to show them that I am honest, sincere. I would like to seem casual in Harlem, but I am aware that in attempting this pose, I become self-conscious.

So I try not to think about being casual—only polite, though not too polite . . . just polite enough not to seem offensive.

I do not want to offend these Negro boys leaning against my parked car, their feet resting on the tires that they may soon slash, I do not want to offend this grizzled black panhandler who is now shuffling toward me, red-eyed and sweaty, mumbling,

"Hey Mistah, gimme quarter."

"Sorry," I say softly.

"You *sonofabitch* . . ."

I say nothing.

I walk on, relieved he is not following me. I walk on past the teeming taverns, past the churches, through the sidewalk jazz from record shops, past the checkerboards of dark lovely women, women with tight skirts and long legs and strong shoulders and big, bouncing breasts.

careful, careful, white boy, don't steal a second look! They'll catch you. Don't let them know what you are thinking because nobody will help you now.

In Harlem now all white men, even cops, are running scared. They are scared because four whites have just been murdered in Harlem, killed probably just because they were white, scared because of the growing popularity of the Black Muslims and the revelation that there is now a black Blood Brother gang dedicated to maiming whites, scared because, downtown, the Mayor and clergy are scared, the politicians—black and white—are scared, the newspapers and television networks are scared, scared enough to suddenly reach out and hire more Negro newsmen and to quickly flash more black faces onto the television screen, hoping this might show how democratic the white man can be—but it also shows that he is scared.

The white merchants with shops along 125th Street, nearly all Jewish, admit to this fear. They tell me they are afraid to remain in their stores alone, and they clamp metal grilles over their windows at night.

They are no longer at ease with their Negro employees, and they are careful not to talk about politics or other controversial topics with their Negro customers, fearing it may lead to arguments, and worse.

"Why don't you leave?" I ask one elderly Jewish merchant.

"Look, I got my whole life wrapped up in this store," he says, and I wonder if there were Jews in Germany saying the same thing twenty-five years ago.

"But," the merchant in Harlem continues, "things are getting worse. I mean, these Negroes in Harlem always stole from us, but now they're more brazen about it. They used to steal when we weren't looking; but now, in broad daylight a Negro fella will walk in, will try on an $18.75 hat, and say, 'Looks nice on me.' Then he'll walk out the door without paying."

"Why don't you chase after him?" I ask.

"Look, I don't want trouble," he says. "That old lady up the block got stabbed to death for less. But I'll tell ya, if somebody would give me a fair price for this place, I'd get out of here—fast. We all would."

I know his fear, earlier it had happened to me. I had seen six young Negro men, members of the Black Nationalists, picketing in front of a shop on 125th Street that was selling ladies' blonde wigs. The men walked in a slow circle in front of the shop holding sticks bearing the sign "GO HOME, WHITEY," and they also wore on their heads homemade wigs designed from yellow mops.

I asked one of them why he was picketing, but he would not answer. He just kept circling with his sign. I asked another man, "Who's the leader of these pickets?" and he nodded toward a tall man wearing a gaunlet and leaning against a car at the curb.

When I asked him the reason for the demonstration, he glared at me, then snapped, "We don't want any blonde bitches in Harlem!"

I wrote a few notes in my pad, then walked off. But five minutes later, on my way back, I saw the tall man pointing to me, motioning me with his finger.

"You want me?" I asked.

"Yeah, what'd you write to that pad?"

"What you said."

"Give it here," he said.

"Why?" I asked, mildly.

"*Gimme it here!*"

His eyes went cold, and the men wearing the mopheads now moved toward me and began to circle slowly around me.

I handed my notes to the tall man. He tore them up, flung them into the gutter. I said nothing. I tried to show no reaction at all. Then I walked cautiously through the circle and quietly up 125th Street, shaken, wondering if those people up in the tenement windows had seen, wondering where the hell the cops were—and thinking, too, how it all begins in Harlem, this hate and fear. I know it is not with the whites or blacks when they are very young; there is only "love" for the just-born Negro child even in a white hospital, the child being carried through the ward by a white nurse, a smiling nurse, and all the whites in the waiting room are smiling, too, and I'd heard them say, *"How cute, how nice."* And I know there is also neither hate nor fear in the eyes of the white commuters who ride the trains down from Westchester County each morning, trains that stop briefly at 125th Street, allowing the white men to watch the small Negro children crowding out of Harlem tenements and along fire escapes. *"How cute."*

And I know that there is no tension within the white cop who later helps these Negro children across the street—*"How nice"*—no, there is no tension until the Negro is big enough to walk alone, to stand up for his rights, and *that* is when the threat is on, when the fear and hate begin, except today in Harlem the traditional role is reversed; it is the white man me who is getting to know what it is like to be on the receiving end, to be unwelcomed, rejected, *blackballed*, just because of the color of my skin.

Harlem itself has not changed, but the white man's slumming days are over. The Cotton Club is closed. The after hours spots are still alive in Harlem, but whites are afraid to knock.

The white man still owns Harlem's banks—owns the Hotel Theresa, where Cassius Clay sleeps, owns the block where Bessie Smith used to sing, where Willie Mays used to play stickball, where Father Divine used to pray—owns most of the shops along 125th Street and the homes throughout the black ghetto—but the white man has lost his sense of ownership. He has lost his old feeling of authority and safety, and the sidewalks he owns are now steamed up at night by angry Muslims who stand on soapboxes screaming, swearing, damning the white man as a "colonialist," charging that whites peddle only inferior merchandise along 125th Street, the "Gold Coast," charging that the white man cares nothing about the black man's misery, only his money.

Sometimes white men like me stop to listen—briefly, very briefly. And then we slip quietly away, feeling a combination of fear and guilt—fear because we are marked men in Harlem, guilt because there is a Harlem, and because now we are going to turn around and leave it. ✠



Europe In The Fall

Go now.
See Toulouse-Lautrec in Paris,
jazz and Africana in Berlin,
and in London
the biggest birthday blast ever

Text by Richard Joseph
Paintings by David Levine

August is the perfect month for a European vacation—if you're a Paris *boulanger*. You have trouble getting deliveries of your croissants and brioches, your competitor across the street will be closed too, and all your customers will be out of town anyway. For anyone else, though, the season starting in September is a much better time. Europe in the fall is connoisseur country. The tourist mobs are back home showing their pictures, and the sightseeing buses have ceased fouling the atmosphere with their diesel fumes. For hoteliers, restaurateurs and nightclub operators, visitors have ceased being impersonal bodies, to be moved along as quickly as possible, and have resumed guest status.

More important, this is the time when cosmopolitan Europeans start regaining their normal lives. Tanned by vacation suns, they're back in town, going to concerts, the opera and ballet, the theatre and art galleries, and finished for another year with the onerous business of dodging relatives from the provinces or visitors from overseas.

Things, in other words, jump. Everything new that's going to be new has either come to the capitals of Europe or is on its way. From late September until late in May, London, Paris, Rome, Florence, Amsterdam, Brussels, Copenhagen, Madrid, Zurich, Berlin, Lisbon, Dublin and Vienna are completely and unequivocally themselves.

To the cognoscenti, a number of events indicate the official opening of the season: the start of the Royal Danish Ballet in Copenhagen early in September; the Paris Automobile Show in October, followed almost immediately by the Earls Court International Motor Show in London and the beginning of the San Carlo opera season in Naples.

There are the hardy perennials, of course. But each year brings its own crop of special events that gives the season its style and distinction. One of the highlights of this fall is sure to be the Toulouse-Lautrec centenary exhibition at the Petit-Palais in Paris from late September through November. More than five hundred of his finest paintings, drawings, lithographs and posters will be gathered from public and private collections throughout France, the Continent and overseas, and from the permanent Toulouse-Lautrec museum in Albi, his birthplace in the south of France.

High spot of the celebration will be the Grande Nuit de Toulouse-Lautrec, November 24, at the Moulin Rouge, the now-famed, then-notorious Montmartre cabaret where he spent so much time and did so much of his sketching. Stage and film stars will play the roles of his best-known models: Yvette Guilbert, May Belfort, Tristan Bernard, La Goulue, Valentin le Désossé and Réjane.

The biggest birthday party of the year—Shakespeare's four hundredth—will be a feature of this year's London season. On October 25, the Shakespeare Exhibition will open on a Thames-side location near the site of the old Globe Theatre adjacent to the Royal Festival Hall, after having brightened the spring and early summer in Stratford, and the late summer and early fall at the Edinburgh Festival.

Housed in a multi-level pavilion one hundred yards long and one hundred feet wide, the Shakespeare Exhibition is probably the most ambitious show ever attempted outside a World's Fair. Under the patronage of Queen Elizabeth, it cost well over $700,000 and represents the collaboration of Richard Buckle—a prominent British exhibit designer, writer and critic—with outstanding painters, sculptors, scenic designers and actors.

Visiting the Exhibition, you will in effect become William Shakespeare viewing the house in which you were born and the Elizabethan England you were born into. You will see your parents and brothers and sisters, witness the death by plague of one-sixth of the Stratford population, and the march of the Queen's soldiers through Stratford on their way to quell the Catholic rebellion in the north; see your schoolhouse and the books you studied.

Following scenes depict the marriage of the eighteen-year-old Shakespeare with Anne Hathaway, eight years his senior, after he had gotten her with child; the birth of their children; his trips to London, and finally the great years at the Globe Theatre.

Feature of the entire production is a *son et lumière* spectacle of an imaginative re-creation of the Globe, with the voices of Laurence Olivier, Sybil Thorndike, Michael Redgrave, Edith Evans, John Gielgud and other British stars in Shakespearian roles.

And, finally, you're present when Shakespeare makes out his will and dies on his fifty-second birthday, and you witness the posthumous publication of his First Folio.

Describing the April opening of the show in Stratford for *The Sunday Times* of London, J.W. Lambert wrote, "Whatever picture the words 'Shakespeare Exhibition' might conjure up in the mind's eye, this astounding phantasmagoria [illegible] will utterly disrupt it. Indeed this is no exhibition; it is a dream (edging now and again towards nightmare). [illegible] Amazed and bemused by turns we float through an ever-changing hallucination; and perhaps will never be quite the same again."

In Berlin, the season gets underway with the annual Festival Weeks, which this year will run from September 14 to October 4. The main theme of this year's celebration will be the reciprocal influences between African and Western art. Dancers, singers and musicians from West and Central Africa will perform every evening in an artistically furnished tent. African bronzes and wood carvings will trace the development of primitive art and its effect on the works of Gauguin, Matisse, Klee, Die Brücke and the German expressionists. And concerts of European and American jazz groups will reflect the African influences on the music of North and South America.

Also on the program for Berlin's Festival Weeks are symphony concerts conducted by Paul Kletzki, Antal Dorati, Igor Stravinsky, Lorin Maazel, Ernest Bour, Hermann Scherchen, John Pritchard and Herbert von Karajan. The Deutsche Oper Berlin will restage *Die Zauberflöte*; there will be performances of the New York City Ballet, the Hamburg State Opera Ballet and the Royal Opera Ballet of Copenhagen, and recitals by Leontyne Price, Yehudi Menuhin and David and Igor Oistrakh.

One of the outstanding attractions of Berlin's Festival Weeks is its venue itself—the famed Benjamin Franklin Congress Hall, a new opera house and theatre, and an architecturally daring concert

Site of this fall's Toulouse-Lautrec show, the Petit-Palais (built between the Champs-Elysées and the Seine for the 1900 Exposition) houses the Paris Fine Arts Museum, which features the Dutuit and Tuck collections, works of Jean Carpentier, Aimé Dalou, Jean Edouard Vuillard.

hall that was inaugurated during the celebration held last autumn.

Located only three hundred and fifty yards from the Wall and the grey dreariness of East Berlin, the Congress Hall is a monument to German-American cooperation. The impressive modern building was the United States' contribution to Interbau 57 (the Berlin International Building Exhibition of 1957) and is now owned by the Berlin Senate. It was dedicated by John Foster Dulles and stands on John-Foster-Dulles-Allee in the government and parliament district planned for the time when Berlin becomes the capital of a reunified Germany.

Visitors to Europe during the season are more likely to spend more time abroad than their scenery hopping summer compatriots, and Switzerland would make a logical headquarters for your forays into neighboring France, Germany and Italy. And, for your stay in Switzerland, why not rent a renovated monastery—or at least part of one?

For less than five dollars a day, you can have an apartment in a magnificently renovated and furnished seventeenth-century monastery just above Brissago, an Italian speaking little Swiss town on Lake Maggiore, close to the Italian border. It's the Palazzòn in the village of Ineella, so named because it was a community of monks living in cells. The Palazzòn is a huge, rough-cast three-story building with walls two feet thick. It was constructed in 1676 as a cloister and refectory, connected by underground passages with the chapel and other small buildings making up the ecclesiastical village.

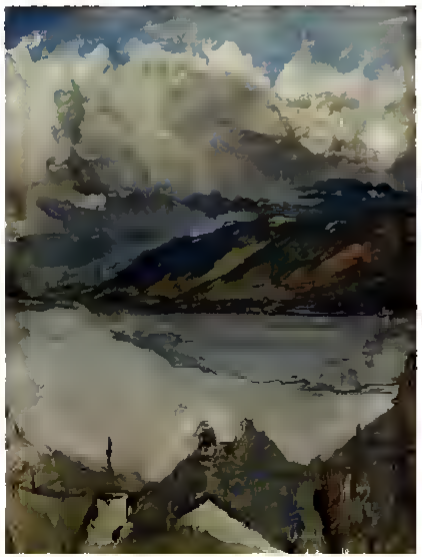
It became a private residence after the monastery moved elsewhere and it assumed the status of an abandoned haunted house after the death of its last inhabitant, who had managed to work up quite a local reputation for witchcraft.

This unhappy state lasted for well over a century, until the Ruperti's, a brave Swiss couple, bought it seven years ago. Dr. Ruperti is a retired research chemist; his wife, Madeleine, is a well-known abstract painter who has had several New York shows.

Together they set about putting the ruin back together, furnishing it with eighteenth-century Italian antiques, and giving their restored monastery a magnificence it never enjoyed before. They live in one section of the building and have divided the rest into three apartments designed for visits of their three married children, and for rental at other times.

Windows of the apartments look out onto scenes of typically southern Swiss and northern Italian beauty. Protected by the slopes of 7176 foot-high Mt. Ghiridone are vineyards and groves of palm, cypress, orange, fig and olive trees. Offshore are the tiny Brissago Islands and their noted botanical gardens; and when the warm fall sun dances off the small waves of Lake Maggiore you'll decide that one who chooses to visit Europe during the summer tourist rush must either be crazy or tied up closely with the school system. ✠





The massive Palazzòn (top) looms high over the tiny Swiss village of Ineella. From the windows of your $32.75 weekly apartment in the Palazzòn, you look over the rooftops of Ineella (above), down to the border town of Brissago and out over the Italo-Swiss Lake Maggiore.

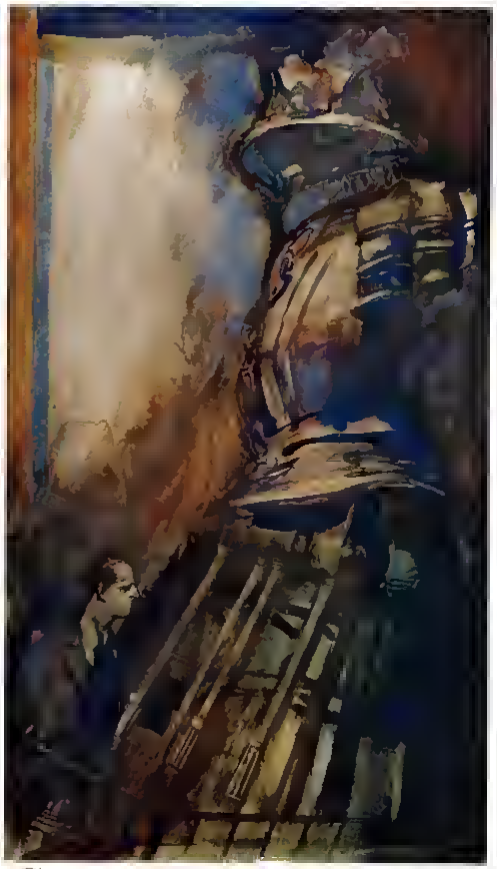


Rome's Borghese Gardens is scene of International Horse Show which winds up season in May. A National Horse Show here helps launch things in October. Unusual view of Rome (below) from atop Victor Emmanuel Monument. Dome of St. Peter's is at right.



Berlin's Congress Hall (below) scene of many of the events of the city's Festival Weeks, cost about $4,000,000. Its main auditorium has 1284 seats, and close to 400 additional spectators can be accommodated in the theatre.





Prince Philip is expected to open the London showing of the Shakespeare Exhibition on October 20, following its Edinburgh and Stratford runs. Visiting the construction site last spring, artist David Levine visualized Philip in his picture, as here before the figure of a Beefeater dramatizing Shakespeare's stay in London.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO AARON CHWATT?

Answer: he changed his name. So did the gentlefolk below, unadorned at left, reincarnated at right. But there are those of us who view the transformations only with regret. Who, after all, could resist a marquee offering Leonard Slye teamed up with Shirley Schrift?



Drawings by Blake Hampton

The Leopard

Prince Niccolo comes to the Big Town, further studies in the enlightenment of the New York gourmet

Of the three general categories of restaurants of excellence in New York City, two have attained prominence in the last several years, the large and skillfully run pieces of Restaurant Associates, each an entity unto itself as to characteristics of food and decor, but also a member of the clan in relation to cuisine and service, and the small, the intimate restaurants, with their cardinal stamp of individuality. Of the latter, Lutèce has proved the authority of owner André Surmain since its opening in 1961; Barbetta is a recently renewed and elegant version of an old family restaurant, the oldest in the group, the charmingly understated Café Nicholson and the newest, intriguingly named The Leopard, opened by Gioia Cook last spring after she had served a five years' apprenticeship as manager of the Nicholson. New Yorkers have become accustomed to these two levels of sophistication in high cuisine and the bigness and openness and opulence of such places as The Four Seasons and the Tower Suite and The Forum of the Twelve Caesars are as sought after as the quietness and intimacy of restaurants where emphasis is on a scale of perfection so small that oftimes there is allowance for no more than a dozen tables.

The Leopard, one of the smaller of the intimate restaurants, has been on Mrs. Cook's mind long before she became manager of the Café Nicholson invariably, at the dinner parties which the Donald Cooks gave for their friends in any part of the world where his stage and screen roles took him, the talk turned to how much better even the best of food seemed when enjoyed in a restful atmosphere, and then, because she did most of the cooking herself, why Mrs. Cook didn't consider opening a restaurant sometime some-place. Mrs. Cook liked the idea, and kept the thought of a restaurant of her own in the back of her mind for a long while.

After the death of her husband, the subject of restaurant operation came up again: the owner of the Café Nicholson asked if she would take over its management for a few months while he was on vacation. When the few months were over she stayed on for more than five years, managing the activities and tending the bar, getting the professional background for the operation of her own place.

It was inevitable—and timely—that the place of her own would be called The Leopard; it was Mrs. Cook's ancestor, Prince Niccolo, the viceroy of Sicily under the Bourbons, whom Giuseppe di Lampedusa romanticized in his novel, *The Leopard*, and Burt Lancaster portrayed in the movie of more current memory.

She'd decided on the name long before she found the place—an old brownstone at 253 East Fiftieth Street in midtown Manhattan, just a few doors from Lutèce. She took a long-term lease and began a restoration to give it the atmosphere of relaxed elegance of some of the homes of Europe. She spent $50,000 in redoing the first floor into two rooms and a garden made spacious by a background mirror; in providing a light, airy kitchen on the second floor for the French chef who presides over it; for the furnishings and linen and china and the place settings of washed gold. She selected the chef, Monsieur Maurice Loisy, whose experience in his native France includes the famed L'Hôtel de la Faste in Saulieu and in America at an estate on Long Island, and was ready for a week of previews to which she invited many friends. When the week was over, the friends pronounced The Leopard viable, the hostess found her plan really worked and the rest of the staff took the whole thing in stride; they were professionals and a preview was just another working day for them.

The Leopard is open for dinner only, six nights a week from six-thirty until closing, about eleven o'clock, and since it has a limited seating capacity reservations are required. (It's possible, on occasion, to take over the whole place on Sunday night for a party, a thousand dollars probably would take care of it, depending upon the size of the group.) Entrance is through a small room containing a bar and several tables; a hallway shares a glassed-in garden with the main dining room, which is at the back of the house. This is a spacious—for the size of the brownstone—high-ceilinged room dominated by a large window which gives out on some greenery; there's an immense crystal chandelier, a table in the middle of the room loaded with flowers, and a fireplace on one wall over which is a mural of a haughty and rather amused looking leopard. The tables are small enough for easy conversation, the chairs are antiques of white iron made comfortable by red-velvet cushions.

There is no menu and after the waiter has taken your order for drinks ($1.50 whether you have the best Scotch or a French vermouth-on-the-rocks), he'll quietly name the appetizers (they may change, but in the spring they were quiche Lorraine, prosciutto with melon, and salmon pâté); soups (Leopard crème, cold, a specialty of Mrs. Cook's, and a beef broth with tortellini); entrees (a choice of three: chicken tarragon, shrimp Provençal, and filet mignon with Béarnaise sauce). For a vegetable, there was string beans with almonds, frequently the salad is of arugola with an excellent dressing. There is usually a mousse for dessert, chocolate or strawberry, and ices, or cheese and fruits.

There are two prices only and no extras: the chicken and the shrimp are $12.50; the filet mignon is $15, and all three include white and red wine served with the dinner.

Service is not hurried and reservations are timed with this in mind. In the beginning, when someone lingered overlong at the table, Mrs. Cook invited them to go up a small curving stairway to a balcony—a back room when the brownstone was a private home—for a liqueur on the house. Now that the balcony has been turned into a small dining area because the place has caught on as guests can stay at the tables and the liqueurs are on the check.

Mrs. Cook is generally at The Leopard from seven or seven-thirty until closing; often she's behind the bar preparing the authoritative—and more than well-proportioned—drinks, and greeting friends and all the strangers willing to pay for luxury while dining (see photograph by Carl Fischer at right).

—C. H. McBride



Photographs by Carl Fischer

THE COLLIER'S AFFAIR: A Rueful Memoir

by Paul C. Smith

The nasty death of a great magazine told now, eight years later, by the man who took the rap

At the end of 1952, while I was editor in chief and general manager of The San Francisco *Chronicle*, I was approached by Clarence Stouch, head of Crowell-Collier. He wished me to look over his ailing corporation and make plans to restore it to health.

Crowell-Collier was an old and respected outfit and had been successful for many years. Even in the postwar years, when *Collier's*, *The American Magazine*, and the other publications began to lose circulation and advertising, the gross volume of business ranged from fifty to sixty million dollars, and the encyclopedia and book division made plenty of money. The situation had deteriorated, however. Money was being lost at an alarming rate by the magazines. Something had to be done, and done quickly, or this large corporation would be in very serious trouble.

It would be a fight, and I was still young enough, at forty-four, for that to appeal to me. The financial reward would be great if I could bring Crowell-Collier back to corporate health—and as usual, I was broke, despite the large salary the *Chronicle* had paid me and some temporarily successful investments I had made.

Shortly after I reached New York, my direct association with Crowell-Collier began with an incident over a trivial but not insignificant matter. It was typical of the kind of status concern that infests the mentality of organization men, but I felt I must meet it head-on unless I was willing to let myself be run over by the established political machinery of a large company.

Under my agreement with Clarence Stouch I was to roam the company, make studies and form my evaluations, and pass them on to him. In order that we might work closely together, Stouch had told me that when I reported for work I would be given the office next to him on the eighteenth floor, on the "top" executive level, which housed only himself, Albert Wingate, the board chairman, and the treasurer, C. F. Norsworthy, who did not greet my advent with any enthusiasm.

When I arrived at the Crowell-Collier building early in May, 1953, I went to Stouch's office for a talk, after which he said that Bud, as Norsworthy was called, would show me to my office. Bud promptly took me to the seventeenth floor and into a small room sandwiched between two other offices, with an anteroom to be shared by two other secretaries and mine.

I sensed that Norsworthy was showing me where I got off during the first twenty minutes of our acquaintance. I asked him if Stouch had not informed him that I was to have the office on the eighteenth floor that had been shown to me a month before. He said that he had, but that he, Norsworthy, had talked it over with Stouch and they had decided that it would be more convenient to put me on the seventeenth floor. Subsequently someone else had been moved into the room first mentioned. I told him that I intended to occupy these quarters from the beginning and that I would not even temporarily accept the seventeenth floor office.

He went to Stouch to report my intransigence, and the adjustment was made my way that afternoon, to the manifest disgust of Norsworthy. I realized I had made my first enemy in my new association, but one who, in his turn, had learned to tread lightly with me.

While under the bylaws as they existed at that time the chairman of the board was chief executive officer of the corporation, the final word was actually given by Clarence Stouch, who had been president for about two years. In addition, he was chairman of the board of Publication Corporation, which owned *This Week* magazine, the Sunday newspaper supplement that had twenty-six percent, or working control, of the outstanding stock of Crowell-Collier.

At the end of November Stouch told me much more than I had known previously about the precariousness of the company's position. The flow of operational cash was drying up dangerously, and an unsecured bank loan of a million dollars was soon due and payable, with the bank reluctant to renew it. Since I had just submitted several recommendations for the reorganization of the book division that Stouch said he was about to implement, he asked if I would be willing to try to help raise enough money to see the company through its crisis.

He disclosed to me that although the company would do a gross business approaching $60,000,000 it would lose in excess of $4 000 000 in the current year. He further revealed that although the balance sheet showed current assets of over $32 000,000 and total assets exceeding $42,000,000, our current liabilities nearly equaled current assets. At the moment we had less than a half million dollars in cash in the bank.

During this talk I presented him with an analysis I had made of the company's financial policies from 1933 to 1952 inclusive. Although he was familiar with most of the facts, my method of presentation seemed to add to his deep concern.

My study pointed out that in the twenty-year period the company had earned a cumulative pre-tax profit of about $81 000 000. Of that, nearly $40 000 000 had been paid in taxes, a $1,000 000 preferred stock issue had been retired, and nearly $40,000 000 had been paid out in dividends, leaving a net of nothing applied to growth and development from the earning capacity of twenty years.

I also insisted that drastic editorial changes upgrading *Collier's* were essential if it was to have even a small chance of surviving the competition of television. Clarence asked me for my ideas on this point, and we talked into the evening.

At the end of this conference I baldly told Stouch that although I lacked something in experience, which I felt capable of making up in energy, I believed he should make me president of the company and turn me loose at the earliest possible moment. He did not commit himself beyond the wry remark that he did think that someday I "might" be the president of the company. He summed up the day's session by expressing his confidence that somehow the company would survive "with or without either you or me."



Smith in 1951

Clarence didn't come into the office for a few days, but when he did he called me in to tell me in confidence that he had decided I would be elected president at the December directors' meeting and would take over officially on the first business day of 1954.

The die was cast. For the next fortnight I kept myself locked up in my office or my study at home while poring over papers and figures in an effort to grasp as much of the detail of the problem as seemed humanly possible. There were the inevitable leaks of course, which irritated Stouch and for which I undoubtedly was responsible, not only because I couldn't resist confiding in a few friends whose advice I wanted, but also because of the wide ramifications of the reports I requested from every department and division of the operation.

Publishing enterprises and related activities along "Madison Avenue" are among the most rumor-ridden and gossipy areas in which presumably grown men abide, not excluding Washington, D.C. The passion for being an 'insider'—the passion for being the first to know something about somebody—is predominant in the gray-flannel world of the so-called communications industry. It is sacrilege for anyone ranging from high priest to altar boy to admit for a microsecond that he doesn't know who is doing what to whom when and where and why, and the editorial and so-called creative people are among the most energetic and pixilated gossipers of all.

In the course of the four or five weeks following my "secret" agreement with Stouch, my own instinct for tuning in on the chatter brought to my ear the feedback on a number of choice tidbits. Word was that ten million dollars had been secretly settled on me to get me out of the *Chronicle* and with the money I had bought control of Crowell-Collier and was about to elect myself president. That Herbert Hoover secretly controlled the company and had pressured the rest of the big stockholders into accepting me as president. That I had had a "secret" arrangement to become president all along and I was now out to wreck or buy the *Chronicle* among other things by enticing all the best of the *Chronicle* staff to join me in my new enterprise. And not the least of the juicy bits over the bars and at the clubs was that I would now load up the Crowell-Collier payroll with my favorite youngsters—for of course I was a bachelor and hence must be homosexual.



Smith in 1960

Early on the morning of January 3, my first business day as president, I was confronted abruptly by the harsh realities of the financial conditions of Crowell-Collier.

Within fifteen days, we were not only obligated to pay off the $1 000 000 unsecured bank note but required an additional $1,750–000 in cash if the company were to avert insolvency during the brief space of my first month in the exalted office. This was what I learned from the cash flow projection submitted to me by the new treasurer, Eugene McCaffrey, on my first day behind the unfamiliar desk. (McCaffrey, a quiet, calm, modest, industrious man, had been appointed by Stouch in Norsworthy's place since I naturally would not accept Norsworthy as treasurer. Despite my misgivings Norsworthy was placed, at this time, in charge of the book division.)

I suggested to Stouch that he should now concentrate on financing while I worked out the realignments that seemed essential within the organizational structure. I saw this as more than a full-time job for any man in the light of my estimate of the situation. But Stouch pleaded fatigue and frankly suggested that he had reached the physical limits of his capabilities in that area. He warmly offered his help and counsel but said that he was going to step aside and let me run the show. Yet only a few days later he sent me a note by his secretary (to my office twenty feet across the hall) asking me if I didn't think I should have consulted him "before tearing the building apart." One of my secretaries had ordered in a carpenter to readjust a partition in order to make room for some additional filing cabinets required in my outer office. This time I gave Clarence a piece of my mind on the subject of pettiness and it was the last memo of the sort I received from him for more than a year.

The most difficult time to raise money for practically any purpose is when you need it badly. It was Mark Twain who described a banker as a man who happily lends you his umbrella on a sunny day but demands it back the moment it rains.

The position from which I set forth in search of a solution was an anomalous one. Most of my friends in the banking world thought of me as an editorial or "publicist" type while many of my friends in the publishing world thought of me as a business or banking type. I knew that I must manifest competence in both areas if Crowell-Collier were to be held together for even the first year of my administration.

In addition the morale of the organization was low, and I felt required to exude a confidence and faith in the future which, while not entirely spurious, fell somewhat short of the inner ring of truth.

Early in the game, it seemed probable that I would have to make changes in the top personnel of both *Collier's* and *Woman's Home Companion*, but I resolved to go along as far as I could in the hope the current staffs would embrace my philosophy and undertake to implement it effectively and efficiently. Just in case, however,

early in the game I attached to my office, in a staff rather than a "line" capacity, three people in whom I had complete faith.

They were Ken McArdle, Vance Johnson, and Theodore Strauss. Ken and Vance had been with me on the *Chronicle*, Ken as my chief editorial writer in the San Francisco office and Vance as our chief correspondent in Washington. Ted I had found in the Crowell-Collier organization—he was Southern California correspondent for *Collier's*—and I admired both his outlook and his obvious ability. Later on Ted became the last editor of *Woman's Home Companion*, Ken editor of *Collier's*, and Vance vice-president and general manager of the company.

At the time, however, I had inherited a situation in which each magazine had a publisher who was a vice-president of the company. Theoretically, the publisher's duties were the same in each case. He was the overall business and production manager of the individual publication. In practice their functions were as variegated as the personalities of the three individuals involved.

Both Ed Anthony, publisher of *Collier's*, and Bill Firma, publisher of the *Woman's Home Companion*, had previously been editors and therefore had a strong interest in that side of their publications. John McPherrin, publisher of *American Magazine*, had edited a trade publication for a time but was primarily a space salesman and, in any event, the *American* editor, Sumner Blossom, was not the type who would either invite or brook much command from his publisher.

For the better part of a year I had undertaken to reorient the editorial outlook of *Collier's* through many talks with Ed Anthony and his editor, Roger Dakin. Although the magazine had had a fine tradition of public service, particularly under the outstanding editorship of William Chenery, it had seemed to me to have deteriorated under what I regarded as the fallacious theory that the mass American mind had a mean mental age of twelve. The concept of public service had sunk to the level of sensational exposés rather than serious exposition of contemporary problems. Furthermore, it seemed to me, an overemphasis upon sheer superficial entertainment failed to take into account the rapid development of television.



"Ask him where he put the E Bonds."

At first my ideas appeared to meet with little opposition—except in the area of effective implementation. Finally I concluded that, since the ultimate responsibility for success or failure was mine, I would have to sever relations with Anthony. It was not an easy decision to reach because I liked him, although I had reason to believe that his regard for me was something short of fully reciprocal. In addition, he had been with the company for thirty-four years. I simply called him in one morning and told him that he was being relieved of all duties. I suggested that he take a six months' vacation at full pay and that at the end of that period we would review the situation. I genuinely believed I could demonstrate what I wanted done with the magazine and sincerely hoped it might prove feasible to bring him back into the company with new responsibilities. His reaction was an violent, however, that I immediately realized that any reassociation was unlikely.

Some of the press told me that Anthony had informed them that I had fired him summarily, and I simply confirmed the alleged statement without further comment. This led to additional bitterness, both on Ed's part and on the part of his friends, of whom he had a great many in both publishing and advertising circles. There was no doubt in my mind that what I had considered an essential move had had an adverse effect upon the attitudes of many top men in the advertising agencies. *Collier's* suffered from their strong personal feelings.

Meanwhile, I continued to work intensively on our pressing financial problems and finally, with the aid of several excellent New York commercial bankers, we evolved a formula which enabled us to get up to $10,000,000 in cash flow behind the magazines over a period of time. But *Collier's* alone required about $7,000,000 a year in cash over and above what it was producing.

I practiced public candor about our financial problems but I soon found that every disclosure, no matter how constructive fundamentally, only served to arouse the gossip- and rumormongers of the advertising world to whom, oddly enough, publishing-house finance remains a deep and incomprehensible mystery. In consequence, many of the important potential advertisers adopted a wait and see attitude that made speedy recovery the more difficult.

One incident serves to suggest the complications encountered in the effort to survive, even though it involved a notable success.

Toward the end of 1954, Chrysler Motors scheduled fourteen full-color pages in *Life* and *The Saturday Evening Post* to announce radical model changes in all their lines for 1955. *Collier's* was not included in the schedule, which amounted to more than $500,000 in revenue for each of the magazines involved. Obviously the impact upon *Collier's* of being excluded would exceed the mere loss of the revenue.

The advertising agencies involved claimed they could do nothing about placing *Collier's* on the list, so I went to Detroit and took up the matter directly with K.T. Keller, then the Chrysler board chairman, and Tex Colbert, the president. As a result they overruled the agencies and appropriated additional funds in order to include *Collier's* in the announcement campaign.

Although I was hated as a hero by my advertising department, the victory was shallow. A number of the agency executives involved were miffed by the manner in which I had gone over their heads, despite the fact that fifteen percent of Chrysler's additional appropriation went into their own coffers. Whatever I did I found it difficult to endear myself to these agency executives who felt it their divine right to determine who should succeed or fail in the publishing business.

So went the first year of the struggle. No matter how many speeches I gave or how many personal calls I made, I failed miserably in restoring the sagging confidence of advertisers in the Crowell-Collier magazines. Nevertheless, we continued slowly to improve them editorially, and the circulations of all three soared to new record levels. It was foreseeable that this in itself would pose a new set of critical problems unless an increase in advertising volume followed in rapid succession.

For example, the highest rate of return to the company on *Collier's* sales was the net of eight cents per copy on the fifteen-cent retail price for newsstand sales. At that time the magazine cost twenty-two-and-a-half cents per copy to manufacture and distribute, not counting editorial and overhead costs. This meant that on the best rate of return we lost fourteen-and-a-half cents per copy on a sale of our million copies every two weeks on the newsstand alone, while on three million subscription copies the loss ran as high as twenty cents per copy. This in turn meant that after inclusion of other costs, advertising revenue had to exceed $1,500,000 per issue in order for us to break even.

And other hazards lay ahead. In 1954, while we reduced our corporate loss by more than $2,000,000, we still showed a loss of $2,500,000, and even that figure was achieved primarily by the increase in book sales rather than through any improvement in the magazine picture. I knew that the more I succeeded in the book business the more pressure I would be under from profit-conscious stockholders to reduce or suspend magazine operations. The expansion of book sales in itself increased the need for cash rather than alleviated it, and I was rapidly approaching the end of the line for the financing of the magazines from book sales. Finally by March of 1955 I became aware of the absolute necessity of raising a minimum of $3,000,000 by the end of August, or the entire company would be dragged into insolvency.

About this time I encountered a man who was the senior partner in a small Wall Street firm. He was a slide-rule artist and a successful speculator who had made something of a specialty of cultivating small sick companies, putting in his own management, and turning them into successful operations—at least long enough to make a substantial profit from the distribution of the companies' securities at higher prices than those at which he had acquired them. Although Crowell-Collier was a bigger operation than any he had been accustomed to, I learned that he had been eyeing us with a gambler's glint for some little time. I naively assumed that I was a match for his special talents, and my nose wrinkled to the aroma of a possible $3,000,000.



"I was going to ask a great deal more for it, but—I don't know—I like your looks—"

His right hand man was a bright, roly poly young broker tinctured with Wall Street bravura. There was no pretense about him. He had all the quality of a rhinestone in the rough and reveled in it.

At this time Crowell-Collier stock was unlisted and traded over the counter. It was selling in small lots for from $5.50 to $6 per share. After some weeks of conversation and exploration, these brokers proposed that the company authorize the sale in private placement of a $4,000,000 issue of six percent convertible debentures, $5,000,000 of which they would undertake to place while holding a million dollars of the authorized amount in reserve. The debentures, they finally suggested, would be convertible into common stock at the rate of $5 per share. In other words, if the company did well, the debenture buyers would have a chance for a capital gain to be gleaned from appreciation in the price of the stock. If it didn't do well, the notes would constitute a prior lien on the assets of the corporation.

It seemed at the time the only way we might attract investors. It was by now July, and I needed the proceeds not later than mid-August. To go through the bureaucratic formalities of registering the issue with the Securities Exchange Commission would require weeks, so we decided upon private placement without underwriting.

As counsel we had one of the most distinguished corporation law firms in the United States and the brokers engaged another firm to advise them. Both firms informed us that while neither the law nor regulations specifically defined a private placement as opposed to a public offering (which would require registration), the magic formula seemed to be to offer the issue to not more than thirty individuals. They said $3,000,000 worth of bonds on the strength of twenty-seven presentations, which counsel considered well within the limits of common practice.

We held the closing in the boardroom of a downtown bank on August 10, 1955. By noon our bank deposits totaled a little over $3,000,000. By the close of business that day our deposits were under $3,000,000 because we had already mailed out checks to cover past-due bills payable. But we had a new lease on life, and our receivables would bring up our balances by the end of the month.

Meanwhile my board of directors had voted me an option on 25,000 shares of Crowell-Collier common at $5.85 a share, and it had been ratified at an annual meeting of the stockholders. In addition our brokers had been granted 125,000 bearer warrants entitling them to purchase stock at $5 per share and I had purchased 25,000 of these for one cent apiece for my part in the financing that had held the company together.

We had notified the controlling interests through Clarence Stoneh that the new bondholders wanted us made chief executive officer, and the bylaws had been amended to add this to the legal titles of the president. Upon completion of the financing Stoneh resigned as board chairman. He had also given them an option on 200,000 shares of Crowell-Collier common owned by Publication Corporation at $8 per share, of which I had been promised twenty percent "at the right time." The right time never came.

It had been agreed that our broker would be elected to the board of directors, and shortly after his election he asked me to meet him at a hotel for an evening conference. There he informed me that he wished to be named chairman of the board. I told him flatly that I didn't think such an appointment would be either prudent or for the benefit of the company, due primarily to his other involvements. Instead I offered him the chairmanship of the finance committee and he accepted, but from then on our relations took on a somewhat abrasive quality, although we maintained a proper if slightly chilled friendliness in our joint contacts with others.

About this time, a broker dealing in communication properties brought me word of the potential availability of a strong group of television and radio stations known as Consolidated Television and Radio Broadcasters Inc. Although the Consolidated had approximately thirteen hundred stockholders, forty two-and-a-half percent of the outstanding stock was owned by Harry Bitner and his family.

I concluded that acquisition of the Consolidated properties at a reasonable price would generate an immediate cash flow above and beyond amortization and interest charges on the new debt necessary to finance the purchase. This surplus cash could then be applied to the problem of carrying the magazine deficits during the course of their reconstruction and restoration to a reasonable profit basis. In addition the television and broadcasting properties involved were sound and earning money at the time, and depreciation write-off adjustments permissible to a new ownership promised a cash flow in excess of the profit line when coupled with Crowell-Collier's tax loss carry-forward of several million dollars.

In addition to the immediate financial advantages the acquisition of television and radio stations in Indianapolis, Minneapolis, and Grand Rapids, Michigan, plus a radio station in Flint, all excellent markets, would place in our hands potent instruments for the effective promotion of our publications. Since *(Continued on page 178)*

PETER SCOTT

A MAN FOR ALL REASONS

HOW DOES HE MANAGE TO DO ALL THESE THINGS, ONE ASKS VERY WELL INDEED ONE ANSWERS

"The unexamined life is not worth living," said Socrates. Scott the author agrees. Scott, the naval hero and Scott, the gliding champion of England, add that the unadventurous life is not worth living either. "All work and no play . . ." said Heidegger, for recreation there is Scott the world traveler and Scott the sailing champion and Olympic medalist. Scott the ornithologist is a world authority and Scott the artist, painting the birds he has studied on the River Severn and elsewhere, produces masterpieces that are prized by collectors everywhere.

Scott is grateful to a world that has given him so much to do and he is bent on preserving it. He was instrumental in founding in Gloucestershire (where he lives when not traveling) the World Wildfowl Trust which attempts to halt the mindless destruction of whole species, and a cause which has the notable assistance of the princes Philip of England and Bernhard of Holland. Some readers will feel, perhaps, that Scott has managed things better—as living a fuller, richer life than the Common Man of the twentieth century. There is much to be said for this view, but it is not easy to see how the gap is to be closed. Action may be dangerous, knowledge difficult to acquire. One can admire from a distance,



At the Wildfowl Trust on the River Severn (founded 1946) Scott bends the leg of a drake mallard caught in a hundred-year-old duck decoy. This is a time-honored technique for an aviary studded, but Scott has developed several more modern ones. Some birds are plagued with halcyon-powered lights that make it possible to be more exact about their annual pairing. Hot favorite for body-hair taken Scott to Central Europe, the Balkans, Mesopotamia, Lapland, Iceland, Canada, Australia, United States, Uganda, Bolivia, Patagonia, Hawaii and most of the world's wetland elsewhere.



to the laboratory at the Trust Scott examines a prize typical musical instrument: the windpipe of a whooper swan. Imagine the evolutionary pressures that served with a windpipe! How extremely valuable a trait would have been to pre-ogue! The stuffed birds suspended from the ceiling in plastic bags are used to carry wild birds into rocket net range. Scott's TV program Look, on natural history subjects, has been broadcast since 1953, beating the record of such luminaries as David Seaman and Mel-ina Bell who have never even seen the windpipe of a swan.



The window of Scott's study overlooks the Rushy Pen where 125 of the known 145 species of the world's waterfowl are in residence. It is the most complete collection of any one group of living animals anywhere in the world. They are joined, in winter, by wildfowl of all descriptions and waders of all descriptions from all through the year to gape and wonder. Scott was awarded the C.B.E. in 1953 for his work as founder and director of the Trust. It is a unique organization dedicated to research, conservation, education and the preservation of threatened species.



There is a profitably inherent relationship among all Scott's activities, regardless of their apparent diversity. As an ornithologist he has, of course, spent hundreds of hours in the patient contemplation of birds at rest and in flight. These hours have obviously contributed to his success as a painter of birds, he has one of the best eyes in the world. He knows how they fly and why they fly the fraction of each bone and muscle under the feathers. And he knows their strength, weaknesses and style as well as any man. That we are led by poetically natural stages to Scott the yachtsman and Scott the pilot.



Scott the yachtsman is a three-time winner of the Prince of Wales' cup, and a Bronze Medalist at the 1936 Olympic Games (Single-handed Sailing) in 1954 he set the rather stupid record of Cowes and will be a prominent figure in the America's Cup races. He is President of the International Yacht Racing Union. Vice President of the Royal Yachting Association. His great creativity is the effects of moving me to moving objects gives Scott a winning edge in competition this, and his habit of doing things extremely well. He is seen here at the helm of the 12-meter yacht Severnya.

Photographs by Ross Kinnaird



At the age of forty-six Scott found the symbolically perfect climax for the career of an ornithologist: gliding to the hundredth year that man has been trying to imitate the birds. It is only with the glider that he appreciates their grace, long-past satisfied to the triumph of speed. Flying Scott, he still becomes the gliding champion of England which he still is. At left he is seen observing the assembling of the wing of his new glider, an Olympia 419, paid for by the publisher's advance on his autobiography, Eye of the Wind, a life that is written every bit as well as it lived. ###

Dr. Stephen Ward Returns

by Rebecca West

A great English reporter's postmortem on the motivations of a most sinister man

In the early part of 1963 a girl named Christine Keeler appeared in the English newspapers as certainly involved in prostitution and possibly in espionage. She was at once desired and hated more than her deserts.

It was not unreasonable that she should have excited desire, for she was beautiful in a nostalgically unfashionable style. She was not at all unlike the Virgin Mary in Dante Gabriel Rossetti's Annunciation. She had a remote distinction of bearing and manner unexpected in one brought up on a riverbank near the Slough desert in a converted railway carriage. As for hatred, she might have been spared the full blast of what she got, for she had hardly had the benefit of the protection we profess to give the young. Admittedly by the time she got into the news, at the age of twenty, it would have been difficult to protect her save by some such drastic technique as bricking her up in a wall, according to the practice which the cruder kind of Protestant used to believe prevalent in convents. But earlier she had had bad luck. She had been seduced by an American sergeant at a tender age, and went off to earn a living in London in her middle teens. Eventually she found herself in the cabaret show of a famous London nightclub, and there she might have found a way out of the dust, for this club looks after its girls well and a fair number make good marriages or break into the entertainment world. But she was committed to a less fortunate destiny when she met a man thirty years older than herself, named Stephen Ward, and went to live with him. They apparently remained throughout their association on brother-and-sister terms, but she joined a long line of girls who had lived under his control during the years since the end of the war, most of whom he handed over to various rich men of his acquaintance, most commonly as mistresses, though sometimes as wives.

Attempts have been made to represent Stephen Ward as a glamorous rebel and interesting sexual deviate. But to all those who have been around he was a commonplace type of daffy.

Stephen Ward struck some people as mildly insane, and indeed he had the shining eyes and effusiveness of a manic-depressive on the upswing, and something of the single-minded mindlessness which Harpo Marx used to affect. True, some people who met him at the houses of his wealthy patrons regarded him as a quite gifted court jester, with a flow of amusing gossip. Other people again regarded him as brilliant, but it must be admitted that they were themselves not so much brilliant as loyal and affectionate. They were apparently much impressed by a kind of diluted Nietzscheanism which had filtered into his brains through late night sessions with more literate (but still not highly literate) friends. As a witness at his own trial and as an interviewee on television he seemed ingenious rather than intelligent and curiously blind to the effect he was creating on his audience. His memoirs were poorly written and trivial.

But he was a man of many and marked gifts. He was a born professional: he was capable of acquiring all the skills necessary to the successful pursuit of an exacting occupation, and using them continuously at a high level. He gave few signs of any original or individual approach, but he joined the ranks of those who find it enjoyable and profitable to march along the paths traced out by original individuals of the past. His first profession was osteopathy. It is not clear how he came to adopt it. His father, a clergyman, a handsome man, only slightly handicapped by a malformation of the spine which just stopped short of making him a hunchback, was a noted preacher and ended his days as a Canon of Rochester Cathedral. The Wards were certainly prosperous, and by all accounts were a united and affectionate family, and one would have expected all the sons to have an orthodox education. But after a number of experiments (which included a term or two at the Sorbonne) he went to America at the age of twenty-two and took a degree at a famous osteopathic college in Missouri. It is beyond question that he became a master of his craft. Other osteopaths even those who thought him mad and bad admired him both for his manipulative powers and his acuteness of diagnosis.

But he also played bridge like a professional, and could hardly have encumbered his time more heavily with fixtures had he been a bridge player by profession, and there was nothing amateurish about the portrait drawings he was ceaselessly producing. They were of limited artistic value. Some of the faithful compared them to the work of Michelangelo, but a juster comparison would have been to two English ladies, Miss Olive Snell and Miss Molly Bishop, charming and industrious chroniclers of the society beauties in this



and the last generation. Stephen Ward was less gifted than either of these ladies and not nearly so well schooled, but he possessed something of their expertise, the power to pick out the sweeter aspects of an image and put them down on the right part of the paper with just the right weight of line to make looking at the thing as easy as swallowing ice cream. As time went on he marked to advantage the products of his emollient art, and when his earner came to an end he was drawing fifteen hundred pounds a year from a contract with an illustrated weekly.

His three professions worked in well together. If a prominent man came to him in his capacity as an osteopath, he would offer to draw him or her, and would then ask for introductions to other prominent people in the same field, on the plea that he wished to draw them too. He would then, if the signs were favorable, invite them to his bridge parties or to his country cottage and familiarity would be established. This process sometimes developed as far as to land the prominent person in the field of Ward's fourth profession, which was pimping.

The general public hesitated to believe that Ward was a pimp. He was tried and found guilty of living on the immoral earnings of Christine Keeler and another and still younger girl, Mandy (Marilyn) Rice-Davies, but the average man was inclined to think him the victim of a technicality, for the reason that there was little evidence of money having passed from them to him. Ward could hardly have been convicted had it not been that a man who is habitually in the company of prostitutes is presumed by the law to be living on their earnings, though it accepts a disproof. But his innocence cannot be established by criticism of that presumption, which is in fact a realistic recognition of the abyness of pimpe to ennfide their financial affairs to paper. The situation is discussed in a curious passage in Lord Denning's report on Ward's affairs and their consequences. "In money matters," Lord Denning oddly states, "he was impravident." He goes on to explain:



"He did not keep a banking account. He got a firm of solicitors to keep a sort of banking account for him, paying in checks occasionally to them and getting them to pay his rent. More often he cashed his incoming checks through other people, or paid his bills with the incoming checks. He had many cash transactions which left no trace."

But these practices do not indicate improvidence. On the contrary, as the English Inland Revenue would testify, they are devices practiced by persons so excessively provident that they grudge wasting money on the payment of income tax. Here in England the improvident have no aversion from banking accounts, which they open optimistically and which offer them their own peculiar food to the conception of the overdraft. Neither is there any special feature attractive to improvidence in the act of paying in checks to a firm of solicitors rather than to a bank manager, the excessively provident however, might find the solicitors preferable, particularly if they did not tell them absolutely everything. Moreover, we must dismiss any picture of Stephen Ward running across the road to ask his greengrocer to cash a patient's check for five guineas. An organization which was sued for libel by Stephen Ward made its own inquiries, and discovered that he was in the habit of cashing checks for large amounts at gambling houses who performed this service for their clients and charged quite a heavy commission.

There is much evidence that Stephen Ward was capable of great generosity. He was closefisted with his girls. When they lived under his roof the housekeeping was frugal, and they had to pay their share of the overhead. But he gave free treatment to many needy patients and on some hard cases he bestowed not only his skill and his time but considerable sums of money. Yet there is much evidence that he loved money, and that he pimped for gain. There was really, from his point of view, no reason why he should not be a procurer. He liked as some people like teaching and others like nursing, to bring together two human beings in order that they might have sexual relations on a mercenary basis. This concept existed in his mind in a strange diagrammatic isolation. The public in its daydreams saw him as surrounded by beautiful girls, and so he often was; but some of his chosen companions were ill-favored in face and in figure, and were repellant or pitiful in personality. It was as if he wished his women to incarnate the idea of prostitution in its pure impurity, without making allusion to the agreeable in any form. Pimping was thus to hire a mission, and many missionaries accept payment for their labors. It would take unusual credulity to hold on the evidence given at the trial, that Ward did not do that very thing. The only thing it did not show was where the money went.

The pattern was glaring enough. In the late Fifties the wife of an M.P. called on Ward to arrange for an osteopathic treatment and never went back to have it. She saw enough to make her certain that some sort of a call-girl racket was being conducted from his house. Again, he treated as friends and colleagues various well-known racketeers, including the two most celebrated producers of pornography in our day and an internationally known organizer of flagellationist orgies. Again Ward was entirely to profess great hatred for Peter Rachman the slum landlord and club owner, but two of his girls, one of them being Mandy Rice-Davies, became Rachman's mistresses, and he himself was once Rachman a tenant. Again, it was his habit to give frequent bridge parties, and some of these were that and nothing more, but others ended in the sudden incursion of a troupe of young women, lightly clad and brandishing whips, who performed a bizarre cabaret turn. Our story has now strayed so far from normal territory that the pattern may be no surprising as to be virtually unacceptable. It appears to be true, but could never be credible, that many of these young women were quite respectable, were interested only in the evening's payment and among themselves alluded to the elderly gentlemen who formed the larger part of the audience in derisive and even hostile terms. Nevertheless, even if allowance is made for the singular facts it appears unlikely that such parties should be given not now and again but again and again, by a man not lavish in his expenditure, from motives of hospitable altruism.

Ward's four professions worked together to give him yet a fifth, something like espionage on behalf of the Soviet Union and Great Britain. Yet he was not really a spy or a traitor, let us say he mucked about on the security field. This like his pimping, would not strike him as morally wrong. A highly intelligent woman, who was his patient and was also involved with him through her husband's association with one of his close friends, asserts that he had been a convinced Communist for about seven years, from about 1955 or 1956. This was not at all rare in his social ambience. On the more slippery slopes of the entertainment world where it shelves abruptly to the vice racket and unorthodox financial complexity, there is a great deal of revolutionary enthusiasm. Some of this wells up from deep sources. A man who wants to destroy sexual taboos or to make money in socially forbidden ways may be moved to take these particular actions by a general desire to overturn all existing institutions. But the motive may be more naive and less ferocious, there may be a muddled belief that under communism everything is divided up and everybody is equal, as social prohibitions must be less stringent, and if one got on the right side of the machine one might have the benefit of all this new simplicity while fiddling a bit on the side for oneself in the good old way. Among Stephen Ward's friends were several men and women who had made large sums out of various bizarre enterprises and were closely connected with Communist underground activities.

Round about the end of 1960 Ward told a patient of his, the editor of a newspaper, that he wished to go to Moscow and draw various people there, including Khrushchev, and would like to get in touch with some Soviet officials in London who could help him to realize this ambition. The editor knew as Assistant Naval Attaché at the Soviet Embassy, Captain Eugene Ivanov, and introduced the two men at a large luncheon party he was giving at a London club on January 20 1961. At this early stage the story has already become odd. Ward had for a long time known a number of people—some highly respectable and some not so greatly that—who could have helped him to contact the Soviet Embassy.

The two men immediately struck up a warm friendship. Ivanov was a Soviet intelligence officer. Superficially he was expansive, vulgar, jolly, sociable, a cheerful womanizer and good natured. He spoke English fluently and was allowed by his Embassy to go here, there, and everywhere, wherever he was invited, which is not the case with Soviet diplomats as a general rule. He ingratiated himself with his hosts by playing a good game of bridge, eating and drinking with naive enjoyment, telling funny stories, and chattering and laughing in the character of a simple child of nature. He had a curious readiness to be photographed when engaged in amorous horseplay. It was as if he were looking for certificates of frivolity.

How completely Ward had moved into the classic role of the agent is shown by an unpleasing episode concerning Madame Yekaterina A. Furtseva, the Soviet Minister of Culture, who paid a visit to London in 1961. He asked if he might draw her, and through Ivanov this was arranged. The sitting took place in a drawing room at the chief Soviet Embassy building near Kensington Palace Gardens and lasted for an hour. Madame Furtseva sat on the sofa under the huge picture of a Soviet peasant woman and in excellent English chatted away on such subjects as Pasternak, the Hungarian rising, the hopes and fears of her country and the problem of the Russian immigrant groups. She talked with unusual candor, and Ward thought the conversation so interesting that when he went home he wrote down what he could remember of it. Then it struck him: he said, that the editor who had introduced him to Ivanov might like to publish it. He realized that he could not publish the notes without permission, so he sent them, not to Madame Furtseva, but to the Soviet Embassy officials.

They were, he reported afterward, horrified. Madame Furtseva had spoken so very openly. They refused him permission to publish the notes, and he thought this a great pity. That is his account of it. But it can hardly be doubted that he was performing with professional skill a well-known technique of a profession he had only just adopted. If it be objected that Madame Furtseva may have left London by the time his notes were finished and that he could not send them to her to be passed, he had sent them to the Soviet Embassy officials as the next best thing. But be could on learning of her departure have decided to drop the whole idea of publication, lest he should find himself referring oo her to her own security system.

The most conspicuous service Ward rendered to Ivanov, however, was of a far less chaste nature, and it was also complex. It showed Ward performing another professional trick, indeed two of them. His association with Ivanov did not go unremarked. On June 8, 1961, a representative of Security met Stephen Ward at a restaurant in Marylebone in order to question him about this involvement, and was taken by him to his mews flat, where he met a girl who was living there, possibly Christine Keeler. At the end of the interview Ward asked the security officer whether it was all right for him to continue his friendship with Ivanov, and was told that it was. He then said that he was very ready to help in any way he could, and was instructed to get in touch with Security should Ivanov make any propositions to him. To his superiors the security officer reported that he thought Ward's political ideas were probably exploitable by the Russians but that he himself was not a "security risk" and that he wondered whether the appearance of the young woman in the mews could be considered "corroborating evidence that he [Ward] had been involved in the call-girl racket." He also added that "He is obviously not a person we can use."

The result of such a visit would be in most cases the visited person's instant resolve to break off the association which had been the subject of inquiry. It was not so with Ward. Exactly a month later, in the evening of Saturday, July 8, Ward was bathing with some of his girls in the swimming pool at Lord Astor's house, Cliveden. Lord Astor had been a patient of Ward's for eleven years and was on familiar terms with him, and Ward's country cottage was on the Cliveden estate. One of the girls was Christine Keeler



"We just call it 'Cosa Nostra'."

who took off her bathing dress, and was swimming naked when Lord Astor came down with his guests from a dinner party. They included Mr. Profumo, the Minister of War. For Ward there could have been no element of surprise in the situation. He knew very well at what time Lord Astor was accustomed to bring down his guests to the swimming pool, and he knew what guests were staying at the house. He also knew Mr. Profumo, who was an old acquaintance. Miss Keeler dressed herself, Ward and his girls spent some time with the Astor party round the pool, and went up to the house for a short time. The next day, Sunday, July 9, the Ward party joined the Astor party down at the pool again, and this time Ward brought with him Ivanov, who thus made the acquaintance of Mr. Profumo. Ivanov took Christine Keeler back with him to Ward's house in the early evening, where they were reported to have drunk a great deal of whisky and to have had sexual relations. Whether these relations actually occurred, we can never know for certain, and it is an aspect of truth we can well suffer to elude us.

On the day after that, Monday July 10, Ward telephoned to the security officer who had visited him and asked if he might see him, and when the security officer arrived two days later he told him that he had summoned him in obedience to the instructions he had been given to report any propositions Ivanov might make to him. Ivanov, he said, had asked him to find out when the Americans were going to arm Western Germany with atomic weapons. He also made a peculiar communication regarding Christine. It is obvious that during the weekend she was making a play for Mr. Profumo, and by the time Ward saw the security officer there probably had been a telephone call from Mr. Profumo which showed that the play had succeeded. Ward, however, told the security officer that Ivanov "was undoubtedly attracted by Christine." It is very doubtful if he ever was. Lord Denning thinks he was not. All that is certain is that for a time Christine seems to have felt it obligatory to say that he was, and presumably she was coached to say this by Ward.

The security officer reported the matter to his superiors in terms which inspired them to follow two lines. First, they asked the Special Branch to make inquiries about Ward's character, which they thought might be not all it should be, and the identity of Miss Keeler. It must make us all blush to learn that the Special Branch could not trace Christine Keeler, who could have been found by some simple inquiries at certain photog- *(Continued on page 184)*

Coming Up On Campus: Well-Read Threads

Fraternity A student organization formed to promote friendship and welfare among the members. Promoting bath in front of Old Well at the University of North Carolina are members of Alpha Sigma Chapter of Chi Psi fraternity; seventh friendly welfare worker is Jean Price, Duke alumna and last year's Maid of Chi Psi. All the brothers wear giant plaids a trend which will cross-hatch the campus world this year Left, seated, Gene Raymond's Shetland tweed is red, blue and taupe. Left to right: Gene Barrier wears grey and white with Ranchero Red over pale pink shirt. Dick Graves' jacket is wool and mohair, in camel black, Firebrand Red Bob Smith's heather mixture is based on blues greens, browns, tans Beefiest tweed is worn by Lowry White, whose hacking model is rust, brown and tan overlaid with green Interesting note: brawn cotton suede slacks. Flash quiz what's black, white and red all over? Steve Early displays answer in bold plaid over blue shirt, his shoes are Corfam

Weather The Winter



For the wetter semester the well-prepared student needs, along with his leisure coat, a raincoat and dressier topcoat. The classic raincoat of course, is natural, black or dark-olive poplin Bill Johnson, center Varsity football, wrestling and track man, wears the traditionalist's version in sandy-tan cotton twill, with plaid lining His center-crease felt hat is grey with black band Jim Slaughter's raincoat is an adaptation of a British officer's trench coat with button off epaulets, front and back yokes, slash pockets, and a belt with brass loops The twill-weave cotton and-acetate fabric is a light, slightly iridescent sage green/bronze blend The hat a pinched-crown model, is bronze-tone felt. David Nash a law student approved Esquire's choice for the dressier topcoat A bold herringbone black-and-white woolen, it is in the shorter length, double-breasted. The forward-look hat has a crown sloping from back to front



With his British officer's trench coat, Jim Slaughter wears an olive brown felt hat which is set off by a navy-blue band and the feather



Go For Tow

Stadium, or "tow" coats, like those worn on ski lifts or tows, continue to be the most popular style for campus wear Most are short—38 inches or less Clockwise starting at seven: Junior Pete Gonzalez in charcoal loden-cloth shepherd's coat of waterproof wool red knit crew collar leather piping Hat is a braided blend of man-made fiber and wool Paul Dickson's double-breasted coat is golden-tan wide-wale corduroy Hat is tan suede with telescope crown Sophomore Weaver Kirkpatrick wears greyed-tan cotton suede, contrasting antelope suede trim Bill Pugh's rugged coat is waterproof canvas duck in offbeat gold Hat is taupe-brown felt with contrasting rope band and feather mount Gene Barrier's camel-color wool coat has toggle closures, detachable hood The quilted Antron nylon coat warming Joe Slaughter is a rich chocolate brown, with tan-and-brown-plaid printed felt hat Med student Bob Bugden wears sage-green cotton poplin Larry Ebrhart a grey-tan suede Gloves shearling, cashmere- and Shetland-lined leather knits with leathers

Sound The Alarm



Three alarm blazers spark up the climate of Chapel Hill, a bold bright look to top off conservative slacks. Top across: Sophomore Bill Pugh wears royal blue with striped silk rep tie. Bill Dannemann, Varsity baseball pitcher, plays off billiard table-green blazer with green and-white tattersall-check shirt, striped tie, heather slacks. Cheerleader Dick Goldman chooses Ranchero Red Shetland with silver buttons, and shirt striped red and black on white. On the ascent, Bill Johnson has doffed light-blue hopsack blazer, retains blazer-stripe sweater. Supporters at bottom: Martin Krumes, Varsity soccer man, wears camel's-hair over heather green pullover, green and white-striped shirt. Pete Wales's yellow blazer is a blend of Dacron and wool. Senior Joe Jefferds, in basket-weave vicuña color, adds heather-mixture slacks, cream-and wine-striped shirt. Mac Skelly matches Firebrand Red blazer to a red-and white striped shirt.

Hoot Goes To Waist



The waist length hoot shirt-jacket, originally meant for summer, has grown button-down styling and long sleeves for campus. And Esquire's addition of turtle-neck bibs. Left to right: Mac Skelly, Varsity soccer man, is wearing red Orlon and wool-knit shirt jac with white-and red striped dickey, light olive pants. Lowry White, Secretary of Chi Psi, has a block-check jac in blue, tan, and black, his bib is sand, like the pants. Jim Slaughter, head cheerleader, likes cranberry-red broadcloth with white stripe, white bib, black slacks, olive suede boots. He obscures the lovely Miss Price, who, when this issue appears, will be Mrs. Slaughter. Bill Dannemann's shirt jac has vertical stripes in blue, sage-green and off white, his off-white slacks are leather-piped. Dan Stoddard's plaid jac is in blue, orange, green and red, with an olive bib, olive Western pants and brown suede boots. All the men wear Orlon socks, ankle high boot boots, corduroy slacks.

Photographs by Robert Frissen

Root For The Hoot

The turtle-neck or "hoot" sweater, widely in demand, comes in an astonishingly broad selection of styles. We like with it the look of rugged corduroy slacks, often in bright colors, heather-mixture brushed socks, and especially the ankle-high boots called "hoot boots."

Bottom row, across: Brock Wellons' blue-and-yellow stripe, from England, has roll turtle neck. His slacks, socks and boots are shades of golden olive.

Pete Gonzalez' red sweater has square yoke, black rolled turtle-neck inset, an Italian import. His slacks are grey, boots tan-grey.

Mac Skelly wears a Scandinavian design of Orlon, with black-olive slacks. The bulky, brick red-and-grey sweater, finishing the row, has contrasting banding. With it, Robert Spearman wears brick-red slacks, jodhpur-style suede boots.

Second row: Larry Ehrhart wears a shirt-weight knit of Orlon and wool with contrasting roll turtle-neck inset and electric-blue wide-wale slacks. Gracefully skipping a beat, we come to Senior Richard Ross, in Straw White bulky knit with gold slacks. Dan Stoddard, in blue cable knit, a British import, warn with grey beige slacks, and Bill Dannemann, in off white shade with gold, green and black stripes, off-white slacks.

Top row: Lewry White wears another bulky-knit wool striped in white and Firebrand Red. Martin Kruming's beige sweater, with black rolled neck, accompanies bottle-green fine-wale slacks. Sophomore Bill Powell wears a white, mock-turtle neck with red and black V's in front, mated to black slacks. Next, Dick Goldman's heather-green sweater with its lighter-shade turtle inset is Mirapaca and alpaca, with brushed texture. The green-and-white plaid coat Pete Weiels is wearing is of machine-washable Orlon and is here teamed with golden-tan slacks. Bill Johnson's white wool with roll turtle neck has a raised allover diamond design. This novelty knit in burgundy-and-white stripes worn by Dick Groves, an Italian import, has mock turtle-neck bib. Phil Smith wears a gold- and white plaid wool and mohair, with brushed texture and contrasting rib-knit bib. His slacks are brown allye. Joe Jefferds' high mock turtle in camel with scarlet-red front panel is all Shetland wool from Scotland.

The Successful Suit

Even on campus, it's sometimes necessary to meet the outside world on sartorial terms. Left to right: the ABC's meet the three R's—Brigade twills, Basket weaves, herringBones. (Suit swatches are at top right.) Senior Bob Smith wears a black-and-white herringbone three-piece suit which can make nine outfits. The vest reverses to red flannel. Gene Barrier, President of Chi Psi and a Morehead Scholar, elects green brigade twill, coordinated with bold-yellow oxford-cloth button-down shirt, a striped silk rep tie and a silk pocket square. Senior Dick Graves, next, wears a blue heather-mixture basket weave with a hint of suppression at waist. His paisley-silk pocket square reflects the colors of his regimental tie. Robert Spearman, President of Phi Beta Kappa, wears classically styled herringbone of heather-green touched with blue. His shoes: Scotch-grain brogues. Paul Dirkson,

Chairman of Student Party, wears a classic olive-tan whipcord. His center-crease hat mates closely with the suit. Steve Early's traditional suit has paisley lining in both jacket, trousers



Good Form For The Dorm



Rough 'n' Ready it is when men are men and girls are gone. Clockwise from left: Gene Barrier's Arnel and nylon robe in Firebrand Red with a velour finish, easy-to-wash-and-wear. Pajamas have a pullover-striped top and solid pants. Bill Johnson likes the comfort of a sleeveless sweater over a white shirt, charcoal flannel walk shorts, sneakers and white socks. Pete Gonzales mates a red wool pullover shirt with a black-and-white-striped knit turtle-neck bib and tan chinos. Dick Lewisohn wears a multicolor stripe top, styled like a shirt jacket, with Bandanna Red pajama pants. Sam Smith is comfortably convivial in a red quilted-nylon dorm coat with a red-checked gingham shirt and sage-green chinos. And Phil Smith, Past President of Chi Psi and a Phi Beta, selects a shirt in Firebrand Red with amber-and-blue stripes, an amber dickey, and natural tone chinos.



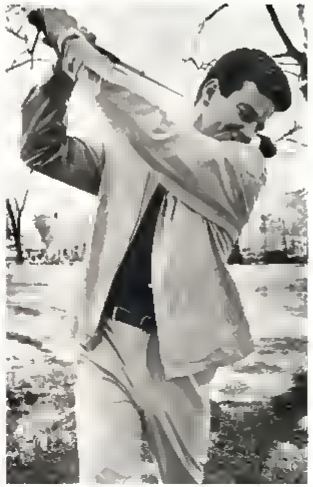
Stretch To The Occasion

For the full life on campus, practically nothing is more useful than a fabric that moves with the man. Dan Stoddard's Orlan-cord-Lycra stretch cardigan, white with red and blue trim, is both machine washable and dryable. To Dan's right, Gene Raymond wears a navy-blue blazer and grey slacks, both in stretch double-knit wool over a striped stretch shirt. Pete Weles, at the right below, who is Chairmen of the Men's Honor Council and a Morehead Scholar, makes progress in a traditionally cut stretch suit of Dacron, worsted and Lycra. And Larry Ehrhart, President of the Junior Class, Treasurer of Chi Psi, and also a Morehead Scholar, puts the action into a water-repellent poplin golf jacket and slacks of Dacron-cotton-Lycra with plaid stretch shirt.











Right At Night

The shawl collar and notched lapel dinner jackets have been favorites for the last several campus generations. So when we introduced the new natural-shoulder model with a peak lapel to Gene Raymond, a native New Yorker and a Junior at the university, he greeted this most elegant of all styles in evening wear with acclaim and approbation. This "campus-peak" model has been trimmed down considerably, it has flap pockets, a center vent, and the facing on the lapels is black silk faille. A special note is the ridged black button. With the jacket, Mr. Raymond wears a matching faille bow tie and vest with lapel, along with classic, and perfect, pleated-front white shirt. For whereabouts of this evening glory, as well as all preceding fashions see page 79.



THE COUNTRY LOOK COMES TO THE CITY VIA STEVENS FABRICS

The rough-cut, tweedy look shows signs of invading the city. Good. Stevens moves in with a collection of relaxed woolens and wool blends in rich colorations and textures. Add a lively collection of patterned shirtings, also from Stevens, and you have the makings of a new look for the in-town man. Bright. Cheerful. Informal. From Stevens, maker of fabrics for men for 151 years.

At left: Luxury WORUMBO® sport coating in rarified 100% camel's hair. In new tobacco shade. Stretch slacks of CONSORT-EZE fabric for crisp press plus comfort: 67% Orlon® acrylic, 30% wool worsted, 3% Lycra® spandex. The shirt? Bigger than bold burgundy stripes in all cotton.

Below: Fresh idea in texture, hopsacking, in a robust 100% wool worsted that wears as well in the city as it does on a Saturday afternoon in the suburbs. From Stevens MILLROCK® Matched with an equally refreshing shirt—tattersall checks in lime, black and olive. All cotton.



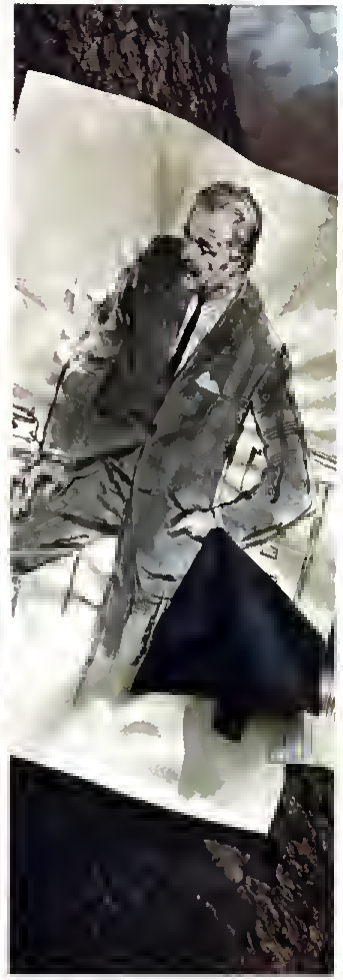


Above: The country look at its liveliest: sport jacket fabric in olive and blue houndstooth from HOCKANUM® Sportswear—80% wool, 20% mohair. Dress stretch slacks from GREER in 53% Dacron® polyester, 44% wool, 3% Lycra. New wide stripe 100% cotton dress shirting in gun metal blue.

At right: ANDOVER®, young man department at Stevens, suggests this herringbone in a heather mixture of blues, greens and reds: 55% Orlon, 45% wool. And what could be more country than this all-cotton gingham shirting! With deep wine slacks from CONSORT in a blend of 70% Orlon and 30% wool.



Below: New verve in conservative ranks. Prime example: this superb stretch suiting in blue overplaid from HOCKANUM PLUS X® 100% wool worsted. A pencil stripe all-cotton shirting in gold, black and red completes the break with tradition.



STEVENS FABRICS

J.P. STEVENS & CO., INC.

Stevens Building, 1460 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10036



"I reckon you know we're killing ourselves, Chet."

The Pious Brother

A former Nazi, now a chaste and seductive Jesuit, remembers the past and plunges wildly toward a strange atonement

by Jakov Lind

The Princess Ernestine von Treutenstein, having presented six seas to the Führer who had buried them one by one in Russia was having her liberation ball. Balls were not infrequent at the Treutenstein Palace, which seemed to have been specially built for such occasions, and, besides, the admission fee of five schillings helped defray the household budget. But this ball was almost like the good old days. Counts and countesses, princes and princesses had turned up full force. It was a warm summer evening and excitement was in the air. The boarders—male students from Canada and England, were also invited. And of course Franz, the Jesuit and painter, who wore his cleverness on his face, plain for all to see. The Princess kept running to the gate. There was always something to attend to. Some thought they had been invited but hadn't, others had been, but thought they had come to the wrong place. Not even the annual artists' carnival at the Künstlerhaus was as wild. By ten o'clock half the party was drunk, lying around in the freshly cut grass in twos and threes without a care in the world. Vodka was only three schillings fifty a bottle at the Russian store, admission was five, so there was no need to save on liquor. The sandwiches were being prepared in the basement kitchen by Prince Harald von Trautenstein in person. He kept his hat on and wiped the mayonnaise off his hands onto the linen coat he wore over his dinner jacket.

Around two o'clock the guests began to disappear. First slowly, then faster and faster. And finally only those who lived in the palace were left: the Prince, the Princess, Ingelise and Albert—"the children," and of course the boarders, John, Bernard, Lillian and David. Long before the noise died down, Franz was in the kitchen having black coffee with Yvonne, a singer from London.

Franz was thirty-five, in the prime of life, a talented painter with his own studio in the heart of the city. That he belonged to a religious order was known only to the Treutenstein family—he had been giving Ingelise piano lessons for the last three years and had come to be regarded as a friend—and to Yvonne who had heard it from Ingelise. Like all Jesuits, Franz was a man of the world, he had lived a full life before embarking on the years of study that led to his ordination.

In honor of the occasion—the withdrawal of the Russian occupants—he had taken a drop too much. He needed the coffee to sober up. That was the price of abstinence. But it was almost a patriotic duty to drink in this liberation from the liberators. No one, not even a Jesuit, had the right to stand apart. It's not often that the Russians move out.

Yvonne, who happened to be a Catholic from Scotland, had also drunk too much vodka. She knew nothing about politics and still less about vodka. She would have preferred a different kind of drink, like whisky, and another man, equally as interesting, but neither was at hand, so she made do with what she had. Yvonne liked to seduce, everything else was too easy. She was well aware of this vice and admitted it freely. But never would she have confessed that her secret desire was to seduce pious Catholics and, most particularly, Church dignitaries. The thought of taking this handsome Jesuit's shirt off was almost as exciting as her early childish craving—she had been only eleven at the time—to crawl under the cassock of Father O'Connan, a cousin of her mother's. Her room at home in Dunfermline was papered with newspaper pictures of Church dignitaries.

Let other girls worship Clark Gable or Cary Grant, she would rather have any parish priest or mendicant monk. Priest or bishop, cardinal or Pope: the more prominent the more exciting. The Holy Father, whose picture occupied a special place above her bed, was her favorite. To sleep with the Pope and die—that was Yvonne's idea of God's paradise on earth, the divine and the profane fused into one: "in the warmth of love, at the bosom of happiness." Yvonne was first and foremost a mezzo-soprano. What did she know of sin, what of religion?

It cost her such effort not to run her fingers through Franz's hair that her right hand was beginning to ache. He was so handsome, so slender, so tall, so virile. His fingers, long and sensual, slightly curved, with well-shaped nails, a well-groomed hand, barely two inches from hers, close enough to grasp. How she would have loved to squeeze those fingers until he cried "enough"—"Sa gladly, oh sa gladly." Where was that from? Schubert? Wolf? Mahler? Bach, why of course. "Oh might I be with thee, my sweet Savior"" Only Bach knew what love was all about. Bach was sensual, the Don Giovanni of the German Baroque.

Beside her sat another. His name was Franz and he was a Jesuit. But he was cool and impregnable (have the times changed or the people?) and punctuated his long commentary on the creation of the world with a sip of coffee.

The Creation and in particular the fall of



Drawing by Donald DeMarco



I love you,
green striped shirt...

Because everything I love about Jim is right there...as plain as those green stripes. Other men pussy-foot around with pin stripes and puny stripes. Not Jim. Pow. Green stripes. Green stripes for red blood. Who's afraid of the big dull world...not Jim.

Yes, green striped shirt, you belong in our house.

In fact, I'll bet a perfect stranger could look at those stripes, and that Van Heusen 417 taper, and the stubborn roll of that Van Heusen 417 collar...and know exactly how Jim likes his roast beef...and exactly why I'll stay a blonde until I'm 999 years old.

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Adam were Franz's specialty with which he drove women to absolute submission, unconditional surrender. Excited by his spirituality, they were driven to the brink of orgasm by his coolness, panting with passion at his condescending affectionate brotherliness. In this way Franz, who had not touched a woman in twelve years, obtained the ample satisfaction which he felt was compatible with his vows.

Any dog or male could achieve coitus. All it amounted to was a few grams of liquid, and even that dried up in an instant. What did people know of the true opening, the opening of the soul deep and dark as a well shaft? What did others know of the true fulfillment, the unusual thoughts...the corrosive analysis that one casts into the cistern like a plumb line? How deep is Thine abyss, O Lord?—How abysmal thy darkness, O world?—How loud is the echo of thy hidden fear, O man? Yvonne was not Clara the Jewess from Prague, who had slapped his face the year before. Yvonne was not Jewish. Only Jewish women have souls. Franz had no illusions about Yvonne.

"Out of His loneliness God created the world," said Franz. "He was lonely, because there was no one with whom to share the power of His glory. What is a God without men? Who is there to worship Him? Of course He could have held out alone until the day of Judgment for He is eternal. But without men, without the world, the universe would still have been chaos. The divine order, mastery of the tohubohu, the creation of man crowned His absolute power. So it was man who gave God His shape."

Except for the ascetic shape of Franz, which affected Yvonne as an aphrodisiac the topic itself left her absolutely cold.

He should have asked me first. Why didn't He ask me first?

What would you have advised Him? Franz asked.

The world is completely pointless, said Yvonne, and she added, at least for those who lack divine power.

Franz knew perfectly well what Yvonne would have done with divine power. She would have ripped his pants off. That Franz knew, is how women are, either they expect violence or they want to use it. Women made him sick. What did it say in his diary for July 17, 1943? "Slept with fourteen Ukrainian girls and women. Cost: fourteen slices of bread. Price of bread, thirty pfennigs—approximately two pfennigs per coitus. War is war."

Franz observed Yvonne carefully. The way she pursed her lips appealed to him. Her white teeth were surprisingly good. When she wasn't speaking, she pushed out her lower lip and became a charming, pouting child. Her fingers were unattractive, too short, her skin almost too white. The paint and powder were laid on too thick. Her legs, thighs, and breasts were probably just as white and transparent. Skin too delicate. Rabbit flesh. Physically she had nothing to offer; mentally even less. Too much naïve good humor, too much childish playfulness, too sentimental, and too good natured. Could she have a nose complex? Her nose is too thin; still a complex is unlikely. Sentimentality comes from physical cowardice. That's something to work on. Inclined to hysteria. Good. Frighten, comfort, frighten. Might bring on a beautiful fit. Tears, hair, scratches, loses voice. Maybe a nervous twitch?

But she ought to be Jewish. Only Jewish women can work up a first-rate anxiety neu-



"You never look at me like that!"

rosis. His thoughts returned to Clara, the medical student from Prague. He liked the company of Jewish women. To the stupid ones he admitted only the Jesuit; to the bright ones he also confessed the SS squad leader. Why not? They hadn't been able to pin any atrocities on him. And by the end of 1945 they had sent him home from the prisoner-of-war camp. Wasn't that proof enough? For seven years he had served the cause of the Führer and Reich with fervor and unwavering devotion. But a thousand-year Reich that collapses in twelve years is devoid of every sound foundation. When the Führer committed suicide, he began to doubt. When Dönitz too capitulated to the Russians, his faith in the National Socialist Revolution was irrevocably shattered. This scum call themselves the defenders of the West, bearers of the Germanic blood mission, but they shirk their sacred duty, to let the enemy, to his eternal infamy and disgrace, spill their blood so it might fall on him and his children and his children's children. A Führer of the German people does not commit suicide—only a desperate unemployed house painter from Vienna would do that. An oath sworn to such a creature is null and void, he deserves no sacrifices. Discharged by the Americans, Werner Brautiger was doubly free, and immediately after his release, with the help of his SS company commander Schacherl, professor of philosophy at Graz, he went into a monastery. He gave his vows to the Savior Jesus Christ. For the sake of eternal life, he was only too glad to accept divine mercy and grace in exchange for the honor which went by the name of faith unto death.

Clara, where are you? Franz asked.

Yvonne's heart trembled with excitement. Here I am, she said. Right here. But my name is Yvonne.

Too bad, Franz sighed from the bottom of his heart. I raved to Clara about Alfred Rosenberg, just for the fun of it. Of course Rosenberg is passé. And she flew into a rage and slapped my face. How deliciously it hurt. It made me as happy as a child. What is the Knight's Cross compared to that? Jewess slaps SS man's face. This paradoxical, this almost uncannily impossible thing happened to me, to me. Death sentence to be carried out at once? No, reprieve. Do I have some authority around here or not? Reprieve. I insist. Send her to Auschwitz for all I care. But give her time. Be humane. There's too much shooting going on in the Reich anyway.

The memory of this most gracious of all times, when he held the life of others, especially women, in his hands, when he had rank and a gift for manipulating idiots, even if they happened to be his superior officers, this memory—was it really so long ago?—put Franz in an hypnotic state. He spoke as if in a dream.

Running the gauntlet, the besom heaves the whip cuts the flesh, but everyone is allowed through the black iron door, no one is denied entrance. No more agony, no more hunger, no more fear. The room is crowded to the bursting point; it all comes down to a question of space. An economy at war sets its own laws. Space, space. It's impossible to breathe. People suffocate almost as soon as they close the doors. So many bodies jammed against each other. Who are they, women shopping in a department store? No, stripped Jewesses in the elevator on the way to the last stop of German hauer. Then Grace explodes, its name is cyclone B. It is in

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Blessed And ten minutes later—may be fifteen, time hardly matters—life had gone out of their eyes Nothing but naked dead female bodies arms and legs intertwined Dante's hell Grotesque obscene cruel magnificent like a Hieronymus Bosch And Clara is among them—she s in the painting The hand that slapped lives na mara

Yvonne didn't understand a word her German wasn't up to it It was barely enough for aperas and bieber plus whatever else she had picked up in the textbook *German for Foreigners* Yet though she understood next to nothing of Franz s ravings she was full of admiration for the wonderful sound of the German language She was a musician first and foremost. And who on earth can understand these Germans and Austrians anyway? They never stop talking They won't even let you eat without wishing you *Gute Mahlzeit* before and after, and they won t let you go away without saying *Auf Wiedersehen* or something of the sort a dozen times She gazed at Franz and peered into his grey eyes the most beautiful eyes she had ever seen; she studied his mouth that was made for kissing, and she didn't doubt for a moment that everything that went with it would turn out to be as it should. Will there be a chance soon? The way he looks at me He wants to more he wants to I could take him upstairs with me But he won't dare. What if the Princess goes to the ladies' or lingerie? It's too risky Better wait. She could wait until he had talked himself to shreds—what s left belongs to me

Franz looked deep into Yvonne s eyes until she couldn't help blinking, and thought of the Jewess from Prague, who instead of dying in Auschwitz, had given him the most glorious days of his life At each step he had whispered inwardly: "She forgives, she forgives." Chastised with love, oh vanished dream of childhood. Alive or dead Franz thought God didn t provide us Christians with a soul All we know is how to kill, not how to suffer We haven't the soul for suffering; even our Savior had to be taken from the Jews One of us would n't have worn the crown of thorns. He hated and despised—and prayers were no help—the insensibility of his Christian world, just as once upon a time, long long ago, he had hated the Jews for their weakness.

In a Europe with scarcely any Jews, his hatred of the few pitiful survivors had seeped away There was nothing left, nothing but the fervor of prayer and the pale images fashioned by a greater out of flesh and bones—images such as no Bosch could ever create In all end water

Gone, gone forever The moans have died away I am a man alone with God Yvonne. Yes, of course Yvonne. One scream of her lust until my eardrums burst. . . . Are you going to scream, Yvonne? Very well I'll talk

And Franz talked of Adam and the rib. God created Eve from Adam's rib and not the other way round as psychoanalysts claim They are always looking for hypotheses Adam rape his mother? It's out of the question. Years later incest was punished with death If Eve had been Adam s mother God would have had to destroy Adam on the spot as an example. But He did nothing of the sort. Rank was wrong, as was Freud. The first Church Fathers lied even more shamelessly, though actually they say pretty much the same thing as the modern psychologists You don't forfeit paradise for the sake of sexual intercourse. Adam s sex life wasn't sinful in itself what was sinful was Adam s independence, his sexual maturity After tasting the apple Adam saw that the fruit of the tree was the fruit of Eve s womb. Eve was pregnant. This meant that Adam could create life just like God. And this was what the Father couldn t put up with He drove him out of His house because He saw that His creature had grown up and become His equal. Not as punishment, but because He realized that His work was indeed finished. God showed Adam the door in order to make him learn to bear his own responsibility Why did the theologians suppress this aspect of free responsibility and put all the emphasis on the curse of earthly existence? For a very simple reason The tree of life—Adam, by the way, had no time to eat of it—



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He's wild by nature [illegible]
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When out for [illegible]

AHH THAT'S A dingO



Like many major fashion trends, Dingos were first discovered by college men. Some who found the [illegible] in Dingos are, left to right: Gerald E. Leech, Jr., *University of Illinois*; Ken Kennedy, *University of Florida*; Clayton A. Reed, *University of Minnesota*; Jim Akers, *Columbia University*; at left, Chuck Fischer, *University of California, Los Angeles*.



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would have bestowed immortality on him as well That would have been going too far. Man would have lost his desire to beget children and it would have been all up with the divine magic To have to die is inevitable but cruel, and one fears it It's like being unborn, Adam tells himself, in the dark foul smelling womb of the earth It is pointless to live with such death as a prospect. So the theologians persuaded men that there is a paradise, hence no need to fear death But, man asks, what is this paradise like? *Like before the fall.* So by way of explaining paradise what it was and what it might be, the theologians call existence a curse and a vale of tears. But that's not what God intended when He banished Adam It's a cruel invention of Jewish and Christian scholars who lacked the imagination to understand the divine purpose. The result was a Christian world of terror Any pagan, any Buddhist is a thousand times superior to one The Jews at least rescued human responsibility and the Buddhists saved God's omnipresence. All that was left to the Christians was the mystery of the Trinity take that away and we are finished

The long speech had nearly sobered them both. Yvonne hadn't understood a word He is religious and I am sinful he is serious and I am silly How marvelously frivolous this Jesuit makes me feel how divinely irresponsible. And she sighed with such passionate desire that Franz felt it in the marrow of his bones

Silent and unnoticed, the Princess had listened to Franz's last words from the doorway Don't let me interrupt you children, she said and sat down at the table. She poured herself some coffee. But as Franz had come to the end of his speech there was nothing to interrupt. Edifying very edifying The Princess loved to be edified Whenever she heard the word God, regardless of the context, a pious shudder came over her

The death within three years of six sons ranging from twenty-one to thirty five had driven her back to the bosom of the Church Getting Constant, the last one, to go had been difficult. The others hadn't dared to open their mouths when she commanded them to volunteer for the SS ("The Führer needs you, my sons") But Constant had played sick for weeks First it was tonsilitis, then earache. And then stomach trouble A strapping, vigorous young fellow, a little pale from too much night life, but otherwise in the best of health. Hysterical fear, she called it. She had had to lift him up out of bed with her own hands like a baby 'Aren't you ashamed of yourself?' 'You call yourself a man?' The same afternoon she had delivered him with his belongings at the recruiting station.

She saw him once more in the uniform of an SS Panzer Grenadier, raising his arm in the Hitler salute as he and his men were passing before the party leaders in a victory parade after the fall of France He did not see her But she was proud of him, of his sunburned face, his hardened manly features, the steely glint in his blue eyes. Here was a man, not the child she had known A soldier of the Führer How well he looked in uniform, better than in a dinner jacket

It was the last time Although he was stationed nearby until the Russian campaign, he never showed up at home She was without news of him until the twenty fourth of June when the telegram came He had fallen the very first day—the will of Providence He was the first of the sons The news had shaken her only when, three years after the war his battalion commander had told her the truth about his death By his own carelessness he had slipped while boarding his tank and had been crushed under the treads Only the immediate family knew, and they kept the secret Constant just didn't have the makings of a hero He had taken after her father who, in the First World War—an Austrian general—had surrendered to a gang of Serbian bandits, who had made short shrift of him, strung him up on the nearest tree.

Constant was the first The other five followed, one by one Not one received the Iron Cross. She never got out of her mourning clothes Johann, the eldest, was last to die while fighting Partisans Such was the will of Providence



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Thrre is no arguing with God

Franz loathed the old woman She was a venemous spider togetlse had told him about the six brothers ff fil had a mother like that I'd have killed her That woman is insane No amount of prayer reuld trasre his hetred of the aged Princrss And thrrr was no one with whom hr could talk about it. The merr sight of her paralyzed him with disgust. The spider princess

Princess von Trastenstein was not exardly attractive. She was vrry tall, about six feet Hrr face was bluish-white and bloated Her eyes were two slits pressed downward thrir color impossible to tell Hrr nose was long and fleshy.. rather like a tapeworm, her lips were fell and hrr teeth first-rate dental work. Only the wrinkles under her chin betrayed hrr seventy years. Dressed up, she seemed no morr than fifty Hrr best frature was hrr grey hair Her hands and feet were rearmons. Her frat were rn

eased in gigantic low-heeled shoes Shr was wearing something black—shr always wore something black—made of velvrt and simple cotton ft was neither dress nor skirt and blouse Hrr barr shoulders wrre rayered by a simple fox fur Princess von Trautenstein had troublr with the letter "s" After using it shr forgot to remove her tongur from between her teeth It sturk there.

Franz made a point of addressing the Princess as Excellency, concealing his revulsion beneath an excess of politeness—he always derived a srrret satisfaction from thr irony of it. I beg your pardon Exrellrntry, said Franz jumping up I do beg your pardon f should havr left long ago

The Princess smilrd graciously Why Franz, you mustn't. it's so seldom that I have a chance to chat with you Thr stupidity of everyday life. Thr duties of the household Who can afford servants nowadays? Na. please do stay awhile Onr nrver has time for quiet reflection. Maybr it will br diffrrrut now that the Russians are going Exrept for thrir cheap food thry brought us nothing to be thankful for

If your Excellency is really not too tired, said Franz. Thr old bag had ruined his evening All hr hed got out of Yvonne was a sigh. What of the nights to come? And the orgasm? Spidrrs induce rattus intrrreptus. Even the old Mayan myths tell of that Thr spider goddess van Trautrnstein squirts poison into thr rabbating prrson. and is thr very art his member critrp withrrs, and dies

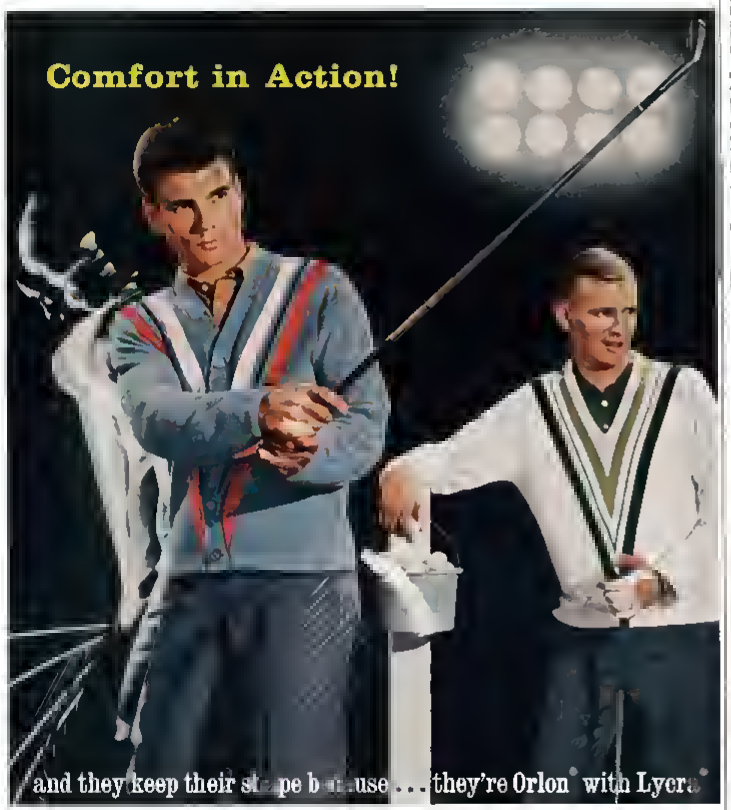
The Prince had gour to bed the Princess lloped Albert and Ingelise havr gone to the Rasupuvskys for coiffe Tomorrow is Sunday Thr children don't go to Mass anyway No, please stay Franz, the house is deserted and I love to listen to you You are the cleverest man I've ever met

Pleasr, please, Franz protested, embarrassrd He couldn't stomorh compliments from an archenemy

Don't you think so Yvonne? Shr smiled at Yvonne. Though shr was the unrontestrd darling of the family—the only onr of the boarders allowed to practice in thr ballroom—Yvonne wished the old witrh at the studeuts called hrr ten feet undrrground She would hove liked to say somrthing affectionate to Franz, she might rvrn heve used the same words But now everything was ruined There wesn t much left of the night. And this Franz needed time, time and patirnce She understood his glorres. No one was as fascinatting as this man Whet worldliness! And to think that he is a rarraber of the Church. She began to shiver and tingle

Or is his worldliness as deprrtive as his dress? Hr wesn't evrn wearing an rerlesiastic's collar, he had a tie on. Still his shoes, suit, and socks were blrck Clothing proved nothing To be a Jesuit prevrd nothing. Yvonne knew from exprrrnrer that what mattered most in lovr was opportunity Time and patrence. Thrre was an oppressive silence lasting no more than a few seconds.

You are an artist, said the Princess to Franz. She licked the roffee from her lowrr lip, lrat it slidr down her strp chin into her décolletage. Will you please explain one thing to me, I should so much likr to know why our Savior is always represented as a soft gentle, I might almost say effeminate man. A man who could chase the money chang-



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ars aut af the tempir with a whip, who had the physical strength to carry his own rross up a mauntain, rannot possibly heve looked likr that. I rrfuse tu think af him as a weakling. I've wanted to ask yos that far ages.

Three o'clack in the morning and thr old monster wants to krow everything. Haw he hated her. Shr hed ruined his plans. Frans saught Yvonne's eyes and to his canstarnation detected a rogtish gleam of complicity against the Princess. Had hr givrn himself away? That damned liquar. Na self-control. Hr amst have nothing in common with Yvonr. nat even contempt or hatred. This little English girl must be made to writhe with passian to throw hrrself at his feet in rasfassion and despair. Esl be could do this anly if hr remaind absalstely cold, sternly aloof. How would he be able to say no and brush her aff like dust if he entered into a conspiracy with har?

The rvening was wasted. All he could do naw was to give her his address before leaving. The Princess' presence didn't disturb him. It was generally knowo that Franz Ird a blameless lifr, though no ane knew why. The ward had spread around tawn for he received ladies in his studio at all hours. Thry dropped in with rerscious designs likr Yvonr (because only difficult conquests are warth bothering with) or with an open mind (because my studio is a natural place for wamrn to spend their time in)...undecided whrthrr to seduce this rfriver, good looking man or to be seduced by him. They camr at all hours af the day and night and spread ward af his rhesuity. So there was an harm in giving Yvonar his address while the Princess looked an. The thought rhrrred him up. And it gave him time to think up an answer to this most backneyed af all qurstions. *Jedem des seine*. to earh his own. Franz remembered, and a diabolical desire overcame him. The spidrr must be crnshed. This was his chance. Maybe his last.

Exerllency, Franz began softly, yos arr perfectly right af rourse. Tha rffensate Saviar is a falsification. A prodsct af the Rrnaissance. The old Greek frescoes represrat him as the pawerful, rabust typr hr must have been. Thr Savior was wall built and muscular. His faatures were hard and took thr look in his eyes was noble, almost masterful. He was a virile man in every respsrt.

The Princess was pleased. Sha gave a slight nod. That was jsal how she had pirtured Him.

Franz rontinued. It was the Renaissance that first paintrd suffering into Jesus' face. For suffering in the human conditenanra was just being rrfisravered — as was mas himself — righteen hundred years after the destructian af Greek civilisation. In dustry then is its rsfaacy, narded human beings, not slevas. Artists needed the human face, they needed what is most human and most appealing in man, namely suffering. And where did thry find the living models all painters — except the abstractionists — need? They found the expression thry were looking for in the innocent victims of the Inquisition. In the unsuspecting tortured eyes of the Jews. And they gavr that expression to the Savior, whose suffering until then had meant nothing to thrm. The face of the Redeemar, himself a Jew, was copied from the victims who for His sake were being burned at thr stake in Spain. That is the greatness, the rrainr truth af art. Sometimes they made His hair blond, sametimes black — usually they straightened His nose, but what they werr really lsirrrated in was the expression. That rxpressian that pain, the pain af innocence bsrned in the eyes of the Jews. And in thrirs alanr. Now do you understand how that airbly, tortured look camr into the healthy face of the Savirr?

Thr Princess did nat understand a single ward, but shr laved rverything rannected with rrligion. Though sha would rather not have had the Jews brought into it. For after all they had startrd thr war with their intrigues and farred Hitler ta defend himself. So that thry were really ta blame for the death af hrr six sons.

Ga on, thr Princess commandrd. It's very interesting. Her idiotir politeness was getting on his nerves. I'll have to put it more plainly, draw a pirture or ta speak.

Excellrncy said Franz I have seen a photograph of your son Constant. Princess Ingeline was kind enaugh to let mr see it; shr gave it to me in fact. It was takrn two months befrre the Prince rntered thr Army, in November, 1939. He was just twrnty at tha time. I havr used the picturr as a model for a painting. The painting is finishrd. It's thr best I vr rvrr done. A frirnd af mine has photagraphed it for me, because it's going aff to an art show. I havr a reduced copy hrrr in my wallet.

Very latrresting. Fatigue made hrr speech drfrrt positively painful. May I see what yos ve done with thr old photograph? Most isteresting. Franz took a photograph fram his wallet and pat it dawa in front af the Princess.

When the Princess laughrd it sassded like an unsuccessful attempt ta ring a rusty bell. A hind of rrenkling. The Princess laughrd until the tears camr tr her eyes, she always rried when she laughed. Frass affected ta take affrnse. I assure yau that allowing for a minimum of artistic lirrasr my painting was drne faithfully after the model. The Princess had pat dawn lhr photagraph but she was still laughing and kept repeating the words "rogur" and "prankster."

Yvanne rose. Sha simply had to take a look at the cause of this hys-

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tarical laughter, but there was nothing to me. All she could make out was a young man with a beard, a bald head, earlocks and a shtikeap. This man certainly bore no resemblance to the Princess; he had big black eyes. They looked more like the Prince, though she had never really noticed his. Or had she never looked? That must be it. After all a man has to look like somebody.

The image of his father, said Yvonne, meaning to be jovial. This was too much for the Princess. There were limits to everything. She stood up. She seemed to be eight feet tall, her head came up to the ceiling.

Take your miserable Jew boy and leave my house at once. I repeat, at once! You too, Yvonne.

At once! the Princess screamed. Don't talk back; I won't have it. My son the Prince, died at the Russian front, he was an officer in an SS Panzer regiment. You, a former romrade-in-arms, ought to be ashamed to desecrate the memory of the dead.

Franz saw there was no point in trying to say anything. There was foam at the old woman's mouth. She'll die of a heart attack. No, he didn't want that to happen. He couldn't have that on his conscience. The joke had gone too far. She is an old woman. I've got to tell her the truth even if it sticks in my throat. Nothing is lower than cowardice. He turned to the doorway and said:

Excellency, I confess. That picture is not your son. It's not even a copy. I realize I beg your forgiveness. I will tell you the truth. It's a young Jew named Eliezer Gross whom I shot with my own hand in the ghetto of Lodz. *This is the only human being I have on my conscience.* He had refused to turn his sister over to me. That is the truth. I've had the picture with me ever since. It reminds me of certain things and I thought it might cure you of your grief. I thought we might forget our sorrow together.

Get out! screamed the Princess. Leave my house, you you degenerate.

Franz huddled Yvonne out ahead of him, silently pulling her after him halfway through the city. They climbed the four flights of steps to his studio in the dark. He didn't want to be seen. Not tonight. The studio was under the roof. It had two enormous windows offering a view of nothing but the sky. As a painter and a Jew, he had no need to see anything else. Never had Yvonne seen such a studio. Tonsky, the stage manager, would have to come and look. What a setting for Mink. Not even the rent iron stove was missing.

I'll make you some coffee, said Franz and vanished behind a curtain. Felly metamorphosed into Mimi. Yvonne went from picture to picture, humming to herself. She cast a glance at the bed. It was wide. I wouldn't want to die of consumption in it, she said to herself, everything else is all right. As to the pictures—some were as big as the window—she couldn't make head or tail of them. Smears of harsh colors. Nowhere a man or even a tree. Modern. Maybe he'd like to have models, but he is not allowed to. Maybe that is why he makes all those smears. Too abstract. Abstraction is all right but this is too much. What about that coffee?—not a sound from behind the curtain. Nothing. She began to feel afraid. She could have managed very nicely up here for a few weeks. But he is a bit of an eccentric. Eccentrics are interesting. She tiptoed to the curtain. Maybe he's saying his evening prayers, praying to God to forgive him for the sin he's going to commit with me tonight? She opened the curtain and screamed. She screamed until her breath gave out. Franz lay on the floor, blood gushing from his mouth. His eyes were wide open and staring. He was wrapped in a yellow and black silk shawl, fringed at the border, embroidered in gold round the collar. He had on a little false beard and a wig that made him look bald, with long hair at the temples.

THE Princess was not surprised when she received the news of Franz's suicide—He hadn't been right in the head lately, she said. But secretly she took to lighting seven candles instead of six at early Mass and included Franz in her prayers. For after all he too had served the Führer in the SS. A comrade-in-arms of her sons was like another son to her. ✠

Translated By Ralph Manheim

Wooletin

VOL. I WW 1964 PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN WOOL COUNCIL



1 A sunfast of sack.



2. A bit of fit.

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3 Darts do it with dash.

4. When is a dart not a dart? When it's a Jart.

WOOL

5 Well dressed/wool-dressed.

BOGIE IN EXCELSIS

(Continued from page 108)

Herzand fellow recently said writer Nathaniel Benchley, who believed in only two things: the superiority of Harvard and the immortality of Humphrey Bogart." During every summer period to Cambridge, it has become customary for the Brattle Theatre to run a Bogart film festival. Sometimes they don't even last the pictures; they just put a large photograph of him outside the theatre. It seems to be enough. Walk into the Club Casablanca (in the same building) and ask one of the undergraduates: "Bogart has a realness you can't get away from," he might tell you. "It's a wryness of freedom," he'll say, at the same time denying that there is a real exit and that he's just as refreshing, so pleasantly removed from their own demure world. "There's no crap about Bogart," another student may observe. "He's also kind of anti-European and pro-American. Like he dumps on the European, you know what I mean?" By this time his date won't be able to control herself any longer. "He's so masculine!" she'll blurt out. "He's so fantastically tough!"

Wasn't he? "He ostracized himself a great deal," said writer Betty Comden. Raymond Massey recalled an incident during the shooting of *Action in the North Atlantic* (1943): "The scene called for our doubles to jump from the bridge of a burning tanker into the water below, which was aflame with oil. Bogie turned to me and said: 'My double is braver than yours.' I said that wasn't so, that my double was the braver man. Then Bogie looked at me and he said: 'The fact is I'm braver than you are.' I said that was nonsense. And the next thing I knew we did the doggone stunt ourselves." Massey chuckled. "I burned my pants off and Bogie singed his eyebrows."

To Joseph L. Mankiewicz, who directed him in *The Barefoot Contessa* (1954), Bogart's toughness was a façade. "You'd be having dinner with him," he said, "and someone would come over and you could just see the tough guy coming on." And to Chester Morris: "He had a protective shell of seeming indifference. He wasn't, but he did a lot to seeing offstage. He liked to act tough, liked to talk out of the side of his mouth." Writer Nunnally Johnson said Bogart was convinced that people would have been disappointed if he didn't act tough with them. "A fan came over during dinner one time," said Johnson, "and Bogie told him to beat it. When the guy got back to his table I heard his companion say, quite happily: 'See, I told ya he'd insult you.'" Johnson reflected a moment. "But he was a lot tougher than I would be and a lot tougher than most people I know. I remember one time Judy Garland and her husband, Sid Luft, were at his home. Now Luft was a big alley fighter and a good deal broader than Bogart. But Bogie got annoyed about something or other and he walked right over to Luft, who also was a good head taller, and nodded at Judy: 'Would you take that dame out of this house,' he said, 'and never come back.' Luft kind of looked at him a moment and then he took her out." Johnson smiled. "Bogie took big risks."

Adlai Stevenson didn't find him that way. "He wasn't tough, not really," said the Ambassador. "He was, to me, a conconformist. He had a cynicism without being unhealthy. He had great humanity and an erudite kind of skepticism." And still another opinion: "He was a pushover," said Lauren Bacall.

I never broke through his barrier," said writer John McLain. "I don't think anyone really got underneath. Bogart didn't unburden himself to men. He loved to be in love and with a woman. I think he came closer to leveling with them than with anybody." Bogart married four women during his fifty-seven years; each of them an actress. Helen Menken (1926), Mary Phillips (1928), the late Mayo Methot (1938), and in 1945 Lauren Bacall. "I think once a person was out they were really out," said Truman Capote, discussing the divorces. "My had emotional attachments."

The Bogart-Methot marriage was a stormy one. "Their neighbors were

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lulled to sleep. Dorothy Parkee once said, "by the sounds of breaking china and crashing glass." Johnson enrolled that Methot once had Bogart followed. "She was very jealous and penitive that he was playing around. But Bogie never had a weakness for dames. The only weakness he ever had was for a drink and a talk." Johnson smiled. "Bogie soon found out a guy was telling him and he called up the fellow's agency 'Hello, this is Humphrey Bogart,' he said. 'You got a man on my tail. Would you check with him and find out what's I am'."

The first time Bogart met Betty Bacall was coming out of director Howard Hawks' office. She had made a test for Hawks, who had discovered her and first teamed the couple in *To Have and Have Not* (1945). "I saw your test," Bogart said to her. "We're gonna have a lotta fun together." It was with Bacall that he had his only children, a boy named Steve, which is what she called Bogart in that first movie, and a girl named Leslie Howard, after the actor who had insisted that Bogart be cast in the film version of *The Petrified Forest* (1936), the movie that really began his picture career. "He missed her when they were apart," Capote said. "He loved her. He used to talk a terrific line, but he was monogamous. Although that isn't entirely true—he fell in love with Bacall while he was still married to Mayo."

Bogart put it this way: "I'm a one-woman man and I always have been. I guess I'm old-fashioned. Maybe that's why I like old-fashioned women on the kind who stay in the house playing *Rummy* in *the Glamour*. They make a man think he's a man and they're glad of it."

The stories go that Bogart was a heavy drinker, but Johnson thinks otherwise. "I don't think Bogie drank as much as he pretended to," he said. "Many's a time I was with him, the doorbell would ring and he'd pick up his glass just to go answer the door. He couldn't have been as good at his job if he drank as much as he was supposed to have."

But Bogart did drink. "I think the world is three dimensional," he used to say, "and it's high time it caught up." On one occasion he and a friend bought two enormous stuffed panda bears and took them as their dates to El Morocco. They sat them in chairs at a table for four and when an ambitious young lady came over and touched Bogart's bear, he shoved her away. "I'm a happily married man," he said, "and don't touch my panda." The woman brought assault charges against him, and when asked if he was drunk at four o'clock in the morning, he replied, "Sure, isn't everybody?" (The judge ruled that since the panda was Mr. Bogart's personal property he could defend it.)

But Bogart didn't have to drink to start trouble. "He was an arrogant bastard," said Johnson, grinning. "It's kinda funny, this cult and everything. When he was alive as many people hated him as loved him. I always thought of him as somewhat like Stanwyck." Johnson chuckled. "What was it? 'Bore with the gift of laughter and the same that the world was mad.' He'd stood in chairmuh and then sit back and watch the consequences. Of course, there was nearly always something phony about the guy he was needling. Needle is the wrong word—howitzer would be more like it. The other fellow could use deflating, but it didn't take all that artillery."

The Holmby Hills Rat Pack, which Bogart initiated and which died with him sprang from this dictate for pretense. "What is a rat?" he once explained. "We have no constitution charter or bylaws, yet, but we know a rat when we see one. There are very few rats in this town. You might say that rats are for staying up late and drinking lots of booze. We are against squares and being bored and for lots of fun and being real rats, which very few people are but if you are a real cat boy! One slogan is: Never rat on a rat." A first principle is that we don't care who likes us as long as we like each other. We like each other very much."

John McClain tells of the yacht club Bogart belonged to and of the people who canted the large house next door for a summer. They were the Eacks and they dressed for dinner. The members of the club (who were never invited) used to peer over their fence watching the Irish festivities. McClain had been invited to a Sunday dinner and had asked if he might bring Bogart along as they would be together on his yacht over the weekend. As they docked Mr. Clain reminded Bogart to dress for the occasion and went off to get ready himself. Bogart went into the club for a drink or two. "After a while," McClain recalled. "Bogie announced to everyone in the club, 'My dear friends, the Eacks,' he said 'are having an open house and they want you all to come.' And into the Eack house comes Bogie followed by about thirty people, all wearing sheets and sport shirts and sneakers." McClain laughed. "It was pretty funny actually but I was furious at the time."

"He could be very wearing too," said Benchley. "One time at 21' I was standing at the bar with a couple of friends and Bogie got up from his table and came over. 'Are you a homosexual?' he said to one of them, just like that. The fellow looked rather taken aback and said he didn't see that it was any of his business. 'Well are you?' said Bogie. 'Come on, we got a bet going at the table.' The fellow said 'Since you ask, no.' I think Bogie could feel he'd been wrong and he turned to the other guy with us and asked him if *he* was a homosexual. The guy said no. He asked me and I said no and then he said 'Well, I am,' and kinda minced away. He knew he'd been wrong."

A few weeks after Bogart's death, Peter Ustinov said in a speech "Humphrey Bogart was an exceptional character in a sphere where characters are not usually exceptional. To a visitor hailing from the cold shores of England, he would put on an exaggerated Oxford accent and discuss the future of the British Empah' as though he wroughasdedly cared for nothing else in the wide world. His aim was to shake the new somewhat out of his assumed complacency by insults which were as shrewdly observed as they were malicious. The way into his heart was an immediate reunteatatork in a broad American accent, during which one assumed a simplicity between him and his *bête noire*, Senator McCarthy in some dark scheme. . . . It was in the character of the man that he smiled with real pleasure only when he had been amply repaid in kind."

Capote would go along with that. "The turning point in one friendship—the beginning really—was during *Beat the Devil* (1954). Bogie and John Huston and some others, they were playing that game—you know the one what d'ya call it—you take each other's hand across a table and try to push the other's arm down. Well it just happens that I'm very good at that game. So anyway, Bogie called me, 'Hey, Capote.' That's what he called me, 'Capote.' He said, 'C'mon Capote, let's see you try this.' And I went over and I pushed his arm down. Well he looked at me. He had such a suspicious mind, he was sure that Huston had put off my head and sewed it onto someone else's body. 'Let's see you do that again,' he said. And again I pushed his arm down. So he said once more, and I said I would only if we bet a hundred dollars, which we did. I won again and he paid me. But then he came over and he started sort of semi wrestling with me. It was something they did. He was cussing me and I said 'Cut that out,' and he said 'Cut that out?' I said 'Well, do,' and he said 'Why?' I said, 'Because you're hurting me.' But he kept right on squeezing as I got my leg around behind him and pushed and over he went. He was flat on his can looking up at me. And from then on we were very good friends."

"Bogie's needling tactics were quite calculated," Johnson explained. "I had lunch with him and Betty at Romanoff's one time and she was giving him hell about some row at a party. He'd provoked it, of course. 'Someday somebody's gonna hell you' she said and he said 'No, that's the art of it—taking things up to that point and then escaping'."

In 1947 Bogart led a march to Washington to protest the investigations of the Un-American Activities Committee. Some people labeled him a pinko. He didn't like that. "I am an American," he said. Bogart's political freethinking was considered dangerous in Hollywood. In 1952 however he campaigned most actively for Stevenson for President. "He never seemed to give a damn what people thought," he said. Mr. Stevenson recalled. "And it was quite perilous in those days to be a Democrat, especially one partisan to me. He was disdainful about anybody trying to muscle about in a free country."

"He wasn't an extremist in anything," said Miss Bacall "except telling the truth. You had to admire Bogie. He always said what he thought. 'Goddamnit,' he used to say, 'if you don't want to hear the truth, don't ask me.'"

"That's true," Johnson agreed. "Everything he did was honest. He used to say, 'What's everybody whispering about? I've got cancer!' He'd say, 'For Christ's sake, it's not a venereal disease!'"

Bogart also said that the only point in making money is "so you can tell some big shot to go to hell." And "I have politeness and manners. I was brought up that way. But in this goldfish bowl life it is sometimes hard to use them."

His widow thinks it was more than just good manners Bogart had. "Really she'll tell you. He was an old-fashioned man, a great romantic. And very emotional. He would cry when a dog died. You should have seen him at one wedding: tears streaming down his face. He told me that he started thinking about the meaning of the words. He was tough about life and totally uncompromising, but I remember he went to see Steve at nursery school and when he saw him sitting at his little desk he cried."

Alistair Cooke met the Bogarts on the Stevenson campaign train and he remembered sitting with them one afternoon and saying that of course Stevenson wouldn't win. "What" said Bogie, astounded. "Not a prayer. I'm afraid," I said. "Why you son of a bitch, Pelly said, that's a fine thing to say. 'Look' I said. 'I'm a reporter. You're the lieutenants. We bet ten dollars as it and when Stevenson lost he paid it to me. But he didn't really think I'd take it. You know what he said? 'It is a hell of a guy who bets against his own principles.'"

Cooke commented on this Bogart trait in an article he wrote for *The Atlantic Monthly* (May, 1957). "A touchy man who found the world more corrupt than he had hoped . . . he invented the Bogart character and imposed it on a world impatient of



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men more obviously good. And it fitted his deceptive paganism like a glove. From all [illegible] he was determined to keep his secret the rather shameful secret, in the realistic world we inhabit, of being a gallant man and an idealist."

Other friends detected a similar quality in Bogart. Mankiewicz called it, "A sadness about the human condition. He had a kind of eighteenth-century, Alexander Pope nature. I think he would have made a superb Gatsby. His life reflected Gatsby's sense of being an outsider." Stevenson found "a wistful note in him, as there often is in thinking people. He was much more profound than one might think." And Capote called him lost. "It was his outstanding single characteristic—that something almost pathetic. Not that he would ever ask for sympathy, far from it. It just always seemed to me as though he were permanently lonely. It gave him a rather poetic quality, don't you think?"

That secret inner world of Humphrey Bogart was reflected in his passion for sailing and his love for the Sonoma, his boat, on which he went off whenever he could, accompanied by a few friends. They used to drink Drambuies and play dominoes or just sail. He had learned early about the sea, having left school (at their request) at seventeen and joined the Navy. It was on the troopship *Leviathan* that he received the injury that permanently scarred his upper lip. "Sailing. That was the part of him no one could get at," Capote said. "It wasn't anything materialistic. It was some kind of inner soul; an almost mystical hideaway!"

If the *Motion Picture Herald*'s annual Fame Poll of the Top Two movie stars can be trusted, it appears that Bogart's peak years of popularity were 1943-1946, during and just after World War II. Cooke explained it this way. "He was [illegible] a romantic hero inconceivable in any time but ours. [illegible] When Hitler was acting out scripts more brutal and obscene than anything dreamed of by Chicago's North Side or the Warner Brothers, Bogart was the only possible antagonist likely to outwit him and survive. What was needed was an Ronald Colman, Leslie Howard or other knight of the bendier, but a conniver as subtle as Goebbels. Bogart was the very tough gent required, and to his glory he was always, in the end, on our side."

He didn't get his Oscar, however, until 1952 (for *The African Queen*), and popped up on the top ten again in 1955, a little more than a year before he died. Batty Comden: "I don't think the cult is anything new." Adolph Green: "No." Comden: "Bogart never stopped being popular." Green: "There are so few originals around." Comden: "Bogart's style had an innate sophistication." Green: "He was less an actor [illegible] than a personality." Bogart agreed: "Sure I am. It took fifteen years to make us personalities. Gable and Cooper can do anything in a picture, and people would say, 'Oh, that's just good old Clark.'"

"His great basic quality," said Ustinov, "was a splendid roughness. Even when perfectly groomed I felt I could have hit a match on his jaw. He knew his job inside out, and yet it was impossible not to feel that his real soul was elsewhere, a mysterious searching instrument knocking at doors unknown even to himself. [illegible]"

Perhaps this is what Bogart's admirers sense. "There was something about him that came through in every part he played," said Miss Bacall. "I think he'll always be fascinating—to this generation and every succeeding one. There was something that made him able to be a man of his own and it showed through his work. There was also a purity, which is amazing considering the parts he played. Something solid, too. I think as time goes by we all believe less and less. Here was someone who believed in something."

"Like all really great stars," said director George Cukar, "he had a secret. You never really knew him altogether. He also had boldness of mind, freedom of thought—a lonesomeness. I think these young people haven't seen him." As went on trying to explain the cult. "They're simply rediscovering him. After all, Bogie had class."

"The average college student would sooner identify with Bogart than, say, Sinatra, don't you think?" said Mankiewicz. "He had that rather intellectual disrespect for authority. Also I don't think anyone ever really believed that Bogart was a gangster—that's what fascinated people. Bogart never frightened them."

"It's angry youth," Chester Morris said. "They're cheering for the heavy today. Everything must be nonconformist. They'd also like to do the kind of things he did. He was a forerunner of James Dean." Benchley: "He's a hero without being a pretty boy."

"Could it be anything as simple as sex appeal?" Capote wondered. "He had an image of sophisticated virility and he projected it remarkably well. And with such humor. At last, he had such style that it doesn't wither, it doesn't age, it doesn't date. Like Brooks Brothers."

"I think Robin Hood has always been attractive," said Adlai Stevenson.

Before the exhibition, there must be something to edulate. And this must be created. "If a face like Ingrid Bergman's looks at you as though you're adorable," Bogart once said, "everyone does. You don't have to act very much." The late Raymond Chandler thought otherwise. "All Bogart has to do to dominate a scene is to enter it." Evidently it wasn't always that way. In 1922, playing one of his first stage roles, he was reviewed by Alexander Woollcott. "His performance could be mercifully described as inadequate." But two years later, of another performance, Woollcott again: "Mr. Bogart is a young actor whose last appearance was recorded by your correspondent in words so disparaging that it is surprising to find him still acting. Those words are hereby eaten." It would figure that Bogart often used to quote the first review but never the second.

"Why, I'm a National Institution," he used to say,' Capote recalled. "He was very proud of his success and fame. But he was most serious about his acting. He thought of it as a profession, one that he was curious about, knew something about. After all, it was almost the sum total of his life. In this sad, Bogart really was an artist. And a very selective one. All the gestures and expressions were pruned down and pruned down. One time I watched *The Maltese Falcon* with him and he sat there, muttering [illegible] that haaraa way, criticizing himself in the third person. 'Now he's gonna sneer in,' he'd say. 'Then he's gonna do this and that's where he does the wrong thing.' I gathered during the silences that he liked it. It was braggadocio through silence."

Howard Hawks directed Bogart in his two most archetypal roles, as Harry (Steve) Morgan in *To Have and Have Not* and Philip Marlowe in *The Big Sleep* (1946). "He was extremely easy to work with," Hawks said. "Really underrated as an actor. Without him help I couldn't have done what I did with Bacall. Not many actors would sit around and wait while a girl steals a scene. But he fell in love with the girl and the girl with him, and that made it easy."

Bogart used to say that an audience was always a little ahead of the actor. "If a guy points a gun at you," he explained, "the audience knows you're afraid. You don't have to make faces. You just have to believe that you are the person you're playing and that what is happening is happening to you."

Ustinov acted with Bogart once in a comedy called *We're No Angels* (1955). "Bogart had an enormous presence," he said, "and he carried the light of battle in his eye. He wished to be matched, to be challenged, to be teased. I could see a jocular and quarrelsome eye staring out of the character he was playing into the character I was playing—rather as an experienced bullfighter might stare a bothersome bull into precipitate action."

"When the heavy, full of crime and bitterness," said Bogart, "grabs the wanton and talks about death and loves in a husky voice, the audience is his and his alone."

This emotion, elicited so consciously from his movie audiences, ironically became a reality. His death was horribly, heartbreakingly in character. He died on January 14, 1957 of a cancer of the esophagus, and it had taken well over a year to kill him. "These days," he said, "I just sit around and talk to my friends, the people I like." Which is what he did.

"I went to see him toward the end," said Ambassador Stevenson. "He was very ill and very weak but he made a most gallant effort to keep gay. He had an intolerance for weakness, an impatience with illness."

"I went a few times," Capote said. "Most of his friends went, some almost every day, like Sinatra. Some were very loyal. He seemed to bring out the best in them all. He looked so awful, so terribly thin. His eyes were huge and they looked so frightened. They got bigger and bigger. It was real fear and yet there was always that gay, brave self. He'd have to be brought downstairs on the dumbwaiter and he'd sit and wait and wait for his Martini. He was only allowed one, I think, or two. And that's how we used to find him, smoking and sipping that Martini."

During that time, his wife rarely left the house, though her friends and even Bogart urged her to go out more often. When someone asked why she had only been out six or seven times in ten months, Bogart replied, "She's my wife and my nurse. So she stays home. Maybe that's the way you tell the ladies from the broads in this town."

"He went through the worst and most agonizing pain any human can take," said Dr. Maynard Brandon. "I know this and when I'd see him I'd ask, 'How is it?' Bogie would always answer simply, 'Pretty rough.' He never complained and he never whimpered. I knew he was dying and during the last weeks I knew he knew it too."

"I saw him twenty-three days before he died," said Cukar. "He couldn't come downstairs anymore and he was heavily sedated. He kept closing his eyes. Still he'd be telling jokes and joking to hear the gossip. But his voice was the wonder. That marvelous voice. It was absolutely alive. It was the last thing that died."

His death came in the early morning and that day the papers carried the news to the world. Most of the reports were similar. Quite a few of them told it this way: "Usually he kissed his wife Lauren Bacall and said, 'Good night.' But according to Dr. Michael Flynn, this time he put his hand on her arm and murmured in his familiar brusque fashion, 'Goodbye, kid.'"

Whether it really happened that way or not is beside the point. Bogart the man and Bogart the hero had merged until now one couldn't tell the difference between the two, if indeed there ever had been any. He had walked through seventy-five movie nights for his public and it was too late now to change the image, too late to alter a legend that had really just begun. ##

THE COLLIER'S AFFAIR: A RUEFUL MEMOIR

(Continued from page 135) the editorial regeneration of the magazines was proceeding at a healthy rate, I was convinced that I had found the way to survive the "cultural lag" as Edward Bernays might have called it, between circulation growth and advertising acceptance.

It had been my intention and my hope to keep the transaction secret until I had completed all the necessary financing on a firm basis. This soon proved impossible in view of the necessity of sending out nearly thirteen hundred letters explaining the agreement to the Consolidated stockholders. The result was an inordinate amount of attention from both the general press and the trade press, and Bitner and I were forced to hold a press conference which resulted in widespread and continuous coverage. This premature revelation, when added to other subsequent complications, was to contribute substantially to the struggle that lay ahead. The original deadline for the final closing of the transaction was set for May 25, 1956 but several extensions carried the negotiations into late October.

Early in 1956 we received a rash of favorable attention from the press mainly rooted in the rumors that when Crowell Collier's final audit was completed the company would show a profit. In 1954 we had reduced the loss of the previous year by forty-five percent but still showed an operating deficit of $2,419,000. The fact that we could swing into any kind of profit figure in 1955 was regarded as an exciting and newsworthy performance.

The annual stockholders' meeting was held in New York in March. In the spirit of the moment it was an amiable one and was rendered more so by the final audit, which showed a profit of $775,000. For a few brief moments I was the "Boy Wonder"—for a few brief moments. The reputation was not destined to survive the year 1956.

In the month of January alone we had lost a million dollars, or a quarter of a million more than we had made in the "sensational turnaround."

Then on April 25 the purchase agreement between Crowell-Collier and Consolidated Television and Broadcasting was announced. At the time was it stated that the transac

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tion had been completed although most of the press treated the matter as though it were a *fait accompli*. I felt no concern about this, however, because I was completely confident that we were capable of financing it. My only anxiety was for speedy consummation, because the sooner the new properties could be brought into our corporate complex the sooner I would have cash available to shore up the still-complicated finances of the magazines. Just around the corner lay the necessity for an expenditure of $6,500,000 over a period of a few months in connection with subscription renewals on *Collier's* and *Woman's Home Companion*. Funds derived from the revolving bank credits in the back subsidiary were now all going directly into the expansion of book sales which promised to soar to a new high of more than $25,000,000, compared with some $8,000,000 in sales the year before I took over.

In May, at the conclusion of a hectic week of business in Los Angeles, I hopped into my convertible, put the top down, and took off alone across the desert for New York. The vastness of the landscape seemed to put my problems back into perspective, and I managed to stay alone and unreachable by telephone for the first time in three years.

During the trip I figured out how to solve the subscription problem of *Collier's* and *Woman's Home Companion* without the $6,000,000 that I could not raise for the support of the magazines. It was a difficult solution to project, for both human and sentimental reasons, because it involved the demise of the first of our periodicals, the monthly *American Magazine*, in many ways the best and healthiest of the lot. One of the oldest magazines in the country for years it had been ably edited by Sumner Blossom, a delightfully unpretentious, personable, and highly respected paragon of integrity. Only a few months before I had given Bliss an elaborate dinner at the Metropolitan Club honoring his twenty-fifth anniversary as editor of *American*, at which I had assured him and his entire staff of the esteem in which I held his publication and of my high hopes for its future under his editorship. And now caught in a web of circumstances I was about to destroy with one blow all the meaning that life had held for him for a quarter of a century.

American was losing money, but its operating deficit was negligible compared with those of the other two—and the *Collier's* and *Companion* losses were bound to mount if I let the subscription level drop below the rate base guarantee. No matter how high the quality of the magazine, millions of dollars in mailing and promotional costs must be expended in order to keep up renewals, extensions, and a flow of new subscribers. It was the bloodletting numbers game into which magazines had been forced in part by the advertising fraternity and in part by the competitive methods of the magazine industry itself.

American had nearly two million paid in advance mail subscriptions. The objective of the proposed subscription expenditure was to produce about one million extensions for each of the other two magazines. It had occurred to me that if we were to suspend *American* and filter about fifty percent of its unfulfilled subscriptions into each of the other two we would at least gain time to make an additional effort to revive the remaining publications while on the other hand, failure to provide the circulation department with the means of maintaining essential levels of production probably would sound the early death knell of all three. The company could not possibly carry the unsupportable plant burden on the manufacture and distribution of *American* alone. So, even though *American* was in the least trouble of the trio, it was *American* that would have to be sacrificed.

I had purposely felt obliged to leave Blossom out of the problem until I made the final decision. I had hoped there would still be time to employ some degree of gentleness in breaking the bad news, but finally I had to call him into my office and tell him bluntly that the magazine to which he had given most of his adult life would cease publication with the August issue, which meant right that very minute since the August issue was already off the presses.

He shrugged. His eyes moistened. His face contorted with almost physical pain as though I had just kicked him in the solar plexus. Finally, when he could muster an audible word, he asked wistfully: If this wasn't something else we could do I had to say no. Bliss took it with such gentle charm and resignation that I too was brought to the verge of tears and in fact, when the session was ended I quickly left the office before I had to talk with anyone else and went home to the privacy of my study, where I remained awake most of the night full of tears shed and unshed.

The night before I had asked Bliss to keep the matter of the death sentence confidential until the following day. At another quiet session in my office with both of us under better emotional control than the previous afternoon, I managed to say to him what I had forgotten to say in the first cruel conference: I told him that he was to remain with the company at full salary and that he would be elected a vice-president and assigned new responsibilities. His first responsibility was to direct the multitude of detail connected with the suspension of the publication.

The press interest announcing the decision was so widespread that my staff advised an immediate press conference in the large dining room of the Companion's home economics floor. I had resolved to be completely candid in my attempts to explain, both on and off the record, the underlying reasons for the move. Very possibly this was a fatal mistake though I no doubt would do the same again if it was necessary.

Most of the reporters present I knew or knew of and respected, but there were also a few from the "insider wise" trade publications who grew more provocative with each sip of the hospitality of the occasion. After a couple of hours my boiling point was achieved when one fellow said, "Come on, now Smith, you know it's your intention to fold *Collier's* and *Companion* too, so when's it going to be?"

Mistakenly I went into too much detail about the nature of the problems with which the remaining magazines were confronted. Within the next fortnight an increase in suspension and uncertainty among the personnel of the advertising agencies was everywhere detectable, and our public and press relations tended to deteriorate at a disturbing pace.

Despite the unhappy public climate during the summer, many things developed that were decidedly on the bright side. *Collier's* newsstand sales reached the highest point in the entire history of the magazine, and total circulation was now at a new record as the transition of *American* subscriptions took effect. There was a small but promising increase over 1955 in advertising pages. On *Companion*, the advertising decline seemed halted. The magazine was showing sensational improvement editorially under the direction of the new editor, Ted Strong, who was beginning to get an effective hold on his organization.

All during the summer I spent intensive hours each day working on the financing of the television and broadcasting deal and negotiating with the Bitner interests in Detroit for repeated extensions of the purchase agreement. By mid-September I was convinced that the transaction had reached the successful closing point. With Carl Hoffman, who now headed the finance committee of the Crowell-Collier board, I decided to go to Detroit to get the finishing touches on the deal.

During the preceding two weeks, along with the other activities I had been in negotiation with commercial banks and discount houses in an attempt to secure a pledge of $2,000,000 early in January, 1957, to be followed by $2,000,000 in March and a final $2,000,000 in May. Throughout the negotiations I had based my own operating projections upon the estimates of cash flow prepared for me by the treasurer's office. Apparently I had been persuasive because finally our two main banks agreed to put up the money for the support of the magazines provided my theory of foresight appeared to pan out in the performance of the intervening weeks from then until the end of the year.

On the basis of the projected cash flow I was confident that we could justify their pledge, but I would still need $800,000 in cash to cover a calculated gap between the end of October and mid-December. To cover this need I asked our major paper suppliers to go into the situation with me and one loaned Crowell-Collier $500,000 and another $300,000, each for ninety days. I relaxed a bit for the first time in months having once more accomplished the impossible and assured the magazines of adequate cash support for the balance of the year and the first half of 1957.

Then disaster struck from an absolutely unexpected quarter.

In what I am going to recount it must be remembered that Crowell-Collier was, even when in serious straits, a very large company, and that I was still comparatively inexperienced in the ways of big business. I am not saying this to excuse myself nor am I blaming anyone for what happened. I still think we made the requisite decisions at the requisite times and that a good majority of them were correct. I still feel that with any reasonable breaks we might have saved the magazines. In fact, however, it all turned on my gruelsome understanding of the projection of the cash flow for the corporation over the next nine months. Had the figures I originally used been correct, we might have won out.

But they weren't and we didn't. On the eve of my departure for Detroit, a statement was given to me according to which (I was thunderstruck to find) we had some $2,500,000 less coming in than I had expected and two months less time in which to arrange our affairs.

At first, I completely failed to understand the fatal significance of this. I assured myself that there was no reason to feel so upset and that, of course, such errors could be made when dealing with large figures. In reality, at the moment I neither understood the error nor its implications.

Gradually the meaning of this news began to seep through to me. It meant that all the promises upon which the banks had based their response to my pleadings were false and invalid.

It meant that I could not keep my pledge to the paper companies to repay their $800,000 within ninety days, which logically would result in their requesting that all future paper purchases, the essential raw material of print media, be placed on a cash on delivery basis—and we would be without the cash.

It meant I realized suddenly, the complete collapse of the television and broadcasting deal and the forfeiture of the $500,000 earnest money we had placed in escrow. It also meant that although I would have to continue on to Detroit for the conferences intended to clinch the television deal, I could not possibly conclude the transaction without disclosure of this new development.

Slowly, that afternoon in late October, I realized that collapse of the television transaction probably meant the collapse of the magazines and that the problem now would be to save the shell of the corporation and to protect the stockholders from the hazards of insolvency with all its potential dangers to the profitable book subsidiary.

Then at last, I realized that I personally must assume all responsibility for the tragedies that soon would ensue. I was chief executive officer and I could not see any merit in blaming my troubles upon anyone. I knew finally that it was now too late to start over with the banks or any other source of financing. My dream of a communications empire had collapsed.

I walked from my office at 640 Fifth Avenue to Grand Central in the evening's peak traffic. On meeting Carl Hoffman I made a vain effort to be cheerful but I could conjure up nothing to diminish my gloom.

After dinner on the train, Hoffman finally asked me, "What is it, Ray?" I told him to settle back for a shock. Hoffman took my estimates of the dimensions of the disaster with aplomb although he appeared to absorb the picture much more readily than I had.

The next morning we met on schedule with Ben Young at his home. Young was an outstandingly able banker and financial counselor who had retired from active business after a succession of heart ailments. He had agreed to help me with my problems on the recommendation of a mutual friend. I told Ben about the situation which he readily analyzed—so readily that there was nothing left for us to do but chat away the morning and attend a planned social luncheon at the Bloomfield Hills Country Club. Hoffman decided to fly to his home in Maryland and I stayed on to take The Detroiter back to New York that evening as previously planned in order to consider more fully the intricacies of the debacle and prepare plans for such salvage as might be possible.

Next morning all the towers of Manhattan seemed to me to be crumbling into the dark canyons below as I walked listlessly through the mad morning traffic from Grand Central to my office. As I entered the lobby I tried to perk up enough to display the spirit and self-confidence of the youngish national publishing tycoon—or at least the "aging (forty-seven)


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boy wonder" as *Time* was about to put it—but inwardly I was convinced that even the elevator operators could see right through me.

Come the bankers, the brokers the lawyers the directors, the stockholders, the bondholders and ultimately the employees. Thousands of people had to be informed as quickly and as calmly as humanly possible. Yet we had to avert, if possible, the hazards and pressures of insolvency or bankruptcy together with the consequent erosion of the entire corporate structure. And always just over the horizon were several million subscribers who had paid in advance for a product we had promised to deliver at specified intervals.

I had one last desperate inspiration that I thought might conceivably save the magazines: to attempt to sell forty hundred thousand shares of Crowell-Collier Common—treasury stock which had been authorized but unissued. I called Mike Cowles, president and editor of *Look* and asked him to meet me secretly in my apartment at One East End Avenue, where the early December winds were swirling, shrill and cold.

It was late in the afternoon that the fate of the far-famed Crowell Collier magazines was sealed. Over a Scotch I told Mike the full story of my predicament and suggested that he buy the four hundred thousand shares of common at six dollars per share thus giving me $2 400 000 to work with while I explored the feasibility of merging *Companion* with *McCall's*. At the same time I suggested that we merge *Look* and *Collier's*, retaining their separate editorial identities and publishing each on alternate weeks as before but combining with large savings to both our printing, distribution, administrative, and advertising sales operations. We discussed the pros and cons for several hours. Finally Mike rejected the proposal and offered a counter-proposition which I could tell at once he had thought out thoroughly long before our meeting.

He would lend the Crowell Collier Company $2 000,000 against the Springfield printing plant pending its sale. Upon suspension of the publication of *Collier's* he would pay $1,000 000 for the title, another $1 000 000 for the subscription list, and would assume the total cost of our unfulfilled subscription liability.

This proposal would mean the end of both magazines because *Companion* could not sustain itself long enough to assure a solution, but by its acceptance I could save the corporation from bankruptcy and thus maintain the security and integrity of the still highly profitable book subsidiary. I made one last feeble effort to sell Mike the merits of a substantial ownership in the expanding book business in an attempt to return to my first proposition, but I couldn't blame him for the discreet air of eagerness with which he started out upon the East River.

Cowles had fought *Collier's* hard and effectively for twenty years while former Crowell-Collier managements had sat back and smugly scoffed at this newcomer to New York and national publishing. Before my takeover at Crowell-Collier he had been referred to around our executive suites as "the Iowa boy," with undertones of sneering disparagement. While Mike was too big a man to gloat, as I might have, had our situations been reversed, and although I am confident he felt genuinely sorry for me in my new role of surrenderer, I thought I detected a neutral distending ever so delicately.

I told him I would place his proposal before my board of directors. He went home and I went to bed, alone and tired but sleepless.

The next morning I had an early breakfast with Carl Hoffman, who informed me that for several days a group of directors, bondholders, and stockholders had been holding secret meetings at the Pierre Hotel and had concluded that I must be sacked. As a "consultant" to their "committee" they had brought in an expert from pulp publishing, who was reputed to have made himself a handsome fortune out of his career—something I certainly had not achieved. They had considerately decided that they would give me an opportunity to resign before they undertook to kick me out. I told Hoffman I would consider it and turned away.

I was blind with rage and struggled all the way to my office to gain control of my emotions. By the time I reached my desk I had decided to stay on the job and fight even though I realized that the group involved now held working control of the company.

I think I can quite honestly say that at that time I felt no concern for my own hide. My primary responsibility was legally to the stockholders, to the banks and paper companies and other suppliers and finally to the advertisers and subscribers—but now I felt that morally my primary responsibility stood with the thousands of employees who would be afforded by the suspension.

My mind's eye wandered to Spring field, Ohio a delightful community that would be rocked to its foundations by the closing down of our printing and subscription fulfillment operations. Our plant constituted the second largest payroll in the city. While it would be a tragic blow to an entire town, at least our employees there were covered by dismissal pay agreements, thanks to unionization, but hundreds of editorial and administrative personnel in New York and many branch offices were unorganized and unprotected by any agreement. And most tragic of all was the realization that the coming suspension would most likely be implemented just before Christmas.

The ramification of events about to develop, I reckoned sadly would reach all the way to Moscow where two of journalism's most distinguished talents John Gunther and David Douglas Duncan, were on an assignment for *Collier's* that would never be published. Dick Tregaskis the author of *Guadalcanal Diary* was in Formosa for us on special assignment Pete Steffens was in Israel, Theodore White, Diane Hirsh, Cornelius Ryan Pete Kimball, Pierre Salinger, Robert de Roos, Robert O'Brien, Gene Raehlin and many other talented and competent writers and editors were in New York at the moment.

As president I was involved throughout the year 1956 in a number of things having nothing to do directly with the magazines themselves. In addition to being editor in chief of the two magazines I was chief executive officer and board chairman of the parent company. I was a member of the board of directors of P F Collier and Sons the wholly owned book publishing and sales subsidiary. I was president of the Reynolds Publishing Company, board chairman of Hanson and Bennett Magazine Agency, Inc., a distributing organization and a member of the board of directors of the Standard Packaging Corporation.

In addition, at that time I was vice-chairman of the board of directors of ACTION—The American Council to Improve Our Neighborhoods—an urban redevelopment organization of national dimensions inspired by President Eisenhower.

I was also a member of the board of trustees of the Asia Foundation and the American Heritage Foundation and chairman of the Veterans' Affairs Committee of the Citizens Committee for the Hoover Report on the reorganization of the executive branch of the federal government. Only two months before the suspension of *Collier's* and *Companion* I had become chairman of the Magazine Division of the People to People Foundation at the request of President Eisenhower. And in addition my name was on an accumulation of nearly forty letterheads of lesser organizations whose activities I couldn't possibly keep track of.

In short, I had become addicted to the narcotic of Big Shotism—a disease that infests the American political scene and business scene. I hadn't yet learned to kick the habit whenever some flattering persuader approached me about "lending my name."

When I first came to New York I had been determined to evade the social life as much as possible but I did so poorly at the evasion that I had dined alone and read a book only once in three solid years. When people asked me to dinner two months in advance, or said "What night can you dine... any night and any guests you want," I found it difficult to refuse. I would barely break away from the office by seven, leap into a shower, jump into a dinner jacket, and dash somewhere to drink my way into the small inanities of social dinner chat half queasy with fatigue and half crazy with the mounting problems lying in wait for me on the eighteenth floor of the Crowell Collier building on Fifth Avenue (There never was a view from the fortieth floor by the way. In fact there wasn't a fortieth floor.)

It was in early December that I crashed one of the meetings of the group in their "secret" room at the Pierre and informed them in blunt and direct terms that at that time I had no intention of resigning. It was a heated session, and even during it I wondered about the wisdom of my decision. I was on the ragged edge of complete exhaustion and suffering the physical tortures of hell from a virulent affliction. It was painful to walk or to pace and even more so to sit.

In my fatigue I found myself wavering. Why not just turn the wheels half of wax over to anyone who wanted it and walk away a free man? Why should I stand firm and accept full responsibility for whatever ensued as well as be saddled with depreciation and abuse for all that had gone before? Much of it was rooted in the days prior to my association with the company but I would be blamed for it. Where lay any possible gain for me?

But with all my doubts, I decided to see it through. I would stick it out until the debris was cleared up and the employees promised their service pay, then I would resign unless the new working control had managed to fire me first. I invited three members of the new group to join me on the board of directors where they could give me their help or combine to get rid of me. Rather to my surprise they agreed.

I placed Cowles' proposal before the executive committee, who recommended its acceptance to the full board which formally authorized me to proceed to its implementation. The magazines were finished—strangled in a stupid financial squeeze caused by greed and incompetence years before.

No need to go into the final agonies. The magazines ceased to publish. There was a great hue and cry over the wild scen from the West who had wrought such havoc and thrown as many veteran employees and fine people out of work. The financial and publishing oracles all said "We told you so."

I am glad to be able to report that any monies due me under my contract went back into a fund to provide a settlement of sorts for those who needed it a lot more than I did and who without my approval overnight found themselves without jobs. I resigned and forfeited the possibility of taking up stock and options, which would eventually have yielded me a fair fortune and with any luck at all an income for the rest of my life.

For Crowell-Collier survived, if the magazines did not. In the end the decision forced on us turned out to be the right one, and the idea of going into the field of television and radio, while expanding the always profitable book operation paid off within three years. Today the corporation's volume of business is greater than ever.

I left New York penniless, in fact in debt. I wandered for a while, still half in shock, unable to understand fully what had happened. Followed much self-questioning, but in the end I came to realize that I could only have played the hand as I had. It was such a close thing—my sole real fault lay in having been too trusting. I had not realized until too late that to the Establishment, in financial circles I was inevitably an outsider, a rose to be watched like some high wire artist, applauded if he makes it but considered fundamentally a fool to try the trick at all.

Now, some years and thought cons later I sit on a terrace high on a mountain overlooking the sun-sparkled Pacific, with a glass in my hand much poorer and somewhat wiser than in brasher younger days. ■

From Personal File, by Paul C. Smith which will be published by Appleton-Century in the fall.

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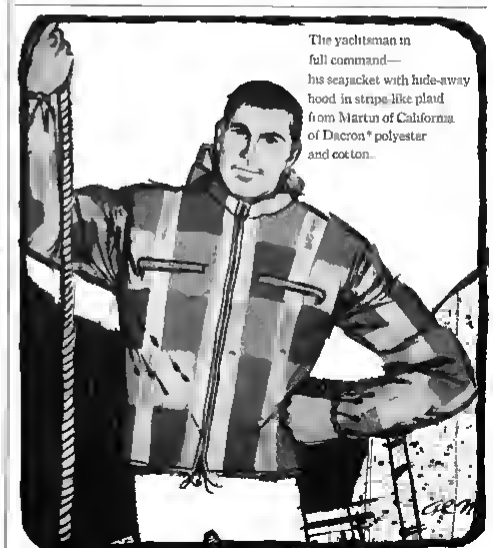


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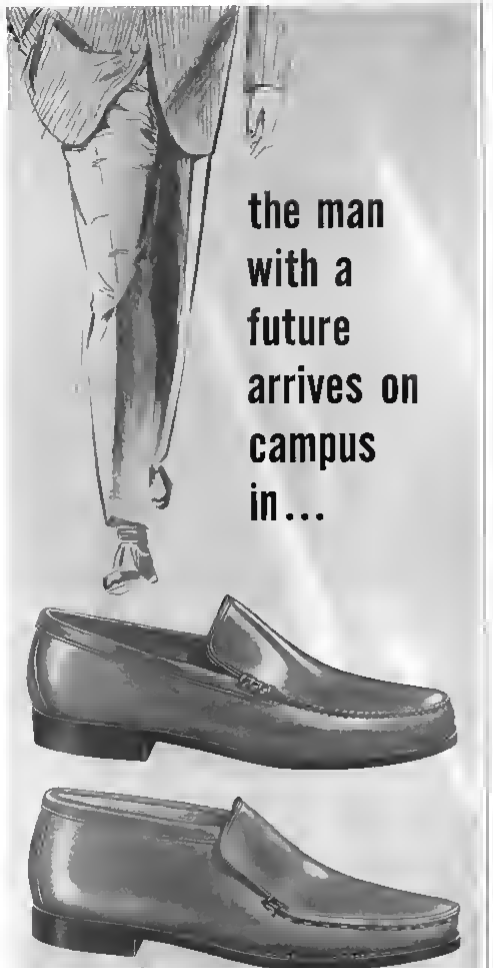


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DR. STEPHEN WARD RETURNS

(Continued from page 141)

rapheee ruffee hare, and elope in the Marylebone district; we must hlush again when we heae that the Special Branch was of the opimon that nething was known to Wards discredit. Hie address, they chimed, "was in a respectable neighbocheod where any openly anseemly conduct would soon come to police notice." The Security oegonization's second line was to explooe the possibilities of getting at Ivanov, possibly theough Me Profume and persuading him to be a defector. These deliberations were simplified by the foilure of any of them to notice that Mr Profume was spending hours aloon with Miss Keelee in Ward's flat and other places and deiving her round London.

The Head of the Secority Service then suggested to Sir Norman Brook (now Lord Noemonbrook) that he should speak to Mr Profume on the subject, which he did on August 8. Sir Norman then put it to him that he should be careful in his dealings with Ward, since any information he might deap might be passed on to Ivanov, and asked him if he thought that Ivanov could be persuaded to defect. Me Profume said he felt no enthusiasm foe the project and went away, sweating at every pora. As Lord Denning was afterwerd to discover, he thought that the Security Service had discovered his relations with Miss Keeler and that Sir Norman's conversation was a tactful way of weaning him. He had no coagnition with Miss Keeler the very next night, but wrote a lottee to hee sailing it off. Lord Denning cautiously says, "I am satisfied that that lettee, if not the end, was the beginning of the end of the association between Me. Profumo and Christine Keeler."

In March, 1963 Mr Profume told the House of Commons that he had gone on seeing hee till Decembee. But he afterward explained that this wee only because Sie Norman had said "I thought I should see you before we go away for the recess," and when he recollected this he thought it was the December recess but realized later it was the August recess. It is a lesson to all young women over the age of twelve that he could not. In March, 1963 remembee whether an affaie he had had in 1961 with an exceptionally beautiful girl had lasted one month or six.

The longee the affair lasted, the better foe Stephen Ward in his capacity of Soviet degobody. It was not that there was much hope at any at all of Christine Keeler getting from Mr Profume the date of the American delivecy of atom bombs to Geemany and imparting it to Ivanov. Not only would Me. Peofume never have told hee, she would never have asked him. The girl had a vigeeous if somber and jayless, intelligence. But there was another purpose served by hee relationship with the Minister of War. Lord Denning states:

> 'It has been suggested to me that Ivanov filled a new role in Russian technique. It was to divide the United Kingdom from the United States by those devices means. If Ministers or prominent people can be placed in compromising situations or made the subject of damaging gumor, or the Security Service can be made to appear incompetent it may weaken the confidence of the United States in our integrity and reliability. So a man like Captain Ivanov may take every opportunity of getting to know Ministers or prominent people—not so much to obtain information from them (though this would be a useful by-product), but so as to weaken toward destroying confidence. If this were the object of Captain Ivanov, with Stephen Ward as his tool he succeeded only too well."

Unfortunately Lord Denning is wrong in thinking the technique new. It has been in use foe many years and possibly has brought it to the pitch of perfection. It is to be noted that during the next two years the story was plugged throughout London that Christine Keeler was having an affaie with both Mr Profumo and Ivanov. In late July 1962 a glossy magazine published an allusion to it. Yet by that time Me Profume had not seen Miss Keelee for at least six months and Lord Denning is of the opinion that she had never had a love affaie with Ivanov at all. The story must have been circulated by Ward. People might have remembered seeing Me Profumo with Miss Keelee in compromising circumstances but they could not have had a glimpse of an affaie with Ivanov which never happened.

Ward naturally would have liked to satisfy his Soviet masters; but perhaps he felt that a special urgency just then foe it looks as if he were attempting to perform an operation only possible to agents who are valued employers. Throughout 1961 and 1962 he advertised himself more and more blatantly as a Communist sympathizer, particularly to his patients. A number of reports were made to the Security services, and again the same officee was sent to interview him and made a wildly unfavorable report. He described Ward as "basically a quite decent fellow," whose only fault was that he "accepted as true much of the propaganda Ivanov has pumped into him." Again he did not think him a security risk. Significantly he wrote: "More than once Ward assured me that if Ivanov ever attempted to make use of him for any illegal purpose, or *if he showed any inclination to defect*, he would get in touch with me immediately."

Meanwhile Ward and Ivanov carried on a campaign of ingratiation with the official world of London. As soon as Mr Profumo had begun his process of disengagement from Miss Keeler, Ward as if toying a new tack, offered his services to the Foreign Office as an intermediary with the Soviet Embassy through Ivanov, and got a chilly dismissal. He suggested a meeting between Ivanov and Sir Harold Caccia but the letter recoiled vigorously. When the Cuban crisis blew up in October 1962 the activities of the pair became frenetic. On October 24 Ward telephoned to the Foreign Office and alleged that Lord Astor had recommended him to contact Sir Harold Caccia as Ivanov wished to tell him that the Soviet Government was looking to the United Kingdom as the only hope of mediation in this crisis, and that the United Kingdom should call a summit conference immediately. The Foreign Office remained impassive, but Ward got Lord Astor to speak to Lord Aerne, a newspaper director, and tell him, as Lord Oenaing puts it, that there was a Russian official who was trying to pass information of an urgent nature to the British Government. Two days later, on October 27, 1962, Ward took Ivanov to Lord Aerne's house, where he repeated the suggestion of the summit conference, adding that Khrushchev would accept the invitation with alacrity. But Lord Aecan suspected that this was an attempt to drive a wedge between the United Kingdom and the American one and reported it in an unfavorable light to the Foreign Office and the Admiralty. Lord Aeran has a notable sense of humor and these proceedings must be thought of as punctuated by his hearty laughter.

The next day, Sunday, October 28, Ward and Ivanov went up to Cliveden where there was the usual weekend party and while they were there it was announced on the radio that the Russian ships had turned back from Cuba. Ivanov gave way to his rage and discomfiture and all the guests noticed it. But three days later the pair were at it again. Ward accidentally picked up an M.P. in a restaurant and took him back to his house, where he found Ivanov and Christine Keeler and Mandy Rice-Davies. This peculiar assemblage discussed the Cuban crisis with passion; the two young ladies occasionally breaking in with support of Ivanov. This must have been an entrancing spectacle. In appearance they were obviously the strange women against whom King Solomon warned us, but the voices were those of good readers of the *New Statesman*. When the Tory M.P. got up to go, Ward said, referring to Ivanov and himself, "We must go too. We are going to have dinner with Iain Macleod." Mr Macleod being Secretary of State for the Colonies this statement froze the blood of the Tory M.P., and in view of the company present his panic can be understood. In fact neither Ward nor Ivanov knew Mr Macleod. They had persuaded a young man to wish Mrs. Macleod if he might bring them to a party the Macleods were giving for their young son and daughter and their friends. On finding that Mr. Macleod was not there the pair stayed only a few minutes and left.

The M.P. who had been inveigled into this astonishing visit rampaged notes with Mr. Macleod who reported the matter to the Foreign Office with the result that on November 2 that body entered into further exasperated correspondence with the Security Service about Ward. It is to be noted that by now the Security Service had very strong suspicions indeed that Ward (as the security officer put it in a letter to the Foreign Office) "provided some of his influential friends with highly satisfactory young mistresses," or (as he put it more tersely in his report to his own department) was "a purveyor of poems for rich people." This knowledge undoubtedly lowered the temperature in which Ivanov and Ward were working.

But they were indefatigable. On November 7, Ward wrote to Mr. Harold Wilson about his activities, telling him that the Russians had offered a summit conference to the Foreign Office. "I can vouch for the authenticity of this" he declared "since I was the intermediary." But Mr. Wilson was unimpressed. A veil then drops, but is lifted for a moment on Saying Night to show as a dinner party given by a peer and his wife to which Ward and Ivanov had been invited to meet a high Foreign Office official and his wife. It seems that they brought up in conversation the Nassau Conference and the American delivery of nuclear weapons to the Germans, but the Foreign Office official preserved silence. It is to be doubted, however, that Ward and Ivanov hoped to extract any information. It is much more likely that they came to give rather than to receive. That had certainly been the role Ward had been trying to play for the previous eighteen months. If we go back and trace the story from the beginning, we find something which looks very like the attempt of an agent, who was perhaps not quite an agent, to become a double agent. Ward showed himself very obliging to the British Security Service. A Security Officer had only to tell him that his friendship with Ivanov had been remarked upon and instruct him to report any propositions made to him by Ivanov. See him to come back within a month with the story



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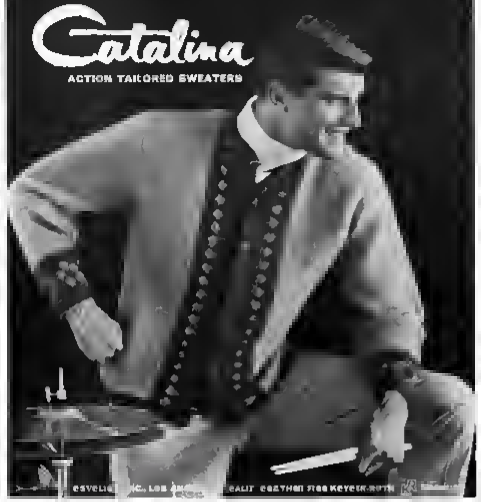
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that Ivanov had indeed made him a proposition, and the further (and false) story that Ivanov had taken a mistress who is under his own control. From then on in the conversations of the Security Service there are references to the possibility of Ivanov defecting, a possibility which must have been ravished up by Ward. During the Cuban crisis Ivanov was represented to Lord Arran as "a Russian official seeking to pass information of an urgent nature to the British Government" behind the back of his Ambassador, that is, as next door to a defector.

In fact Ward was trying to insinuate himself into the British Security Service with the high prestige of a double agent who brings to his second employer a valuable agent recruited from the Security Service which was his first employer. He may have been inspired by genuine patriotism or a cracked sort—he may have been, knowingly or unknowingly, acting at the instigation of the Soviet authorities who wanted to plant Ivanov on the British in order to supply them with misleading information, or he may simply have been gratifying an unassuageable appetite for complications. Which motive impelled him we shall never now learn—but we do know that Ivanov had no intention of becoming a defector straight or crooked. Some time after the middle of January Ward had to tell Ivanov that their joint effort had been wrecked by a disregarded human element, and the whole story of their connection might be published at any moment. Then was the moment when, had Ivanov desired to forsake his own people and had his proceedings not been known and approved by his own superiors throughout, he would have applied to the British for political asylum. Instead he returned to his country on January 29.

It was Christine Keeler who, for reasons partly to her credit and partly to her discredit, had wrecked Ward's venture into the field of Security. She and Mandy Rice-Davies were growing resentful of the control Ward exercised on their lives. Both had had some taste of luxury, but not much. Though Peter Rachman was living with Mandy almost up to the time of his death in 1963 he had made no provision for her in his will. After that, times had gone badly with the two girls. Neither of them was really framed for the kind of success which Ward could provide. The courtesan who satisfies the rich and great must have a woman's body and a yes-man's soul, and Christine had an uneasy, feminine intelligence, while Mandy's wit and humor were untamed and formidable. Under Ward's direction they were frittering away their lives on prostitution, only occasionally mitigated by affection and friendship, and they were most meagerly rewarded in money or comfort. They wanted to get away from him and it was a sign of character that they did.

But Christine had gone downhill rapidly in the last few months. About the time of her parting from Mr. Profumo Ward had introduced her to the use of marijuana cigarettes which he smoked himself. This had involved her with two West Indians, Aloysius "Lucky" Gordon and John Edgecombe. She lived with both of them in turn and left them, and they engaged in a barbaric fight for possession of her. When she sought refuge in an apartment of her own "Lucky" Gordon perpetually raised riot round the house, hanging on the door and shouting at all hours of the day and night. Edgecombe was even more to be feared. On October 27, 1962, he inflicted serious wounds on "Lucky" Gordon in a brawl over Christine, but he eluded arrest.

On December 14, 1962 the crime broke. Edgecombe came to Ward's house when Christine was paying a visit to Mandy, and as being refused admission shot up the place whereupon he was arrested. Christine was badly shaken. She had had reason to fear for her life. At all times she suffered from a neurotic garrulity, but now she became a cascade of reminiscence. She talked to everybody she met about everything which had ever happened to her, whether it concerned Edgecombe or not. About nine days later she happened to meet a well-known financier, a former Labor Member of Parliament, a technologist and inventor of some note in his younger days. As soon as this man realized that Ward was the dominating figure in the story the girl was pouring out to him he pricked up his ears.

His encouraged Christine to talk, and soon he heard the whole story of Mr. Profumo and Ivanov and the request for information about the American delivery of nuclear weapons to Germany. He did give the distraught waif some good advice, telling her that to protect her own interests in these matters she must go to a solicitor. But he also passed on the Profumo story to the Labor Party Security expert, Mr. George Wigg, a soldier who rose from ranks to Colonel, who was appalled by it. The assignment Mr. Wigg then started was to his Party's advantage, but he is a man of integrity... and it is fair to say that in all his reactions he was moved by honest disgust at the twilit world which was revealed by the story. He has that peculiarly intense respectability which is friend is that rare bird, a respectable soldier.

But Christine's loquacity had found another outlet. She was in a deplorable state. Edgecombe's shooting affray had led to a bitter quarrel between her and Ward. She had no money, at a time when prostitutes are prosperous as never before, she had no banking account, a curious fact it was not surprising that Ward had none, but the same considerations did not apply to her. She was ill and overwrought and cannot at that moment have been any real recreation for anyone. Some friends suggested that she should sell her story to the press, and she immediately started hawking it around Fleet Street, presently rounding an arrangement with a newspaper, the first of a series which among other benefits, enabled her to keep a comfortable apartment if her own. It is hard to see any other way by which this poor dazed creature could have kept a home at that moment. What is strange in a girl, who appeared to her friends as scatterbrained and inconsiderate but not ill-natured is the ruthlessness with which she then pursued a course certain to bring ruin on Profumo. But it is the case against prostitution that it puts people in the power of others who have no affection for them, and Mr. Profumo had taken the risk with his eyes open.

But Christine continued to talk, involving him in another sphere. On January 28, a police sergeant called on her to serve her notice to attend the trial of John Edgecombe, and she gave him a reward which must have been far beyond his expectations: a statement in which she told once again the whole Profumo-Ivanov-nuclear arms story. Meanwhile there were repercussions from her disclosures in Fleet Street. They had come to Stephen Ward's ears, and on January 28 his counsel brought her proposal to publish memoirs involving Mr. Profumo to the attention of the Law Officers of the Crown, who had already heard some rumors concerning him. They sent for Mr. Profumo and questioned him on the matter and he denied having committed any sexual impropriety with Christine. On February 1, a senior executive of a newspaper telephoned Admiralty House and as the Prime Minister was abroad was given an appointment with a secretary, to whom he reported the sale of Christine Keeler's memoirs to a certain newspaper (which in the event never published them) and indicated the extent to which they compromised the Minister of War. Therefore the Security Services were immediately alerted, though not, it proved, to any very good purpose.

On February 4 Ward tried one last professional trick. He reported to Marylebone Police Court that two photographs had been stolen from him. They were taken at the Clive-den swimming pool and one showed Ward and three of his girls and here is quite innocuous inscription by Mr. Profumo on the back, and the other showed Mr. Profumo with two girls, one of whom was Christine. Later Ward made a statement alleging that the photographs had been stolen by a friend of Christine's who meant to sell them. Then to quote the police affidavits as given by Lord Denning:

"Dr. Wood said that if this matter, including the association between Mr. Profumo and Miss Keeler became public, it might very well bring down the Government. He also added that he had no personal liking for this Government but would not like to see it go out of office in this way."

He then indicated quite clearly that Miss Keeler's memoirs would mention many well-known names and that he himself had some connection with M.I. 5 and was involved with a Soviet diplomat. This was blackmail, quite unpunishable as such, since it was made in the course of a complaint about a theft made to the police, but it was quite certain to reach its mark. This should be remembered when attempts are made to present Ward as an artless and sincere deviate.

It would be pleasant to report that this nefarious effort was unsuccessful but in point of fact it obtained its ends though indirectly, through a grotesque official decision. The Security Service and also the Special Branch and the Criminal Investigation Duke came to the conclusion that Ward and Christine Keeler were low persons and they wanted to have nothing to do with them. This fastidiousness, which seems peculiarly misplaced in the police, was not the result of political pressure. The Government disowned for all possible assistance in getting at the truth. The action of these organizations was entirely spontaneous, and it was responsible for all the subsequent scandal which makes 1963 a black date in Parliamentary history. If Christine Keeler had been questioned by the police then she could have furnished many proofs (as she did some weeks later) that her story of an affair with Mr. Profumo was true. He thus would have had no temptation to deny his relationship with her.

Ward had only six months to live and he spent them trying to repeat this success. He was inspired by an intense anxiety regarding the association with Ivanov. He explained his own innocence of espionage on ITV, and after Mr. Wigg had appeared on Panorama and spoken of Ivanov as a slick and competent intelligence officer he called on Mr. Wigg at the House of Commons in a dithering condition and for three hours protested that he and Ivanov had been just friends, that Ivanov had nothing to do with intelligence, and that there had been nothing whatsoever between Miss Keeler and Mr. Profumo which Ivanov could have exploited. He seems to have spent much of the twenty-four hours making such confidences to anyone who would listen to him. When Mr. Profumo had untruthfully denied his guilt to the House of Commons and an uneasy hush had fallen, Ward seemed to be relieved and to grow more confident.

But almost at once there were threats of another sort of trouble. The C.I.D. received a number of communications alleging that Ward was living on the immoral earnings of his girls and that he was being protected from prosecution by his influential friends, and in April they started taking statements from a number of persons connected with him including some of his patients. When this reached his ears in May he tried to defend himself again by blackmail. For this purpose he had deliberately to assume again the role he had taken such pains to abandon; he had to become again a security risk. Making use of Mr. Profumo's quite as ruthlessly as Christine had sent letters confessing the truth of the Profumo-Ivanov nuclear arms story to Mr. Harold Wilson, his Member of Parliament, the national newspapers (which did not publish it) and the Home Secretary. The Prime Minister received a copy from Mr. Wilson. There could be no mistaking the purport of this last letter, unless the police stopped their inquiries the truth about Mr. Profumo would be published. He took the opportunity to involve his friend and patient Lord Astor, who had lent him five hundred pounds three months before and had consented to guarantee his overdraft up to fifteen hundred pounds a few days before. "It was by accident," he wrote of Christine, "that she met Mr. Profumo and through Lord Astor that she met him again. I intend to take the blame no longer."

The blackmail failed. The Government made up its mind to set up an inquiry and then Mr. Profumo confessed the truth. Ward found himself adrift in a world which had become much more dangerous for him in the last few weeks. Christine Keeler had suffered a complete collapse. On the tide of her own hysteria she had been swept up and down Fleet Street out to Spain and back again, in and out of coroners' offices, on a rantinuri merry go-round swinging between Marylebone Police Court and the Old Bailey, in and out of the witness box, in and out of expensive flats rented by eccentrics with no visible means of support into motor crashes, dark and farid through losing, gearing, leering crowds. She was a pitiful sight. She remained beautiful, but her beauty was now a thin veil worn by a sick and crabby child. Her one salient characteristic was the desire for respect; she would have enjoyed being the head of a woman's college. But external circumstances and her own will, which seemed as indifferent to her well being as if it too were external to her, ravished without end in a small any possibility that she should be respected. The saves enmity be-



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Editor's Note, Jee Cassman, President of E. Joseph Cassman and Company, is one of the most successful men in the mail order world. He has pushed a small string of products in gigantic sales by means of a simple system of his own devising. He spells out his system in the book in the last six years alone his mail order products have sold over four million dollars worth of business! Today he continues to break into new fields . . . selling his products by mail to brand new customers all over the world.

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tween the will and the self was visible in Ward. Considered as a sexual being he was the incarnation of a rhrinkl'd window in a sordid part of London or Paris. Not merely did he offend thr god of love—hr insulted Sirtrue. The bare catalog of his efforts to degrade sensuality below the level of charm would havr born rnough to abrnate the court. Yet though he bore himself as if he were born on thr side of anthority, as if hr were unattenably among those who passed judgment rethar than among thra judged, and though hr in fact rould have been judged favorably on many grounds, thr unfortunats man kept on strengthening the case for his exrlusion from honer. Hr actually handed himself over to disgrace. Yes, he had had relations with one of the peostitutes who had given evidrnre, a poor puny little waif who lookrd like a photograph on an Indian famine relief poster. But that was natural indeed it was inrvitable. He had gone ont late at night to buy cigarettes and here, beside a cigarette machine, this waif had been standing. Well, that was enough wasn't it? The two marhines had been standing side by side waiting for custom, of course he had taken the maiair nor home. *Of* cnurse he had he insisted though the judge, as a flash of gold had rr mindrd as from timr to time, was one of the few Englishmen who wear a wedding ring. It was no use for him to try la disguise what he was. The poor demented man in spite of all his kindness, all his gifts had committed himerif to be a pimp. In him disloyalty had gone an the streets.

A little less than a qnarter of a century had passed since William Joyce (Lord Haw Haw) had ent where Ward was sitting in the Old Bailey dock. Thr only similar quality in the men was thrir willingnras to deal too obediently with anather rountry, to thrir country's danger, altherwise the differences were extreme. Joyce was the aqual hrone of the amateur who was sustained only by his ideals and unsupported by any technique. He had broken out of England and fled la Grrmany as artlessly as a hey breaking out of an approvrd orkoel he had forced himself on the insufficiently organized propaganda system in Berlin as he might have joined thr gypsies and whrn thr end rame he had to go ant alone to flee the armies. Ward was the apothesis of thr professional; ances Ihres was a technique for helping foreign pawees he had acquired it, and when there had bren a technrol hitch he had met thr tarhnicus of thr police with the technique af lrgal old. Joyce would nrver have been a pimp, nor would most of the traitors of World War II who had followed him into thr dock; the nineteenth rrntury political dissenter prartired innocence as a defense feom conformist rriticism. Ward was so much af a pimp that the rherges whirh gol him into the dock related to pimping, and when he died by his own hand twelve days after his trial brgan, his death shocked ints being a strange kind of protest.

Supposing a surprisingly large number of people nasked that Ward had been procuring young wamrn for rich men was these anything as shocking about that? Surely it was arrheir to regard with disfavor any action whirh peonoted oexnol intercourse? That was laudly asked and is the ovrrtanee of thr inquiry could be heard a ridrr; 'particularly If there is money in it.' Through the murmury of those who had attended the Joyce trials here rang the voice of the Bretonian who had rerocei d the turbance in thr lobby of the House of Lords when the last appeal was lost nrging that when Joyce had left England to broadcast for the Nazis he had simply gone abroad to better himself, and there could be nothing wrong about that. "Ha had a fine position waiting for him, and he just took it." In 1945 this had been the cry of a long eccentric. In 1963 he could have spoken for a considerable and not undistinguished part of England.

The Ward case had many ugly consequences. The crowds round the courts were nnemmously nasty. The witnesses had la walk through a vast leer a huge cancupiscent exposure af cheap dentures. The children were grown up who had been brought by their mothers to wal outside Wandsworth Jail while Joyce was being hanged, they were now bringing their own children to see these poor slats on thrir way to humiliation. The show was perhaps at its grummest in the Dirkensian streets round the Marylebone Police Court. Every afternoon Christine Keeler was led and by the polire and put in her car, whirh was covered by a tent of photegraphers, who rlimbed on the footboards, the bennet, and the roof. Then they fell away and their place was taken by a mob af women, mostly old ar middle-nged without rxception ill-favored and ankempt, and shabby elderly men. Insdr the car Christine Keeler sat in terrified dignity, her face covered with the pancake makeup which levels the natural toning of the skin and her determination not to show hr fear leoning out her features to the fiatness of a mask. This rries and boos of the crowd expressed the purest envy. It was disagreeable la see a number of women candidly confessing that al the end of their days thry bitterly resented nat having rnjoyed the happiness of being prostitutes, and a number of men in thr same situation wishing they had been able to afford the company af prostitutes.

This passion of the mah was rushing in to fill the vacuum. It is nalaeal for a community la think and feel and express itself whra anything threatens its accustomed habit as that it ran explain the significance of the threat and takr appropriate actions. But thr community did not know what la think or feel about the Ward Peofame affair. It could not understand its significance, and it most certainly rould not promise itself that it could guard against the recurecurr of just such a scandal. Obviously thr ordinary penal mrrhanism did not work in the case. Mr Peofame had had no offair with a young woman deeply involved in the disrrputation, he had thus involved himself in the sphere of security. he had lied to thr House of Commons, whirh is indeed a comprehrnsive insult to thr English present and the English past. But nane of these are punishable offenses. The public would probably have felt better if the Ferrpn Office had been able la ask for thr withdrawal of Ivenay from thr Soviet Embassy as a *persona non grata*. But, alrrrady Ward he had already gone bark to Rusria. Ward himself had been pressed by the law, but nat far the offenses which the community was as bitterly resenting, whirh lrd to the snapicion (fanned by the special charecter of the law undry whirh he was rharged) that he was being prosecurrd out of revenge by an Establishment jealons of its own. Even Frter Rachman thr slumlandlord and club owner could and be prosecuted, for the good reason that he was dead. Only Christina Keeler want to jail, and there was something about her in this phase which made this, and everything else about her, suddenly fade from the public mund.

The fear asoued by recagnition that the law was not able to prevent ar punish sneh grass misbehavior was transmuted far the sake of the community's self respect, into a fear that the law was doing too much. Miss Keeler had had a series af long legal involvements with the West Indians, John Edgecumbe and "Lucky" Gordan, who had built been sent to prison Gaedan appealed, and the Court af Criminal Appeal quashed his conviction in nine minutes. But it did nat disclose the evidence which led ti to this decision. There were three reasons which made this rrticence inevitable. The Court af Appeal had received thr evidence in a form difficult to discuss within its own limitations which are rrippling. The evidrnce must have referrrd to matters alladed to at thr trial of Waed which was still progressing. And as the Director af Public Frosecutions was rot resisting thr appral, so there was no case to be disproved by the judgment. But the public by new thr oughly confused mnunt directed the action of the Court as an attempt to rover the drrelictions of other beaches of thr law. The man ir high plorts who had assumed the burdrn of responsibility becamr suspert, as less than thrir brothers whose irresponsibility had caused this rrisis. It was frit, too, that Ward's rirh ya trems had shown shocking disloyalty by not having evidrnce at his trial. This was rajust. the defense would have called thrse men if their evidrnce would have disproved the chergee against Ward. Instead af confirming thrm. Three public attitudes were absurd, yet they were founded ar a vigulance of which England had need. The edrinistrastins of the law had grown slipshod; three wrre la be severrel police scandals to prove it. It was true that if Waed had gone too far, he had been paid in rrr thr ratos distance... and his paymasters were worse than hr was not being as daft as he was and rapable rnough to rxercise corsiderable responsibility. But all thr same, the natural reartions to these facts werr intensified in a pasenoise rxtreme.

The state of mind in England in 1963 was itself an historic rvent, with a rearmblance to othr historic events nol too cheering. As Ward gave evidence, he summoned up from thr past a she dew who has been no more than that for nearly fifty years. Prinrr Andronnikov. He was called as a witness brfore the Tribunal convened by Kerensky in 1917 to inquire into thr rondnct of the war by the Imperial Government, and his evidrnce elchs in the mind because of its cosmic durepetrability and a rrrtain meral pretentiousness which recalled Ward. The Tribanal could not find out what he really did and got a little peevish.

Frrsident: Let me put to you a straightforward qurstion. What do you do? Who are you?

Andronnikov: I am only answer that I m a man, a rrizen, and I hope to be of seme use la the world.

President: That is too abstract an answrr. Speaking in roncrer tarms, who are you? Whel is your business?

Andeonnikov: I had that questian quite hord to answrr. I've often asked myself the samr thing and I've said, 'Will thank God I'm a human being who is interested in society as a whole takes everything seriously, and wants to help, as far as he can.'

Liks Ward he never seemed to have any money. But he was quite an important person a man of good family, who had been in his youth one of the Corps des Pages at the Tsar's Court and the became a well-known homosexual and pimp, finding equisexual adolescents for his rich frirnds, and also acted as a pod rontact man for a financial group cani ralling certain large Russian transport and electricity rarparations largely owned by German stockholders. He ant only pushed their claims with Ministers and Civil Servants, he was able to establish a direct line with thr Court where he established friendly relations with the Personal Secretary of the Tsar and the lady in waiting. Anna Vyrubova. the hysterical simpleton who lived in Rasputin's pocket. He used these connrtions noi only to safeguard thr interest of German investors in his companies, hri worked for Grrmon war aims with sufficrral diligence to be described as a traitor though it was probably rare just to put it lower and say that like Ward, hr marked about an the field af security. It is af relevance to Stephen Ward's rase that the Kerensky Government, though it had access to the Tsarist archives and rxamined a number of hostile witnesses, could not discovrr exactly what Andronnikov had been doing ar how he had been paid. Later the Bolshevike revolved these unrrrtainties by shooting him. But unfortunately thry shot a large nnriber af othry people too.

If one wants to look further back for an analogy thrre is the Affair of the Diamond Nrrklarr, whrre an alliance between the rriminal dr la Mettes and a deluded Cardinal, who was also a great aristocrat led to an ill-founded suspirion of Marie Antonette and inflomed an rxisting distrust of all existing social institutions. Nearrr aur own time, thr Weimar Republic weltarred in a succession af small scandals whirh made the Grrman people feel that they were ral being told what woo going on and that thr government was unable la punish the guilty, and protect innrral rritizens from their depredations. That is apperrntly what a modern community cannot bear la feel and it should always be remembreed that such dynamir feelings can be rngendrred by surh apparently nampertant prrsons na thr de la Mettes, Andeonnikov and Stephen Ward. #

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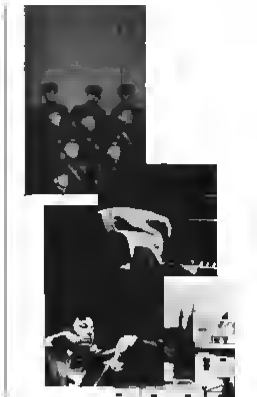
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NEW YORK CITY



AND THREE LETTERS HOME FROM MISSISSIPPI

(Continued from page 101) In one sense we have crossed the color barrier, especially in Batesville where the Voters' League is a going enterprise. Yesterday afternoon I canvassed H— Road with George, a jovial local Negro who knows virtually everyone in the county. We went to the two-room home of an old, thin crippled woman, and sat with her awhile, talking about politics, local road conditions, and medical care. Before we left, she asked me a strange question: she wondered what action I came from. I asked her whether my accent sounded peculiar, she said that it did not, and I let the matter stand.

Some other Negroes talk freely about fear—fear of The Man, fear of Mr. Charlie. Occasionally there is the irrational fear of something new and untested. But usually it is a highly rational emotion: the economic fear of losing your job, the physical fear of being shot at. These people live in Mississippi. Public school teachers know that they will be fired if they register to vote; so will domestic servants; so will factory workers, so will Negroes who live on plantations. In Mississippi registration is a private affair—every week a list of newly registered voters is printed in the local newspaper. It is not difficult to tell the white and Negro names apart. The white names are dignified by the prefix Mr. or Mrs. or Miss. Sometimes you feel you're getting there when a woman tells you about her fears and tells how she lies to the white folks but secretly hates them. She has probably never talked like this to a white man before; for a moment you believe you are turning black.

But a white man never turns black in Mississippi. There are still the long, silences and the incomprehensible phrases. Women still call you Mr. Geoff instead of Geoff, and old men offer their chairs. That doesn't disappear when they start to talk about fear. And neither does your secret belief—which the old men and women encourage—that you are, after all, superior. When talking to an illiterate the line between environment and heredity is emotionally invisible. Maybe this will all change when you've been here longer and when you visit a family for the fifth time. Maybe, but you're still college educated, still play acting, and still white. You're still amused when Ike sorting out books for the Freedom Library one Negro worker insists on discarding *Black Beauty* and a young local dork girl parades about with her recently discovered copy of *Pride and Prejudice*. It helps only slightly when you watch one of your fellow white volunteers throw away a copy of *Nigger of the Narcissus*. Following a marvelous dinner at the house of your local landlord there is little you can do but grind your teeth when you hear yourself say, "Hey, was that a great dinner." Involuntarily, you both choke on the expletive. You're still white.

I could already venture a few portraits: one would be of the courageous wealthy Negro farmer who has almost single-handedly organized Panola County, another of my host, a still wealthier Negro farmer whose forty-year old great grandchild lives in the house with us, a third of George the happy, unemployed twenty-year-old, through whose loving eyes I am learning to see his world. But I will wait a few more days before sketching those portraits, or giving a fuller description of Panola County, Mississippi. Geoff ##

WEARABLES—CREDITS FOR PAGES 142 THROUGH 153

(Continued from page 19)

[Top row left to right]
6) Sweater Towns & King, $26
Slacks Dunlee
10) Sweater Kingsmen $30
Slacks Seven Seas
11) Sweater Lord Jeff $30.
12) Sweater Brent-wood $14
Slacks Jayman Ruby
13) Sweater Jockey Men's-wear $14.
14) Sweater Coventry $17
16) Sweater Cleo Casini $45
18) Sweater Jantzen $17
Slacks H.I.S
17) Sweater Bernhard Altman, $80.

Page 150 (left to right)
1) Suit (wool polyester) Sagner $95.
Shirt Gant
Tie Stratford
2) Suit (Orlen and Cervel rayon) Gordon Ford $65.
Shirt Gant
Tie Berkley
Pocket Square Handcraft
3) Suit Betany $60 $75
Hat Knox
Shirt Gant
Tie Berkley
Pocket Square Handcraft
4) Suit Wayneberg Mishaun, Stern $60
Shirt Gaul
Tie Burma Bibas
Pocket Square Dunsani
Shoes French Shriner
5) Suit Dorff $15.
Shirt Gant
Tie Renille
Pocket Square Echo
6) Suit Fifth Clothes, $70
Shirt Eagin
Tie Berkley
Pocket Square Handcraft

Page 151 (clockwise from left)
1) Hebe Stein O'Malley $60
Pajamas Weldee
2) Sweater Wren
Shirt Chester Gulle
Shorts Anthony
Gantum
Socks Burlington
Sneakers Keds
3) Shirt Pendleton $16.
Slacks H D Lee
4) Pajamas Fleetway $7
5) Dorm Coat J Spiewak $10
Shirt Creighton
Slacks H D Lee
6) Shirt Truval $6
Slacks H D Lee
Belt Hickok

Page 152
1) Sweater Huntingdon $17
Shirt & Shorts Izod
2) Blazer Stanley Blacker $60
Slacks Cranker Barrel
3) Suit Cricketeer,$60
Shirt Chester Gulle
4) Golf Jacket Congress $30
Slacks Day 8
[Both jacket & slacks of Klopman Mills fabric]
Shirt Mr. Will

Page 153
Dinner Jacket and pants After Six Formals $60
Vest set After Six Formals, $10
3) Shirt Pendleton $16.
Slacks H D Lee
4) Pajamas Fleetway $7
5) Dorm Coat J Spiewak $10
Shirt Creighton
Slacks H D Lee
6) Shirt Truval $6
Slacks H D Lee
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Page 152
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[Both jacket & slacks of Klopman Mills fabric]
Shirt Mr. Will

Page 153
Dinner Jacket and pants After Six Formals $60
Vest set After Six Formals, $10

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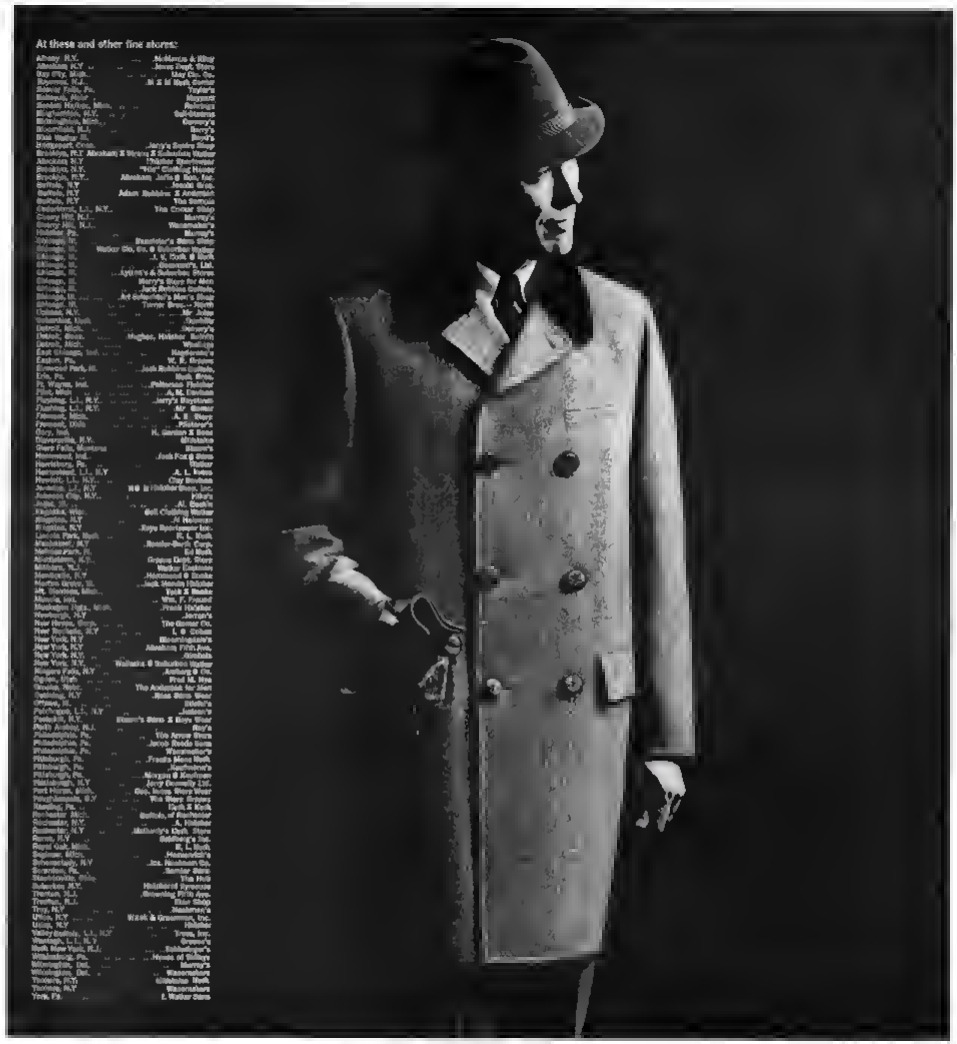
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Most shoes are built from six measurements. We use 19 additional scientifically calibrated measurements to make a Guide Step Comfort—proven in millions of pairs already sold.

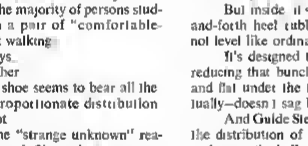
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(Continued from page 113)

smile too. But Janssy shakes her head. *The Cut-Glass Bowl?* A failure, but interesting for its ambition. Janssy smiles, and shapes a "no" with her shiny lips. Three guesses, is that what we're playing? Very well. *The Ice Palace* is a good story and *Benediction* very interesting indeed—which of these two?"

"*The Offshore Pirate.* Mr. Short," Janssy says.

"For heaven's sake, why?" There are worse stories in the book—exactly two of them.

"I think I can show that it's important," Janssy says.

"Oh, come on Janssy," says Petey Luther.

(Do you know that story? About a flirt on a yacht, which is boarded by a young man who represents himself as a rebel and fugitive, bringing along his own jazz band? And woos, and finally discloses that he's top-drawer eligible, just like her—oh hell. It's preposterously bad.)

The auditor's face is with me, all the way, and yet resigned disturbed and resigned to whatever bumptious the young will inflict us with.

I nod to Eurtha Hearn that she is to go ahead.

Her paper, which she reads carefully and not quite loudly enough is what I have come to expect from her: thoroughly researched, critically conventional, a dull A. Yet last week I hoped, as often, when she is finished talking over with a student what he or she means to do in a paper she does hope. The things they say they want to write ("Perhaps try to get at what the flapper personality really was, was it different from a flirt?") sound so much more interesting than what they actually come back with ("Malcolm Cowley assures us that it was the flapper stories which made Fitzgerald's reputation as a popular writer"). It takes Eurtha forty-five minutes to read this scintillating stuff, and I must pay close attention to distinguish the words from the numbers as I miss the detailed researchons if the students. I can sum them up though beginning with intense interest, next twitchiness then a suppressed desire to interrupt and correct something (his hand goes partway up), to a wandering of attention. By the time Eurtha's paper is done ("... leads us to anticipate the reemergence of these themes in later works"), he has actually quietly, gently gone to sleep.

Petey Luther's opening observation to Eurtha wakes us up.

"You say there are two good stories in the book. I disagree."

"Hang on," says Kevin. "Petey disagrees."

"What is your disagreement?" I ask, straight-man Short, patsy of a bright grad-student's dreams.

"I don't think there are any good stories in the book. I like it even less than *This Side of Paradise*. Well, why? First of all, the book is full of race prejudice. I don't mean just the word nigger—I mean that Fitzgerald was so taken in by the South at this time that he was actually trying to be like a Southerner. Second point: there's an absolutely inverse relationship between how serious a story tries to be and how successful it is. When he gets serious, he's embarrassing, or obviously tricky, or sententious. When he's just serious, he may be shlock but he's still a shlock and a would-be-Southern one at that. Now."

"The man was desperately in love, for God's sake," Kevin says.

I am shivering.

"May I finish, please, Kevin? Thank you. Kevin. Now it's true that two of the lighter stories come close to being good stories. And in fact each of them—*Bernice Bobs Her Hair* and *The Ice Palace*—has one beautiful line in it. Here's what I think is significant: each one of those lines is spoken by the chief female character after a scene of catharsis. Right?"

I try to wrench myself out of my invisible trembling fit into the first character which occurs to me, and one I never play successfully, the sarcastic teacher. "And what two lines do you find up to your standards?"

The auditor's eyes are wild; the bird was shot down but only wounded, and now is screeching, hoping the

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dags will pass his hiding place.

Petey Luther is opening his book

"All right One in *The Ice Palace* Sally Carrol had been driven back down South by the ice and snow and the ingrac ious Northerners And this cracker or whatever he is comes driving up to take her swimming and he asks her 'What you doin'' And she says 'Eatin' green peach. Spect to die any minute ' Now that's a beautiful line 'Eatin' green peach. 'Spect to die any minute ' All right'

Now in *Bernice* Marjorie's tricked her cousin into having all her hair cut off and ruined Bernice appearance So she sneaks in and cuts off Marjorie's hair—I mean it is a real *Rape of the Lock*, isn't it?—while Marjorie's sleeping Bernice is on her way out of town anyway and as she passes this boy's house she throws Marjorie's hair up on his porch. Listen to this ' 'Hnh!' she giggled wildly 'Scalp the selfish thing ' ' That's a beautiful line. Why? Why is it like the other one? Each of them expresses so perfectly, without Fitzgerald having to explain it, the return of self-assurance a little tease would feel after she'd failed to reassure up to a situation '

Miles Hubbert laughs out loud. Miles Hubbert'

"Let me answer him Mr Short,' Kevin says, grinning excitedly "May i?' This le not really politeness, but only a device for assuring himself the floor

"Go ahead." I pin my wings on the slippery shoulders of Kevin Candlekirk The visitor looks at him gratefully

"I've heard Petey make many absurd statements" Kevin says 'But the one's got them all beat He is asserting that somehow out of context, o line—that is a moment—is fictionan he beautiful, more or less by itself He disconnte the author s preparation for it as if optness were a characteristic of the line regardless of its function in the story"

"You re willfully misunderstanding ."

"May I finish, Petey? Thank you, Petey I mean it's like asking us to believe that 'Eatin' green peach. 'Spect to die could go into the language like a great epigram Fitzgerald never wrote a great epigram in his life In fact, every time he thinks he's got one, and he tries to slip in one of those polished thought-out phrases he rules his tone—like look, how could anything but a really sharp story survive an opening line like the one in *The Ice Palace*?" He flips pages I want to yell at him that this isn't necessary but I can't. He reads ' The sun slanted sharply over the house like golden paint over an art jar and the freckling shadows here and there only intensified the rigor of the bath of light.' That's not part of the story, that's part of the notebook.'

"You're not disagreeing with me, you're talking about something else," Petey says.

"But the lines you picked are wonderful because they're wonderful character lines. How could you have a wonderful character line in something that didn't have a wonderful character and was therefore a pretty good story?"

"I'll speak about those stories," I suddenly hear myself cry out, above the spewing cough of what would have been Petey's answer, and the room goes quiet. I am appalled What was I going to do? Claim that these stories are great works? I mutter "After, after Jaussy reads her paper on short story what is story? *The Offing* Pirate"

A hey might have a difficult moment trying to follow an outburst like mine—not a girl, a girl s sympathies are seldom general, and Jaussy le quite ready, composed Nerved up. She improvises a little preamble 'Petey calls Fitzgerald a flapper teases I suggest there's no way of knowing whether that's true or not. We don't know what the word 'kiss stands for in these stories. Anyway, what I want to show is that his misdecoanding of immature relationships wasn t one-sided."

She begins to read in a hold, take s harps voice and the auditor's eyes are bright with hope. " If Fitzgerald expaces the heartlessness of shallow flirtation as practiced by his flappers, he also provides one of the most telling examples in literature of the male counterpart, the snow job *The Offshore Pirate* le a story about a snow job se elaborate that even we are disappointed when we find ont that the hoy. who has been pretending to be a lower-class wild man abducting the rich girl is nothing but a rine, safe rich boy after all. He was fascinating sympathetic worth our attention in the rebel character he assumed to enaw the girl he is unbelievably insipid a perfect creep in fact, when we find ont what he is really like, and no more than the flapper deserves So well do they deserve each other "

I could groan aloud She is after Hubbert of couree though it's the cow girl who's blushing By God she really is rather embarrassed and II only I could explain the situation somehow ('Yon see Scott this girl "), he might be very interested. (There s no way The studente caught the teacher passing notes")

"The girl in the story is not even a true flapper," Jonsey reads on "She d not like Marjorie or Sally Carrol ar Bernice, who will at least put a little energy into their flirting. Ardita is passive, selfish "

Whispering now Betty Case Collins to Miles Hubbert Hnbbart bach to Collins nodding Recovered and with a dazzling smile for me in lieu of any spoken apology, Miss Collins simply stands gath see her looks and walks easily out of the room and away Mr. Hnbbert? He is grading raw I cannot say how comfortably; as Jeasey, prim and grim and past a little shaken reads on

And in fact, it is Hnbbart's head which goes lazily up the moment she is done reading Should I ignore him, this first time he has deigned to speak? I look at the auditor, as if for permission and am that he has understood and is fascinated

"Yes Mr Hubbert?"

"Well to herraw Petey's phrase surely this is an example of willful surrender standing," he says mildly "The story le simply pleasant isn't it? This is taking a joke seriously That is the pegs pond, and I think the hole is pretty square. "

'Hubbert" I yell, furious. What the hell makes you think you can speak offensively in my classroom?"

He looks at me, amazed "I m sorry, sir. What did I say?"

I look at the auditor—he, too, seems amazed I look at Petey and Kevin and Enrtha Hearn, they are all staring Even Jansay is staring Is it possible no dissenty was intended? It is too late to consider the possibility that Hnbbert's was this first sensible comment in a twisted hour I force my anger up a notch, spread its compass and rage on. "This has been the most extraordinary, stupid collection of misreadings, misinterpretations snideness and bad criticism I ever heard," I shout. "How can you people be in graduate school and not have learned to read? Well? Do you think I'm asking rhetorically? I want answers—I may even want nine sneweers in writing Well?

Kevin's hand goes up This time it's neither manners nor strategy but sheer caution He will get them out of having to write an extra paper if he can

'Perhaps these stories mean something different to your generation than they do to ours, Professor Short,' he says his tone pure pleasure. He is offering me an out for anywae loss of temper if I'll take it. The auditor (oh yes I can tell) wants very much for me to take it, but I must refuse him now

"Listen' I say, feeling triumph, for it is the exposed, the angry, injudicious teacher, railing at his students who is giving them something of himself Listen, you're talking like a publisher, 'Generation is not a critical word, it's a word to sell books, and I hate it. Do you think I'm his age? Where's your grade school enthusiasm" I was born the year this book was published and he was twenty four My father's his age, for Gode sake.

"Listen one winter in prep school, in the Thirties, long after his name had gone dim—when I was fourteen, and Sinclair Lewis was about the only writer that I'd ever heard of—I was caught smoking and given a punishment. The punishment was called Five O Clock Study. It was for stupid kids who weren't passing or they could have more time to get their work prepared They had to work there under supervision in the school library. But I was never be-

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EUGENE M SCHWARTZ

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The Very First Book Ailee You Use This Book, His Teacher May Marvel At His Improvement!

All I ask is this Let me send you — at my risk — one of the most fascinating books you have ever read When this book arrives, set aside a few minutes each day from the following weekend. Gather through a few pages. Get ready to see the incredible performance your child can give you ONCE YOU GIVE HIM THE PROPER MENTAL TOOLS!

What you are going to do, in this very first weekend in this. You are going to make them simply toss with your child each one of which will show you such a thrilling spurt in his ability to master facts that you may actually throw your arms around him

First, turn to page 94 Read this page aloud — nothing more Then ask your child to read to himself one page in any of his books. Time him And then, simply follow the instructions we give you to take an ordinary pencil and place it between his teeth! NOW ask him to read another page following the one you've set for him Time him again AND THRILL TO THE SUDDEN BURST OF SPEED YOU HAVE UNLEASHED AS HIS EYES RACE ACROSS EVERY PRINTED PAGE!

But this is only the beginning Second, turn to page 130 Glance over the fascinating word games you find on this and the following pages. Play this game with your child the five minutes. See how he enjoys it.

And then ask him — without his ever hearing them here and without going to the dictionary — to give you the meaning of FIVE DIFFICULT FOUR-SYLLABLE WORDS THAT WOULD STUMP MOST COLLEGE STUDENTS! And watch the excitement on his face as he sets off the exact meaning of those impossible words Just as easily and as quickly as though they were printed on the slip in front of him!

And this is still just the beginning! Now turn to page 170 — and break mathematics wide open for him!

All you do is this! Learn the secret! Teach it to him in five minutes! And then let him take over by himself! Open! That's been tucked back to how! Let him do the problems again on a blank sheet of paper! And see for yourself that he now makes up to 80% FEWER ERRORS — UP TO ONE-FIFTH BETTER GRADES — ALL FROM FIVE MINUTES OF YOUR TIME AND ONE SIMPLE CHANGE IN HIS WORK HABITS!

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DOES HE MAKE THE SAME SPELLING ERRORS OVER AND OVER AND OVER AGAIN?

Then turn to page 151 teach him three lan-gified tricks that burn the correct spelling of any word forever into his mind and watch what astonishment from that day on as he writes! Quick Ironic "terrible" words — unbreakable — as "really and actually or he write Bi ian named

DOES HE HAVE TROUBLE EXPRESSING HIMSELF IN CLASS?

Then turn to page 130 read every word and see how literally easy it is to overcome that shyness and uncertainty — to make his recitations sparkle to think instantly on fit his — to build thought upon thought correctly and dramatically — persuade others to his point of view—stand out head and shoulders above the rest of his class!

YES AND DOES HE FREEZE UP IN TESTS? FORGET MATERIAL HE KNEW PERFECTLY THE NIGHT BEFORE? RUN OUT OF TIME AND LEAVE HALF THE QUESTIONS UNANSWERED!

Then get ready for the revelation of your life! Turn to page 2501 Just take one look at this complete arsenal of test-passing techniques — that remove all fears of nervousness and tension from your mind the moment he steps into the test room — that takes all the trickery out of those double meaning test questions — that show him how to make even the hardest test problems half-solve themselves — *that practically pop the right answers into his mind!*

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What I've described to you on this page is only a small sampling of the information packed into a revolutionary new book HOW TO DOUBLE YOUR CHILD'S GRADES IN SCHOOL!

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Alabama
Birmingham ... Loveman's of Alabama
Birmingham ... Odum Bowers & White
Birmingham ... Parisian, Inc.
Birmingham ... Pizitz Department Store
Birmingham ... Yeilding's
Florence ... Otto H. Speake Men's Wear
Mobile ... C. J. Gayfer's
Mobile ... Hammel's
Mobile ... Metzger's, Inc.
Sheffield ... Otto Speake Men's Wear

Arizona
Mesa ... [illegible]
Phoenix ... Hanny's Men's Store
Scottsdale ... Hanny's Men's Stores
Tucson ... Harry Rosen & Bros.
Tucson ... [illegible]
Tucson ... Jacome's
Tucson ... Levy's of Tucson
Tucson ... S.R.K. Men's Shop
Tucson ... [illegible]

Arkansas
Little Rock ... [illegible]
Little Rock ... [illegible]

California
Anaheim ... S.B.R. Store
Bakersfield ... Coffee's
Fresno ... [illegible] Men's Shop
Fresno ... Coffee's University Shop
Fresno ... Gottschalk's
Glendale ... R. S. Webb & Co.
Long Beach ... Buffum's—California
Long Beach ... [illegible]
Long Beach ... Walker's Dept. Store
Los Angeles ... Harry & Frank
Los Angeles ... [illegible] Men's Wear
Los Angeles ... Silverwood's
Manhattan Beach ... Hal's Men's Shop
Oakland ... [illegible] of California
Pasadena ... Hulbeck's
Pomona ... John P. Evans Co.
Redlands ... Thompson's
Richmond ... [illegible]
San Diego ... [illegible] Clothing Co.
San Diego ... [illegible]
San Diego ... [illegible] Scott Co.
San Francisco ... City of Paris
San Francisco ... [illegible]
San Francisco ... Roos's
San Jose ... [illegible]
San Leandro ... [illegible]
Santa Ana ... Harris & Frank
Santa Ana ... [illegible] Men's Wear
Santa Rosa ... Keegan's (Bros.)

Colorado
Denver ... Morris Alpert
Denver ... Cottrell Clothing Co.
Denver ... Denver Dry Goods Co.
Denver ... May D & F
Denver ... [illegible]

Connecticut
Hartford ... Sage-Allen
Hartford ... Ken Davis
Meriden ... [illegible] Inc.
Middletown ... R. W. Camp Co.
New Haven ... J. Johnson & Son Inc.
New Haven ... The Edward Malley Co.
New Haven ... [illegible]
New London ... [illegible]
Stamford ... [illegible]
West Hartford ... [illegible]

Delaware
Wilmington ... Kennard's Men's Shop

District of Columbia
Washington ... The Hecht Co.
Washington ... Bruce Hunt, Inc.
Washington ... Raleigh Haberdasher
Washington ... [illegible]

Florida
Coral Gables ... Dick Richmond
Daytona Beach ... Ivey's of Daytona Beach
Daytona Beach ... G. K. Slaughter Inc.
Jacksonville ... Ivey's of Jacksonville
Jacksonville ... Levy's
Jacksonville ... The Young Men's Shop
Miami ... Burdine's
Miami ... Jordan Marsh
Miami ... [illegible]
Orlando ... Ivey's of Orlando
St. Petersburg ... [illegible] Men's Store
Tampa ... Falks of Tampa
Tampa ... [illegible] Inc.
Tampa ... [illegible] Inc.
Winter Park ... Ivey's of Winter Park

Georgia
Atlanta ... Rich's—Atlanta
Atlanta ... [illegible]
Atlanta ... Frank [illegible] Co.
Atlanta ... Zachry
Columbus ... Kirven's
Savannah ... Morris Levy's

Idaho
Boise ... [illegible]
Boise ... Falks, Idaho Dept. Store

Illinois
Chicago ... [illegible] Clothing Co.
Chicago ... [illegible]
Chicago ... Karoll's, Inc.
Chicago ... Lytton's
Chicago ... Maurice L. Rothschild & Co.
Moline ... The Fair Co.
Peoria ... [illegible] Co.
Peoria ... P. A. Bergner Co.
Peoria ... [illegible]
Peoria ... Johnson's, Inc.
Peoria ... Schradzki Co.
Steger ... Steger Clothiers
Wood River ... The Fair Co.

Indiana
Bedford ... [illegible], Inc.
Ft. Wayne ... [illegible]
Ft. Wayne ... Goldens Men's Wear, Inc.
Hammond ... Edward C. Minas Co.
Indianapolis ... L. S. Ayres & Co.
Indianapolis ... The Wm. H. Block Co.
Indianapolis ... L. Strauss & Co.
Indianapolis ... H. P. Wasson & Co.
South Bend ... Gilbert's
South Bend ... [illegible]
South Bend ... Robertson's
Terre Haute ... [illegible] Men's Wear

Iowa
Cedar Rapids ... The Killian Co.
Des Moines ... [illegible] Clothing Inc.
Des Moines ... [illegible], Inc.
Des Moines ... The Wilon
Des Moines ... Younkers Brothers, Inc.
Dubuque ... [illegible] Dept. Store
Iowa City ... [illegible]
Sioux City ... [illegible], Inc.

Kansas
Kansas City ... [illegible]
Topeka ... Roy Clark "Men's Wear"
Topeka ... [illegible]
Topeka ... [illegible] Men's Wear
Wichita ... [illegible], Inc.
Wichita ... Henry's
Wichita ... Walker Brothers

Kentucky
Louisville ... Levy Brothers, Inc.
Louisville ... [illegible]
Louisville ... [illegible]
Louisville ... [illegible]
Louisville ... Stewart's Dry Goods Co.

Louisiana
Baton Rouge ... Rosenfield's
Lafayette ... Abdalla's, Inc.
New Orleans ... Godchaux's
New Orleans ... D. H. Holmes
New Orleans ... [illegible]
New Orleans ... [illegible], Inc.
New Orleans ... Stevens Inc.
Shreveport ... M. Levy Co.
Shreveport ... Selber Bros.

Maine
Portland ... A. H. Benoit & Co.

Maryland
Baltimore ... H. Katz & Sons
Baltimore ... Stewart's
Salisbury ... [illegible] Inc.

Massachusetts
Boston ... [illegible] Haberdashery
Boston ... Filene's
Boston ... [illegible] of New England
Boston ... Leopold Morse Co.
Cambridge ... Harvard Coop Society
Worcester ... Denholm & McKay Co.

Michigan
Detroit ... Crowley's
Detroit ... Demery's
Detroit ... Hughes Hatcher Suffrin
Detroit ... [illegible]
Flint ... Crawford & Zimmerman
Flint ... A. M. Davison Co.
Grand Rapids ... Herpolsheimer Co.
Grand Rapids ... [illegible]
Grand Rapids ... Wurzburg Co.
Lansing ... F. N. Arbaugh Co.
Lansing ... Small's

Minnesota
Edina ... Donaldson's Golden Rule
Minneapolis ... Carl's Men's Store
Minneapolis ... Donaldson's Golden Rule
Minneapolis ... [illegible]
Minneapolis ... [illegible]
Minneapolis ... Young-Quinlan-Rothschild
St. Paul ... Donaldson's Golden Rule

Mississippi
Jackson ... Lewis Gibson's [illegible] Shop
Meridian ... [illegible] Inc.

Missouri
Columbia ... [illegible] Men's Wear
Kansas City ... Emery Bird Thayer
Kansas City ... Jones Store Co.
Kansas City ... Macy's Missouri
Kansas City ... Michael's [illegible]
Kansas City ... [illegible] Clothing Co.
Kansas City ... [illegible]
St. Louis ... Boyd's
St. Louis ... Scruggs Vandervoort Barney

Montana
Billings ... Hart-Albin Men's Store
Billings ... Jason's

Nebraska
Lincoln ... Gold & Company
Lincoln ... Magee's Inc.
Omaha ... [illegible] Co. Ste.
Omaha ... [illegible] & Sons, Inc.
Omaha ... [illegible] Clothing Co.

Nevada
Las Vegas ... [illegible]

New Hampshire
Claremont ... David Heller Co.
Concord ... David Heller Co.
Manchester ... Leavitt Stores Corp.

New Jersey
Camden ... Lit Brothers
Elizabeth ... Carleton, Inc.
Elizabeth ... R. J. Goerke Co., Inc.
Newark ... Bamberger's New Jersey
Newark ... Kresge Newark
Paterson ... Meyer Brothers
Plainfield ... R. E. Goerke Co.
South Orange ... [illegible]
Trenton ... Frederick W. Donnelly Son
Trenton ... Nevius-Voorhees

New Mexico
Albuquerque ... Kistler Collister
Albuquerque ... Strornberg's

New York
Albany ... McManus & Riley
Albany ... John G. Myers Co.
Albany ... [illegible]
Albany ... W. M. Whitney Co.
Brooklyn ... Abraham & Straus
Brooklyn ... Martin's
Buffalo ... Adam, Meldrum & Anderson Co., Inc.
Buffalo ... The Kleinhans Co.
Garden City ... A. Lean
Jamaica ... [illegible] Clothes Shop
[illegible] ... Hammond & Coone
New York ... [illegible] Store
New York ... [illegible]
New York ... Browning Fifth Avenue
New York ... Arnold Constable
New York ... Gimbel's
New York ... Roger Kent
New York ... [illegible]
New York ... Sterns
New York ... Paul Stuart, Inc.
New York ... A. Sulka & Co.
New York ... Wallachs
New York ... Weber & Heilbroner
Niagara Falls ... Amberg & Co.
Niagara Falls ... Walters
Niagara Falls ... [illegible] Men's Wear
Rochester ... S. W. [illegible]
Rochester ... McCurdy & Co.
Rochester ... [illegible] Clothing Co.
Rochester ... National Clothing Co.
Syracuse ... John F. Zell & Sons
Utica ... Maher Brothers, Inc.
Utica ... [illegible] Men's Shop Inc.
Utica ... Wicks & Greenman

North Carolina
Asheville ... Ivey's of Asheville
Charlotte ... Edward Mellon Co.
Charlotte ... [illegible]
Hastings ... [illegible], Inc.
Greensboro ... [illegible] Store
Greensboro ... Vanstory Clothing Co.
Raleigh ... Ivey's of Raleigh
Wilmington ... Long's Men's Shop
Winston-Salem ... [illegible]

North Dakota
Fargo ... [illegible]
Fargo ... Fargo [illegible], Inc.
Grand Forks ... [illegible] Co.

Ohio
Akron ... [illegible]
Akron ... Kramer's
Akron ... O'Neil's
Akron ... Polsky's
Cincinnati ... [illegible]
Cincinnati ... Dunlap's
Cincinnati ... McAlpin's
Cincinnati ... Shillito's
Cleveland ... The Bailey Co. Stores
Cleveland ... B. R. Baker
Cleveland ... Higbee's
Cleveland ... Sterling Lindner
Columbus ... F. & R. Lazarus & Co.
Dayton ... The Metropolitan Co.
Toledo ... The B. R. Baker Co.
Toledo ... Lamson's
Youngstown ... [illegible] Bros. & Sons

Oklahoma
Oklahoma City ... John A. Brown Co.
Oklahoma City ... Kerr's
Oklahoma City ... [illegible]
Tulsa ... Clarke's Good Clothes
Tulsa ... [illegible]

Oregon
Portland ... Rodelman Bros.
Portland ... [illegible]

Pennsylvania
Allentown ... Bros. [illegible]
Allentown ... [illegible], Inc.
Altoona ... The Bon Ton
Easton ... [illegible]
McKeesport ... [illegible] Co.
Philadelphia ... George Allen, Inc.
Philadelphia ... The Arrow Store
Philadelphia ... Jacobs & Meyer
Philadelphia ... Scott & [illegible]
Philadelphia ... [illegible] Co.
Philadelphia ... [illegible] Clothes
Pittsburgh ... [illegible] and Hacker
Pittsburgh ... Allen Berch Clothes
Reading ... [illegible]
Scranton ... [illegible], Inc.
Scranton ... Scranton Dry Goods Co.
Wilkes-Barre ... Louis Rosenthal

Rhode Island
Providence ... [illegible] Ltd.
Providence ... The Outlet Co.
Providence ... Richards
Providence ... The Shepard Co.

South Carolina
Columbia ... Jack's
Greenville ... Hayward Mahon Co.

Tennessee
Chattanooga ... Harden & Candle
Chattanooga ... Loveman's, Inc.
Jackson ... McCall-Hughes Clothing Co.
Knoxville ... J. S. Hall's
Knoxville ... [illegible]
Knoxville ... Schriver's, Inc.
Memphis ... Goldsmith's, Johns-Kagstad
Memphis ... The John Gerber Co.
Memphis ... Julian Lowe Inc.
Memphis ... Lowenstein's
Memphis ... [illegible]
Nashville ... Cain-Sloan Co.
Nashville ... [illegible]
Nashville ... Petway-Reavis Co.

Texas
Amarillo ... Hub Brothers
Amarillo ... White & Kirk Men's Store
Austin ... Jorgen Men's Wear
Austin ... Merrell Scholtes at Brown
Beaumont ... George Milam, Inc.
Dallas ... Toby-Moyers Men Shops
Dallas ... E. M. Kahn & Co.
Dallas ... [illegible]
Dallas ... Sanger Harris
Dallas ... [illegible]
Dallas ... Geo. K. Wilson Co.
El Paso ... Popular Dry Goods Co.
El Paso ... [illegible] Clothing Co.
Ft. Worth ... R. E. Cox & Co.
Ft. Worth ... [illegible] Dry Goods Co.
Ft. Worth ... Washer Bros.
Houston ... Foley's
Houston ... Sakowitz
San Antonio ... Frank Bros.
San Antonio ... The Frost Co.
San Antonio ... Joske's of Texas

Utah
Salt Lake City ... Auerbach
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Vermont
Burlington ... Abernethy's

Virginia
Norfolk ... Ames & Brownley
Norfolk ... Smith & Welton
Norfolk ... L. Snyders
Norfolk ... W. G. Swartz Co., Inc.
Richmond ... Greentree's
Richmond ... Thalhimer Bros. Inc.

Washington
Seattle ... Bender & Kohlstad Inc.
Seattle ... Klopfenstein's Inc.
Seattle ... Rhodes of Seattle
Spokane ... Pearson's Inc.
Tacoma ... Rhodes

West Virginia
Charleston ... Frankenberger's
Charleston ... Stone & Thomas
Weirton ... [illegible] Men's Shop

Wisconsin
Madison ... C. W. Anderson Co.
Madison ... Karstens
Madison ... Spoo & Son, Inc.
Milwaukee ... [illegible]
Milwaukee ... T. A. Chapman Co.

hand in any week. I was a disciplinary case. So the man in charge would let me read.

"When I'd finished all the Lewis, and whatever they had of Logan Pearsall Smith, I found Fitzgerald in the shelves, all green cloth and dusty. Three books were what they had: *Tales of the Jazz Age*, *Flappers and Philosophers* and *The Great Gatsby*. I read *Tales* first. God, how I remember sitting in that dim room, lost in a big leather chair, prevented from putting on my uniform to play shortstop for the school baseball team, which was my only athletic skill. I'd been looking forward to it all year—the sting of the ball when you go left and get the hard grounder, one hand, and the way your arm snaps when you throw hard. And there I was, off the grass, lost among the stupid and the slow, and I read a story called *The Jelly Bean*. I was too frail and snotty a little shortstop to let myself cry, but I sat there staring across the library when I'd finished the story with a stare so sad that the man in charge came in alarm to ask me what was wrong.

"I don't know if *The Jelly-Bean* is a good or bad story. I only know that it still moves me to reread it—and it's Southern. Lather. It's Southern. And I know that if you can't keep yourself open to being moved that way by literature, then you are doing yourselves an unbearably grave disservice in committing your lives to the study and teaching of it. There's no critic worth reading or teacher worth hearing who's not a lover."

(I falter. There are things Petey loves, like Orwell. I shift my attack to clever Kevin. One does not speak successfully to a class only to a student in it, letting the others overhear.)

"Let me tell you something foolish. As a boy there in the prep-school library, I scorned reading *Gatsby*. The title, it seemed to me, implied that it would be about schoolboys—about a particular one with a grandiloquent nickname, as in the Lawrenceville stories, if you know them. We read that way, don't we, even titles, self-centering the world upon ourselves?

"So I passed it by and, by the time I knew my error, couldn't find a copy for seven years. Out of print. Unavailable. *Gatsby* out of print! It was on a troopship going to Africa in 1943, that I did read *Gatsby*—borrowed it from the company clerk, read it once, straight through, missing a meal and a roll call or whatever the hell they called it, wouldn't get up and fall in, with the book unfinished and told the sergeant who came looking for me to screw himself. Got myself on K.P. that way, and took the book with me, and started through it again in the nauseous galley where we washed trays and cups and slopped out food—and was the only man on K.P. who didn't get seasick. I was too busy to get seasick. Word by word I read it, page by page, moved by everything '. . . boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past.' Is that out of the notebook, Kevin? No, boy. That's out of the tissue of his body.

"I was wounded. I suppose you all know that, and it doesn't matter. I cannot tell you how bitter I was when I learned that the way my leg was shattered, I would never be a whole man physically again, but I can tell you when it started not to matter. That was when a friend brought a copy of *Tender Is the Night* to me in the hospital in Italy. He was not even a particularly literary friend but he knew I'd been searching for that volume through the bookstores of Casablanca and Algiers and Palermo and Naples—for over a year, every time I got back to a city. It was an Armed Forces edition, paper, with the cover torn off and Jonesy told me that he'd traded a souvenir Luger for it, though he hadn't cared for the book himself when he tried to read it. I won't try to describe how it affected me then, but it was still affecting me two years later, when I married my first wife, taking her for the image of Nicole. I can't—I can't get away from that book: my second wife, Mrs. Short, is more of a Rosemary. . . ."

I am starting to maunder. I catch myself up and finish quickly, not very pointedly.

"Shall we be biographers? There are two things in literary history which have made me swallow tears. Those are the letter Dostoyevsky wrote when he lost his daughter, and the death of Zelda Fitzgerald by fire. That happened late in the Forties, in a Southern asylum. I was working for a newspaper then, hadn't decided on graduate study, and you'd been dead—excuse me—he'd been dead long years. The telegraph editor knew. Brought the copy to my desk. . . ."

No. I am not teaching, nor even railing any longer. I am only pleading, and have said nothing to them after all. But to him, perhaps—I have always wished there was some way I could let him know.

"Dismissed," I yell at the class. "Dismissed. Get out of here."

But my fantasy is not always that easy to end. There are various endings to fit the different moods in which I let it play.

The abrupt one I have quoted is the one which satisfies me best.

In another, I look for him when I am finished speaking, but he has disappeared, evaporated in disappointment before he could hear me out.

Then there is one in which he goes off with Jansy, whom, of course, I love in a way which is remote only because it has to be. Thus, between them, he and she tear me in two.

But in the worst of my endings he is still there, apparently waiting for me to get my books picked up, when Jansy comes to the desk to get her slip signed. While I am diverted, I can tell only that he has strolled across the room. And when she steps aside, thanking me, I realize that he is walking off, smiling, ignoring all the rest of us, friendly and at ease with Miles Hubbert. ###

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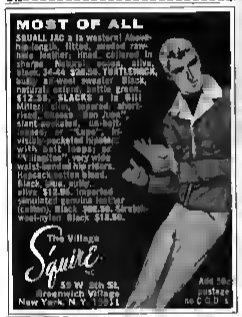
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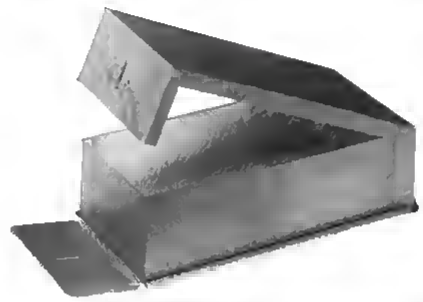
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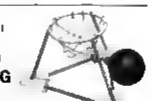
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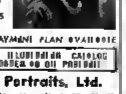


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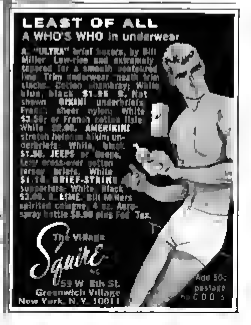


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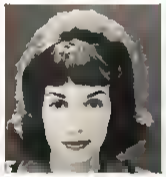


Maybe you never heard of Gene Markey, but Joan Bennett, Hedy Lamarr and Myrna Loy have. They were married to him. Author Cleveland Amory chats with him.

LBJ ON THE FARM

Tom Wicker details the curious combination of Huck Finn Grant Wood Tom Mix and Machiavelli that leads the nation today

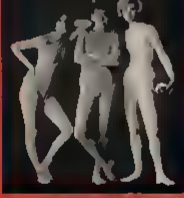
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Detailing the rapid rise of one Helen Gurley Brown, author of instructional manuals and the attendant change in the American economy.

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a tour through the weird and winding corridors of New York's Chelsea Hotel led by Elaine Dundy and illuminated by Tom Keogh a tale of hung-up love in Paris by Harold Bradley a wild satirical story of Astronauts and publicity men by Jeremy Scaffy a primer on the intricate protocol of confronting Charles de Gaulle in every possible situation by Pierre Viansson Ponté a devastating salvo fired at the news media by sharpshooter Marya Mannes a withering tale of a pop singer swinger by Gilbert Rogin and by popular request more more

(Continued from page 101) woman damn fine A man can do a lot worse for himself than marry a girl who's seen this side of life, let me tell you. She gonna know a lot about men and ain't gonna be the quick to feel raped A college boy'd save a lot of that divorce money he's gonna spend if he'd marry a good little whore."

Like much of Clara's advice, this, too, apparently has gone unheeded The All-American football player was the last in many years legally to couple experience with passion. But just talking about that interlude in ordinary wholesome commerce brightened Clara up a bit, and soon she was back trying to help comprehend the contemporary college boy.

"One thing I'll say for them, is that they seem to study a damn sight harder than they used to. I guess they gonna have to hustle a little more when they git out than their daddies did. Why I've seen some of them come to my house with books just in case they gonna have to wait a bit 'N there's nothing a house can provide that a co-ed can't. You know now, a boy's studyin' for an exam an he's all tensed up 'n he could use some unwindin. Now if he goes over to see his girl it's gonna mean dinner, drivin' round, eatin'—spendin' time he ain't got. He comes over to my place 'n one-two three pop He's relaxed 'n he can git back to studyin with nothin' but them books on his little mind."

There was no quarreling with that, and I wondered if my marks might not have been a point or two higher if I'd been able to one two-three pop in a quick break from my botany notes

By now it was late afternoon The lemon tree's shadow stretched into the channel of shade around the brothel and a breeze blew up softly scattering a long ash on Clara's cigar A car, the first since mine, pulled up, cruised down the street and stopped at the house next door. She squinted at it carefully until two shirt-sleeved men got out laughed, and ambled up onto the house's front porch and disappeared The district was now stirring a shutter opened, a radio began to play, a woman's voice sputtered out some happy invectives. Clara started to fidget, and I sensed that the theoretical considerations of our afternoon symposium were about to be replaced by professional ones.

"Yessir" Clara sighed, beginning what sounded like a peroration. "The world's all messed up today 'n from what I seen of the younger generation comin' up, it ain't gonna get no better Why, hell you know I used to have real friends from the college that'd stop by whenever they'd be passin' through town No more Them boys is mere hypocrite than their daddies. You know, I told my Reverend I say 'Reverend, when I die, I know I'm goin' to hebben' He say, 'Clara, you know better 'n to talk that way' I say, 'I know I'm goin' to hebben cause hell gonna be too full of them Robbist hypocrites for me to get in!'"

A service truck now drove by, the driver waving lazily to Clara as he passed. She didn't acknowledge the greeting, but rose and began straightening out her dress.

"Yessir, I may have to close up soon. That Senator Kefauver didn't help me much with the police, and all the free lovin' around 'n Jonny gone 'n' ain't gonna make me rich either But you know I bet a lot more of them college boys than'd admit it would be doin a lot of harmful things to themselves if they didn't have Clara's to loosen up in ever once 'n a while."

With this final bit of concern for the sexual adjustment of the college student Clara started back toward the house. As we walked, she invited me to return when I wasn't working I promised I would, and she made a good show of believing me

"But come back soon though" She laughed. "'Cause I just may pack all this in 'n find me a steady lovin' man"

When she was in the house, I remembered her sixty-minute nine grand for love and wondered if there were any men left, college students or no, who could take being her full-time lovin' men

Back in the better part of town, I drove about a while thinking of my talk with Clara wondering how much was nostalgic imagining and how much was plain truth I stopped into a college sandwich shop and struck up a conversation with one of the co-eds who after finding out what I'd been up to was proud of the fact that she and her female contemporaries were taking a good part of Clara's business away

"Why" she said "you know we've got everything around this school Every perversion you could name."

"Really? Like what?"

"Well, now," she began *ratte vace*, "for instance, last week there was a boy who exposed himself right in the college library!"

Staggered I closed my eyes

"And then," she went on, "there's just so much nymphomania and kleptomania around this year"

Kleptomania! You'd think before a college boy fulfilled with that sensual excess he'd go back to Clara's simple categories, sentimental or not, pop and get out of town

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